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The
ILLINOIS
MAGAZINE



October, 1912

Volume 4.

Number 1.

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A Chemist's
Invocation



May our Souls Assay of
Contentment, Ambition,
and Humanity, exact Pro-
portions to make the Alloy
of Happiness.

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VOL. IV

OCTOBER, 1912

NO. 1

The Freshman's Oportunity

A Symposium

I. The Freshman's Opportunity in the Scholastic Field

By Thomas Arkle Clark, Dean of Men

An old farmer who used to live up in the country where I passed my boyhood was accustomed to say with vigorous emphasis, and expletives, that nothing is so insulting as the truth. Perhaps that is the reason why the freshman is likely to be irritated when the fact of his opportunities is thrust before him. At the risk of uttering this trite and conventional insult, I am led to say that the freshman has the greatest opportunities of any one in college. He has youth, unlimited choice, and the whole four years of his undergraduate course to accomplish whatever he may wish to undertake. If he has faults of character, he is still in a formative stage, and may make himself what he desires. If he has scholastic ambitions, and a normal mind, and is willing to study regularly and conscientiously, he may reach the highest rank, and qualify for any honorary society he desires. If during this first year, however, he allows opportunity to slip by him, and drops behind in the race, his chances for recovering his place are slight. If he has political aspirations, his best procedure is to sit back quietly and watch how the other man does—to keep his eyes open, keep out of the limelight, and keep

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still. In other lines of activity,—athletics, the college papers, scholarship,—the freshman makes the most of his opportunities who works hard, observes closely, and talks little.

As I think of all the various chances for success which lie before the bright, industrious freshman I should like to be a freshman myself, to be able to prove that a healthy, normal man can accomplish in college about anything he pleases if he will begin intelligently *now*.

II. The Freshman's Opportunity in Politics

By W. E. Ekblaw, '10

College politics are like those of the world without our campus walls, differing only in the number and character of the men whom they affect. The same tendencies, temptations, and influences that affect the politician anywhere affect him here.

The freshman who takes some part in college politics, as every student should, will meet, before he graduates, fellows with high ideals, honest motives, and sincere purposes, just as he will meet sneaks and grafters, and parasites who would exploit their fellows, or their University, for private gain or personal power, without giving one whit of service in return; he will be praised by some, condemned by others; he will, perhaps, know the sting of defeat, or the satisfaction of victory; he will, at least, have learned that not all men are bad, that not all men are good, and that nearly all of them are well worth knowing and living with.

The opportunity that college politics affords the freshman to gain this experience before he encounters the sterner conditions and more difficult problems with which his post-collegiate life confronts him should not be ignored. This experience

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must necessarily fit him for the responsibilities of leadership that college training imposes upon him. It will remove him from the rear rank of the indifferent "stay-at-home" voters, and place him in the front rank of the active fighters for clean, sane political methods; it will temper his idealism with practical common-sense that will insure permanent progress in citizenship. It will teach him that there is no honor in holding an office, unless he assumes seriously the responsibilities of that office, and discharges its duties creditably. And it will convince him of the great responsibility every man owes to his fellows to help them as well as himself to better things.

II. The Freshman's Opportunity in Dramatics

By L. E. Frailey, '13, President, Mask and Bauble

"A poor player that struts and frets his
hour away and then is heard no more."

There are no eligibility rules to hinder the participation of the freshman in dramatics. If a professional, the better his chances are to gain histrionic honors. Possessing talent, he may seize his lantern, and, unharmed by ye frolicsome sophomores, Dogberry the dark hours away. Not even the training table is barred. Many a mystic hour have ye Mask and Baubleists gathered in secret session, to nibble upon ye sweet biscuit and sip ye Harris coffee.

Not that dramatic success is by any means easy to attain. Patience, perseverance, and a certain amount of humility, are absolute necessities. And even then, unless the young Thespian has that prime requisite of being able to feel his part, of transforming his very nature in the course of a

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single night, from Touchstone to Macbeth, Lear to Malvolio, etc., he cannot hope to rise very high in the art of acting.

Unfortunately, the opportunities at Illinois are not so extensive as in the larger institutions of the East. Indifferent faculty support, an utter lack of student appreciation, and the absence of campus staging facilities, have all conspired against the rise of good drama. Nevertheless, I am inclined to be an optimist in regard to the future. The production of the first original student play, the Lion Rampant, written by Weis and Howard, and the staging of The Servant in the House, were both decided advances over anything that had been previously accomplished. Fortunately we are blessed with the best dramatic coach in the country. Time and again, "the little playwright" has saved the day for the fortunes of the various dramatic clubs. Another decided advantage is the fact that opportunities to act are numerous. The Mask and Bauble Club, the literary societies, and the Illinois Union Dramatic Club, are constantly looking for, and dependent upon, new talent.

Perhaps you have wondered, "is it all worth while?" That, I think, depends upon the individual. Personally, I should answer, "yes." Perhaps that is because I hope to continue in the profession after leaving college. If you are merely looking for another college honor, if you are not especially interested in the work, then I would advise you to choose other, and for you, more promising fields of activity. If, however, you are really interested, if you have ever acted, or feel that you can act, and *want* to act, then by all means go out from the start and don't stop trying until your college days are over. You may never see your name in Big Print, but there are some things about it all which you will never forget. The barren dressing rooms, the glare

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of the stage lights, the smell of the grease paints, and the call boy's "overture" are the mystic builders of a fairyland which is the nearest approach to Heaven on Earth. That is the way I feel about dramatics. Perhaps most of you will differ. But then, life is short, and everyone can but choose. At best, "it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, but signifying nothing."

IV. The Freshman's Opportunity in Military

By E. H. Leslie, '13, Student Colonel

What Freshman has there been, who, when he has learned that among the requirements exacted of him in consequence of his entrance to the University is a two-year period of military, has not wondered why it is demanded and what it will be like? Possibly he has had an insight into the work from a former visit to the University, or has had work in the militia elsewhere. In this case these questions will not come to his mind with the same force that they do to the mind of the uninitiated, but in any case a few words on the subject may be timely.

If you stop a moment to think of the matter, does not a man with decision and a military bearing always command your respect and admiration? Why is this? Simply because his general attitude is closely associated with your conception of manliness, and it is a manly man whom we all admire. By a man I mean one who is out and out, clean cut, prompt, and decisive in all his actions. These are among the things which a military training develops.

You go into the ranks as a private, and there you are taught how to obey unquestioningly. This is the first lesson, but the one which must be mas-

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tered before all else. Do not believe for an instant the boasts of a wise sophomore councilor, who from the dizzy height of a year's experience tells you to do as you please. If you do take such advice, you are certain to have a long and hard fall awaiting you. You are going through a training which has been thought out by men who have had many years' experience with others like yourself, and whose judgment you should not question.

The officers were once freshmen and privates like yourself and some of you will be holding their positions in a few years. Our regiment has in the past been an organization of which we have all been justly proud—an organization which has done a great deal of good to the University as a whole. Let us all work together to develop a maximum efficiency—to make it a regiment which shall even excel all preceding it.

V. The Freshman's Opportunity in the Field of Athletic Management

T. A. Fritchey, '13, Manager Base Ball, 1913-14

There is no field of student activity at Illinois which offers a greater opportunity for a freshman to earn a college honor than that of the Athletic Association Managership. Until last year the various managers were chosen by a general election. Under the present system the managers are chosen purely upon a merit basis by the board of athletic control. In other words, merit has been substituted for personal popularity, as a qualification for the offices. By the new competitive plan any freshman by conscientious work and consistent application may aspire to any of the various managements as manager for baseball, football, track, class athletics, interscholastic circus, etc.

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Although this competitive system is a new thing at Illinois, it has worked satisfactorily, due to the untiring efforts of Director Huff and Graduate Manager Thompson, who were chiefly responsible for putting the system "on its feet." Our merit system is modeled somewhat after that in operation at Cornell and other eastern colleges, although our plan is more perfected.

Each freshman who is ambitious to enter any of the competitions should first keep eligible and maintain as high a scholastic standing as possible, for this plays an important part in the final selection of the various managers. He should decide for what managership he is best qualified, and then make up his mind to "stick hard" throughout the whole competition. The consistent worker and the candidate who is "camping on the job" from day to day will in the end come out on top.

This new merit system will be greatly perfected and much more efficient when the student body regards it as similar to the hard competition for a position on our varsity teams, whereby the best man is selected purely on a merit basis to represent the University as manager of her various athletic teams.

VI. The Freshman's Opportunity in Religious Activities

By Ralph C. Scott, '12, Secretary, Y. M. C. A.

Among the religious opportunities offered the new student at our University, is a defensive one. Once let him put himself in the way of the activities of a live student church and chances are ten to one, even if the Orpheum was still the same Orpheum, that he would not care to see every change of bill, nor would he find his way to the pool halls where gambling is permitted, or later in his career

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(and sometimes not much later) learn the way to Danville, and travel it. But if the defensive were all one could look forward to as a result of investment of his time and energies in religious activities, the incentive would not be great and the usual time of recall would be when the fling had been taken and regrets were in order. I mean to say that there are sermons preached in University pulpits which lift a man far above the thought of his own selfish needs and send him out of the church door with enthusiasm for old-fashioned "being good" and "doing good." For, after all, we get back to individual goodness for whatever reform is proposed.

Now, I may be permitted to suggest opportunities in the concrete; he may attend inspiring services of worship (as already mentioned), social good times of young people's societies in both their meetings, and recreational occasions, and not least by any means, may carry on a study of the Bible with all its fund of literature and inspiring thought under competent leadership by faculty member or graduate. So I propose religious opportunities as not the least of those afforded a freshman at our University.

The Freshman and Athletics.

By C. C. Dillon, '13, Varsity Half Back

Few people, even among the students themselves, understand the exact status of the freshman in athletics in the universities of the Western Conference. His position and function and opportunities are clearly determined by the board in control of the conference. This body has gradually increased the restrictions upon the first year athletes until many are of the opinion that the incentive for competition is almost entirely removed.

Not more than eight years ago there were no restrictions placed upon the competition of freshmen on the regular varsity teams. But in 1905, at the time of the strong crusade against evil influences in college athletics, the Conference authorities passed rules prohibiting anyone from playing on regular varsity teams until after one year of residence and attendance at the University. Such rules, however, did not prevent freshman teams of the various universities from competing with each other, and hence the incentive for great rivalry and keen competition was not removed.

The intercollegiate contests were merely divided into two classes, those between the varsity teams and those between the freshmen teams. Though the freshman contests were lesser attractions, they were not lacking in rivalry and college enthusiasm.

Some years later a rule was passed prohibiting freshman football teams from competing with those of other universities. And this spring, it is rumored, that ruling was made to apply to all other branches of intercollegiate athletics. No freshman team is to be allowed to leave the campus of the university which it represents to compete with any other team.

The effect of these later rules are hardly realized by those who have not spent a season training on some freshman team. The greater part of the incentive to first year competition is destroyed because the competition itself is so limited. What can one look forward to in his struggle for a place on a freshman-varsity team but a great deal of hard work and strict training. He has almost no chance to try himself in real live competition. He must confine his efforts to competition with the more experienced varsity teams in whatever way their coaches deem best for them. He feels himself to be a tool, useful merely in developing the varsity athletics.

Such are a few of the ideas which cannot be prevented from occurring to the freshman athlete under the present conditions. He may sometimes question the advisability of coming out for athletics in his first year. Competition is the great stimulus of the American. Without it his athletics have little of attraction and pleasure for him. Hence, participation in athletics of the freshman year when considered without its relation to subsequent varsity competition, falls far short of repaying the time and effort put forth in it.

But what may seem useless in itself has great importance when considered in its relation to other things. The training and experience received in a season's work on a freshman-varsity is probably the most valuable that a person can get in that length of time to prepare him to attain the goal of varsity competition. The whole of his first year's training is planned and executed with that distant goal in mind.

He sees how the more experienced varsity men perform on and off the field. He gets to know and understand the coaches and their methods. He can-

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not fail to appreciate something of what is expected of one who is to represent the university in athletic competition. And so in many ways, physically and mentally, his apparently unrewarded efforts during his year on the freshman-varsity teams have prepared him for success and efficiency in his endeavors in varsity competition.

Many may wonder why the restrictions upon freshmen competition. Such a query can best be answered by those who are thoroughly acquainted with the training necessary to develop a successful the demands of the football teams in the way of time and energy are such as to compel concentration and economy in their methods of study. The average freshman, unused to the methods and requirements of the university and overestimating the importance of athletics in his college course, would surely find it well-nigh impossible to make a creditable record in his school work and consequently would do injustice both to himself and to the cause of inter-collegiate athletics, in general.

But it seems that the restrictions have gone further than is best for those whom they are intended to benefit. Freshmen cannot be expected to do well in their studies and give the amount of time and energy necessary to compete on varsity teams, but intercollegiate freshmen contests, being of less importance, require less of the athlete's time and strength while they would add zest and interest to the very beneficial training received during the freshman year. Why should they be given the hard, monotonous work without the pleasure of competition against athletes of their own rank in other colleges? Then, too, should not a distinction be made between the heavy, exhausting game of football and the lighter, intercollegiate games. Much less time and strength are required of the members of base-

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ball, basketball and track teams. Then, too, they come later in the year after the freshmen have become more accustomed to university life. Why should they not be allowed to enjoy limited inter-collegiate competition in their sports while they are enduring the monotony and work of freshman training? Have not the Conference authorities, in their efforts to place upon the freshman such limitations as will make good scholarship easier, gone too far toward taking from him the incentive to beneficial athletic competition?

Under existing conditions in football, the freshmen are merely the "chopping block" for the varsity. Their efforts are for the most part unnoticed and unrewarded during their first year. Yet by such competition with varsity teams the first year men are doing the athletics of their university a great good. Without them the development of an efficient varsity team would be a much more difficult task. The training received is very beneficial physically and mentally, and gives health and vigor to those who are able to receive it. Every freshman who has any athletic ability will do well to take advantage of the careful, scientific training in athletics that is received by the members of our freshman-varsity teams. Not only will he be developing his own physique and athletic ability, but he will contribute more or less to the success of the varsity teams against whom he contends.

Although the opportunities offered to freshmen in athletic lines at present are considerably less than in some former years, they are well worth the time and energy required to take advantage of them.

A Junior Prom Date.

By "W"

Jimmy Lawler was a student of the ordinary type, living probably in the 500 block on John street. He was a sophomore engineer, played a steady, but never brilliant game in class football, averaged 80 in mathematics and 70 in rhetoric, smoked a pipe, had no other bad habits, had three college girls on his calling list, but called never more than once a month, had red hair, a stocky build, and a firm chin, looked handsome in a flannel shirt, but only presentable in dress clothes.

His family occupied a solid place, financially and socially, in a fair-sized Illinois town. His father spent his days in a bank and stayed close to his reading chair in the evenings. His mother was continually busy in properly bringing up and out the two sons and the daughter of the family. The other son was a junior in high school and a brick of a little fellow. The daughter had spent two careful years in a prominent girls' school, and lived with a consuming desire to accompany Jimmy to his college dances,—a desire which had never been fulfilled.

In answer to the latest suggestion of his sister's that she accompany him to the approaching Junior Prom, Jimmy had written her that he planned somewhat to invite Alice Clayton up for that party. The first intimation he had of such a plan was when he sat down to answer his sister's letter, and he had thought little of it since writing.

Two days after writing the letter he received three letters from his home town. He opened the one which apparently came from his sister. It read, "As for the idea of your asking Alice Clayton up for the Prom, there's nothing to that. You must

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not do it. I can't tell you why without giving away some secret gossip, so you must trust me when I say that for the reputation of our family here, if not for your own, you must think no more of it. I am not at all sure that the rumor is true, but its told with pretty fair backing that Alice Clayton did not return this fall to Oakmont for the reason that she was asked not to return. It seems that she was caught last spring entering her dormitory through a window at four o'clock in the morning. Of course that's all we can find out, but, Jimmy, don't you think the mere fact of the suspicion is enough? Mamma cried when I told her about it and I know you won't care to endanger her happiness, let alone my reputation."

"Boom, boom!" cried Jimmy, and opened the next letter.

It was from his sister's "steady," and read as follows: "Your Sis tells me that you are asking Alice Clayton up for the Prom. You're a sly old fox. And say, Jimmy, if you find out anything put me next, will you?"

"Chump," said Jimmy, and opened the third letter, clearly from his kid brother.

It read, after some notes on the high school football prospects, "You certainly have started something with this Alice Clayton talk. Sis snifflies around most of the day, and mother wears that worried, hurt look of hers. I don't suppose there's anything in the rumor, and between you and me I wouldn't care if there was. And I know just how you'll feel when you get Sis's letter. You'll be for bringing Alice up whether or no now. Any man would. But just the same that wouldn't help matters here. I told Sis I thought it was all sewing circle gossip and anyway it wouldn't be disgraceful, if true. And then she brought up the way we both

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jumped on her for going to that boys' clothes affair that Jane Long gave, and asked if I thought that was anywhere near as bad as this. There really wasn't much that I could say, was there, Jimmy? And then the fellows all wink their eye and say that you are bringing up Alice for a lark, and that you know more about her affair than you let on. Say, Jimmy, where did you ever get the reputation for being a sport?"

"What a bungle," said Jimmy. "Here am I, a simple non-fusser, stirring up the social puddle of a pretty little town."

While he filled and lighted his pipe, he thought over the possibilities.

Then he went after the matter logically.

"In the first place I never really intended to invite the girl," he began. "In the second place I must invite her now whether or no. In the third place, actually bringing her up here is not to be thought of."

Having accomplished so much by way of logic, he took a moment off to ponder over a point that had been bothering him since he had read the first letter.

"I wonder what she really was doing at four in the morning—" he asked himself. Then he went back to his logic.

"If I *don't* invite her now, the whole town will assume that I admit the truth of the rumor, and for that reason have changed my plan. And I don't admit that at all, and I wouldn't slap a girl in the face that way if I did. If I *do* have her up the fellows will assume that I know more about the affair than they do and that I am having her up for a lark as Sis's man says. That's absurd, but it wouldn't help the girl's reputation just the same."

Then he laughed. "You can't beat a small town, no matter how you try. Poor girl, heads she

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loses and tails they win. But I bet she doesn't give a hang what they think or say, and I admire her for it, only I know that that attitude doesn't help any."

When his roommate came in from a two o'clock he presented the problem and all its possibilities. The roommate bore a general reputation for being "a wise old head," and after some silent consideration temporarily dismissed the point with a brief answer.

"I can't quite see how you're going to get out of this, but I do know that mankind frequently gets out of worse muddles than this one is. Of course you'll go ahead and invite the girl up, for anybody will tell you that that's the only possible thing to do. You're not a cad, you know. Later we'll attend to the rest."

Having agreed to this temporary solution they both went downtown to the Walker.

Just as they were entering the theatre, the roommate asked, "Say, Jimmy, what about this four o'clock in the morning business, anyway? Do you believe it?"

"I think there may have been extenuating circumstances," answered Jimmy.

"So do I, and I can think of several good ones," was the reply.

"But they make no difference in a small town," answered Jimmy, grimly.

Then the curtain went up.

Three days later the Thanksgiving recess began, and Jimmy took his roommate with him for the vacation. "You'll make a hit with Sis," said Jimmy when he was inviting him. "You've been to scollage, you know, and she's strong for scollage."

They arrived at Jimmy's home town Wednesday night just in the nick of time for the annual Thanksgiving dance in the opera house.

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The next morning at breakfast, the roommate said in a startled sort of way, "I just now remember where I've seen a photograph of a girl whom I met last night. I've been trying to recall it ever since I met her. Her name is Clayton, I think. Don't you remember, Jimmy, you introduced her to me over by the stove, and told me that she went to Oakmont last year?"

"How interesting," said the young Miss Lawler, "and do you really remember having seen a picture of her before?"

"Yes, I do," continued roommate. "I saw it in the home of a friend of mine who lived up in the town where Oakmont is. There was a funny story with it, too."

"How interesting," said the young Miss Lawler, "let us hear it, won't you?"

"Certainly," continued roommate. "It seems that this young married couple, friends of mine, were being visited by a young Smith College girl, and had invited this Miss Clayton to go into Chicago with them to see a theatre. And they missed the last train out, and had to wait for a milk-train that got them home at four o'clock in the morning. This Miss Clayton insisted so strongly that she positively must go back into her boarding house, or wherever she lived, and so they found a window that was unlocked and boosted her in through it."

"How interesting," said Miss Clayton, "and are you sure it was our Alice who was boosted through the window? I can scarcely imagine her in that situation. And a milk-train, too. Are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure," answered roommate. "I remember the milk-train part accurately."

For three glorious days they romped over that little town. More than once the Clayton girl happened to be in the party, too. On Sunday she ac-

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cepted Mrs. Lawler's invitation to take dinner at the Lawler home. In some way during the dinner the young Miss Lawler intimated that the desire of her life was to go to one of Jimmy's college dances. When Jimmy's roommate learned how she had been so often disappointed in getting her desire through the unwillingness of Jimmy to be bothered with her, there was nothing left for him to do, wise old head that he was, except to invite her up to go to the Junior Prom with him. They left nothing for Jimmy to do but to follow through and to invite the Miss Clayton to make the fourth member of the party which Mrs. Lawler should chaperone to the big class party.

Near the end of the seventeenth dance Jimmy said to Miss Clayton, with whom he was sitting: "I should have thought that you would have gone back to Oakmont this year."

"No," she replied. "Mother's poor health is keeping me at home."

"Do you happen to know where the Thomasons are this winter? I understand they have moved," Jimmy ventured.

"I don't believe I know them," was the answer.

"Why, you surely must. They were a newly married couple living near the Oakmont campus."

"Then I'm sure I don't know them, for I knew not a single town person while I was up there."

"Oh, I see," said Jimmy. "I really thought you would know them, for nearly everyone does."

"No," she answered.

"What do you think of the Smith College girls?" again ventured Jimmy.

For a moment she considered.

"I can't seem to recall ever knowing a single Smith College girl," she said.

"That's odd," suggested Jimmy.

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"Did you ever get caught in Chicago after a show and have to wait until the morning train out?" again ventured Jimmy.

"No, I didn't," she replied. "But I have wished that I could many times."

"It must be fun to come out on the milk-train at four in the morning," suggested Jimmy, as he watched her closely.

"Oh, you foolish," she laughed. "Milk trains don't run out of Chicago at four in the morning, or ever. Milk-trains always run in."

"So they do," laughed Jimmy, just as he always laughed at his rhetoric instructor's facetious comments when his theme was being read aloud to the class.

The Dreamer

By Lester Frailey

Ah, foolish Youth of the dreamy eyes,
How sad the breaking of thy dreams—
To learn from those more worldly wise
That naught is truly as it seems.

Thou think'st to find a maiden fair
Whose lips are free from fancy's sin,
Alas for castled dreams in air,
Priscilla's John thou should'st have been.

Thou think'st to find a dainty maid
Whose words of blessed truth are born,
Alas, that too must surely fade
And leave a dream of beauty shorn.

Thou think'st to find a woman's soul,
Madonna for thy unborn child,
But a social throne is now her goal
And motherly homes are quite old styled.

Thou thinkst to find a tender heart
To sing thy songs and weep thy tears,
But feelings too have played their part
And linger now in fleeting years.

And yet, oh Youth, thou foolish Youth.
Though dreams must fade, and thou must see
They're false—and know the sadness of the truth—
Despite all this, I envy thee.

For dreams to thee are Christ-lit things
Which light the way to paradise,
And none so small but that it brings
Thy soul to heights where few can rise.

What matters it—the wakening cost,
If fancies fade beyond recall,
And one by one our dreams be lost?
'Tis sweeter than no dreams at all.

The Home Wedding

The funeral, the wedding, the birth—at least two of these come unbidden to every man and woman. One of the three phenomena is always welcome, one is tolerably acceptable, but the grim funeral begets no gladness at all unless we lead forward the morticians and the heirs. Most old folks enjoy funerals, to be sure, and even middle-aged people may still be found who get more relaxation out of a funeral than from a season of watering places.

As to births, some mild interest may be shown by some people some of the time. The Lincoln unanimity is always qualified, when a birth is recorded. All of us know that the sire is capersome if the issue is masculine, and that the mother prefers the opposite. The small boy views the new baby as a household discord that apparently has to be endured. Man is given some local attention when he is born, but the press says little unless he is piped with royal blood. He must live to step to his wedding march, if he is to be the motivation for more than a mere indulgent Patticake, Patticake, Baker's Man.

A quiet home-wedding is cranked up long before the date on the scriptified invitation that you may receive. I say this with the easy confidence of wisdom picked up at a marriage in my father's own dwelling. Sister, she was, who entered wedlock while all the family and desirable relatives, with as many of the invited "friends" as could buck into the room, looked on in whoa-like interest.

Sister is the eldest of us eight, and the only female. She had been high-schooled and colleged, could fight out on the piano all the tunes that col-

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lege students whistle, and knew to the split second when to snatch a pan of fudge from the stove. Her starched fastidiousness in eating is the only thing I ever found to come up to Stratford Bill's measure in "Nothing she does or seems but smacks of something greater than herself." She was able to rise from the most raucous of family quarrels, and answer the phone with a flour-ad girl sweetness as fetching as it was soulful with unpremeditated art. So you see that Sister was mistress of quick transitions. If father, on the contrary, were called to the phone just after he had tried vainly for the seventh time to reconcile two sooty lengths of stove-pipe he would deliberately have burned out the lightning arrester with the first incandescent draft of words. You could not catch Sister off her guard; she was too well-schooled.

Mystical whispers some two months before the memorable day, and much industrious pedaling of the sewing-machine in mother's bed-room, hinted strongly of a family crisis. Deciding, after many improper back alley talks, that of the three possibilities a wedding seemed most reasonable, we accordingly took a new interest in Sister. We stared solemnly before us when she was around, and noted furtively the way she walked. In speechless awe we regarded her as she ate her oatmeal for breakfast; and we even looked up the absorbing topic of love and marriage in GUNN'S FAMILY PHYSICIAN. Not a wisp of the ceremonial plans escaped us. Ike Newton's enraptured vision of the falling apple could not have been more significant to him than the wedding preparations were to us.

Several weeks passed, as the third readers say, without much happening to quench our burning thirst for interior information (Pronounce "third reader" again here, and sigh deeply) pertinent to the day of days. Then the showers began to come.

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Not showers that drive the farmers owning double cribs of corn into whipping their mules five miles to town to sell before the price falls, or showers of blessings, but showers of *gifts*. These gift showers are indexed according to the whims of the agents who promote them. Thus we hear of tinware, hosiery, crockery, glassware, linen, kitchen, miscellaneous hardware, stationery, and so on.

The pre-hymenean shower, let me keynote without more ado, is as paying an event to have around as the common people are privileged to entertain. The way the gifts tinkled in on Sister convinced us of that. For a time my brother planned a marble shower in his own honor, but none of the boys could see anything particularly attractive in turning over a lot of valuable property to him, without even a game of "keeps" to make the affair business-like. A shower, anyhow, is meant for womankind. Think of a derby hat shower, or a revolver shower, or a cigar—

Showers differ little, nowadays. The agent—she who gives out the when, where, and what—may, or may not, be the confidential representative of the showeree. On the appointed day the girls meet in convention assembled at the agent's mother's home, whence the prospectus of the bride is fetched to be "surprised." In the primeval days of showering all the presents were hidden in the foliage of a plum-tree in the yard, and were dumped on the showeree beneath when the agent's finger crooked. In later years, however, both wedding and political gifts have so grown in size and heft that a plum-tree shower now would have to be eased down with the aid of a block and tackle.

The complimentary sprinkles for Sister came so fast that the Robeyville Star printed the notices in tabulated form, and the remembrances were piled up in the front room until father retreated to the

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back of the house, and studied his bank-book by the tin kitchen lamp. Gifts of bewildering varieties, all with the price marks carefully erased, accumulated on the calabash pipe-legged table in the front room until, the showering impetus apparently having lost its eud, a few of the neighbors were asked in "to see the presents." Let it be hissed now in this-is-to-go-no-farther accents that not every Gracie, Bess and Carrie in the neighborhood was expected to attend this inspection. The admirable way Sister divided the desirables from the impossibles filled us with wonder. If we had been faced by such a problem in long division, we would simply have passed the news around to "come on, fellers, and look at what we've got." We had often done heartless things, but the idea of actually and publicly choosing the goods from the bads in our friend circle was too much. Sister did not entirely lack democracy, though. She included in her call for the inspection convention many who had been left out of the ultimo copper-plate invitation class. There was a reason for it, of course, as the grocer replied, when asked why he did not keep graham flour in summer.

You see that Sister had them pretty well sorted. Class A embraced all relatives who had shown in performances gone by their gift-buying abilities. Class A also enveloped close friends who had always stood up for Sister. All these drew the copper-plate invitation, with corrugated paper insert and double-action envelope. Class B, composed of the gift-inspection invitees standing above, has already passed before the judges. Class C was a refuge for those served by mail with an "announcement," after everything had mildewed into history. Sister fed out these thrilling folders with a prodigal hand. We imagined this had something

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to do with father's intervals of philosophical regard of quite a stubby check-book.

The advertising bills were not the only ones that helped direct father's ducatoons into circulatory channels. Sister must have a Paris wop suit for the honeymoon circuit, a reinforced lace costume for the day of days, a sample counter assortment of ribbons, strings and buckles for miscellaneous architectural effects, hats in all stages of consciousness, a turtle-dove colored gossamer for rainy days,—why, the caboose of the list, like the end of boss rule, was always coming and never arriving. At the last minute, when father had gone to have a private interview with the president of the Robeyville Farmers' Bank, in came a statement from the Maria Millinery shop.

Two days before the connection time the raw material for the groom was ushered into the spare room. Horace had a week's leave of absence in which to buy a white shirt, a new black suit, a box of Flora de Cabbage cigars, a hair-cut, a license, and a fiber suitcase that was guaranteed to stand more hard knocks than a Willis goat's head. We boys felt less in awe of Horace than of Sister; we could understand dimly that in wedlocking he was providing himself with a cook and flat-keeper, and hence had everything to gain. In reviewing Sister's case we admitted that she would be fed and stalled by Horace—but any hired girl is given these concessions, and has a salary thrown in. The balance of trade appeared to be in favor of Horace, and we respected him accordingly.

Father and Horace went over to the court-house to take out a license, after Sister had performed a kiss satisfying enough to convince us all that there was no hitch in the devotion. Father was in the best humor he had permitted himself to enjoy since the time on the farm, when six jersey calves born in

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August all proved to be heifers. He went along with Horace merely "to be there, if there is any trouble." Young men in confusion have been known to ask for hunting licenses,—and Horace was a young man.

Everybody was turkey-trotting excitedly around the morning of the wedding day. The town florist drove up and unloaded enough assorted smart-weed descendants to cheer up a stage for a pastoral play. Sister at once took charge of the decorative plans; her word that day was better than father's bond. If she had commanded one of us to turn the piano upside down and hang a wreath of cucumber vines on the pedals, we would have obeyed in fluttering satisfaction. Happily we twined the florist's weeds around the gas fixtures, and helped suspend the wedding "bell" in the corner where the contracting parties, as the Robeyville Star has patiently taught us to say, came to an understanding. The "bell" was the town florist's masterpiece. He had said so, himself, to father. Sam was sure he had observed the same masterpiece going out to the Hausmann wedding, the month before, but Sam often has things mixed.

At one o'clock all was ready. The spring-time greenery clung to everything festoonable, and the borrowed chairs, some of which came from the undertaker, were painfully ellipsed in the dining-room. In the kitchen the sandwich lunches were all in uniform, and waiting for revenge. Sister had already begun to make up for the Lohengrin parade, and I was sent up to see if Horace needed any succoring.

He had been in and out of his new black suit a dozen times, he swore, when I entered. Soothingly I recited a joke I had heard the day before at Garber's harness shop. In the spirit of brother-in-law love I tried in countless little ways to pull him out

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of the slough of pre-nuptial misery where he was becoming more excited every minute.

"They cut the pants too long," he snarled, folding himself backward and forward like a physical culture disciple on a frosty morning. "Just look how they sag down over my shoes—just look at 'em!"

I examined the trousers as sympathetically as I could, but to me they appeared faultless. A civilized crown prince could ask for none better, I murmured, as I ripped off stray threads, hunted out price tags, and polished his shoes with an old night-shirt until all the wonders of the spare room were reflected in phantasmagorical splendor. Nervously Horace jerked out his watch. Ten after two—five minutes more. In frantic haste he put himself through another set of contortions before the mirror. A knock at the door. The minister beckoned Horace to come on.

Down the back stairs I hurried, and into the crowded parlor, just as Cousin Irene curtain-raised with a doleful chord from the piano. She squealed out with deadly fervor something about Promising Me. When she had finished promising she surrendered the keys to Aunt Emma, who played what the music kings would call the Lohengrin March. It is the piece that keynotes most weddings, just as Juanita has to be re-parted at most family reunions. It was beyond me to see why everything had to be so mournful. All the people in the room acted in a grieved sort of way as if, Oh, Well, It Was Better So. Instead of chiming in with the supposed good cheer at such gatherings, some of the women were actually wanting to cry. Presently their wishes came true, and a kitchen-full of sneezing children being doctored with salt-water could not have gurgled more. Even Uncle Dennis looked miserable, and out of gear with his usual Sunshine All

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The Way nature. "They make these weddings too blamed solemn," he afterward complained.

(To be continued).

Dream Lines

By Harry G. Atkinson

Dream Lines by Harry G. Atkinson.

Far over the height of the mountain crest,
Beyond the stars, and beyond behest,
I've found a world, and I've come for you
To go with me and live anew—
To leave with me e'er the close of day,
And away, and away, and away, away.

Far over the height of Ambition's throne,
Beyond the mind, and beyond the known,
I've found the world of which we dreamed—
The world of truth and love supreme—
Too long has it waited your sovereign sway
—Let's away, and away, and away, away.

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The Doctor to the Lovelorn

By Nellie B. Roberts

MISS PATTY CAMPBELL
DOCTOR TO THE LOVE-LORN
At Home Broken Hearts
5 p. m. Daily a Specialty

Miss Patty stepped back and surveyed the festive little sign again. She tipped her head to one side, and her short, brown side-curls bobbed appreciatively.

"You may come down now, Liddy Ann," she said to the stalwart colored woman who had been hanging the sign.

Liddy Ann stepped ponderously off from the chair and walked down the narrow box-bordered path to her mistress's side.

"Hit suah do look fine, Miss Patty, but Ah hate fo' yo' all to do hit."

"Well, I know, Liddy Ann, but the young folks are always wanting to come to my house to do their courting, so I might as well make match-making and consolation my, my,—profession." The word business stuck in her throat, for pride was what Miss Patty called her "besetting sin."

In the small town the quaint sign caused a stir of interest. The bi-weekly paper came out that night with a whole column devoted to it and to Miss Patty. It set forth the originality of the enterprise, described Miss Patty's cozy cottage as a nest for love-birds, and, as delicately as the journalistic style would permit, hinted that Miss Patty must once have been occupied in breaking what she now professed herself able to mend.

Miss Patty read the article and experienced a series of pleased thrills until she came to the pas-

sage about the broken hearts. Then she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes to shut in the tears that were dimming them. Perhaps she had broken hearts in the gay, happy days before she came to Riverton to finish her existence. Her own heart had almost broken, at least, as she had once told herself with a sad little attempt at whimsy, "It bent so far that the crease never smoothed out." But Riverton knew nothing at all of that, and even Liddy Ann, whose knowledge of Miss Patty dated from the Riverton days, had never heard the name of the gay soldier lover of whom the war had blotted out every trace.

The next afternoon at five Miss Patty's tea-kettle was beginning to sing when "the new man in town" walked up the path. Miss Patty, who was peeping out of the window, began to feel panicky.

"Liddy Ann, Liddy Ann," she called breathlessly, "there's someone coming, and my thoughts are b-bubbling as fast as the tea-kettle."

"Don' yo' be scared, honey," said Liddy Ann. The next moment, in answer to the impressive summons of the knocker, she had opened the door, remarking as she did so, "Good ahftahnoon, sah, what can Ah do fo' yo' sah?"

"I should like to see Miss Campbell," was the reply, and the deep, quiet voice had a reassuring sound.

Liddy Ann's dignity thawed several degrees, and she led him toward the tiny drawing-room. Here everything was as quaint as the little lady with the bobbing side-curls and the crumpled pink cheeks who stood courtesying to him halfway across the room.

"Miss Campbell," said her guest, "I am Hugh Stuart, and although my heart is not broken now, it is likely to be unless you can suggest a preventive." His eyes danced boyishly, and in Miss Patty's

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cheeks there lurked the suspicion of a youthful dimple.

"Well," she chirped, "tea and Liddy Ann's cakes will ease your feelings, and then your woes will seem lighter. Grandmother always said that men were like babies, once they were fed and warm they never whimpered." After which remark Miss Patty blushed and wriggled the tea-ball hurriedly. The idea of talking to a stranger in that way?

"One lump, or two?" she asked in a more constrained voice.

"Two," was the answer. "I need things pretty sweet these days. You see it's this way. I am a would-be artist, and I came down with my man from the city for rest and quiet. At first it was great, but just yesterday I caught a glimpse of a girl whom I met at the shore." Stuart stopped abruptly and crumbled his cake in an abstracted way.

Miss Patty waited silently for a moment and then said "Yes?" with a gentle note of query in her voice.

The man straightened up and went on this time more lightly. "Her mother is an old dragon and informed one of the hotel guests that artists were a 'disreputable lot of scalawags.' Of course under such conditions I saw the girl just about twice before they left suddenly. And, well, I guess that's all. Perfectly hopeless, isn't it?" he added with an attempt at a laugh.

Miss Patty shook her head. "Oh, no," she said sympathetically. "Of course, you must be talking of Edith Daniels and her mother."

Stuart nodded silently as she refilled his cup.

"Your case is not simple, however," added Miss Patty, sitting primly on the edge of her chair and trying to assume a professional air. "I shall have to think about it until tomorrow, anyway, and

meanwhile, "with a delighted chuckle, "you'd better keep out of the dragon's sight."

"Miss Patty," exclaimed Stuart, using her name unconsciously, "I feel better already. I never tasted more delicious cakes and tea, and I'm sure you're going to help me. Perhaps, hearts are only elastic anyway and will stretch a long way before they'll snap."

"No," was the more serious answer, "not elastic, for that flies back into place and you can't tell that it has been stretched."

The man rose and smiled down at her understandingly. "And may I come back tomorrow, Dr. Campbell?" he questioned.

"Edith is a dear girl," murmured his hostess rather irrelevantly. Then, after scrutinizing him again, she smiled in her turn. "I guess you'll do. Yes, come tomorrow at five. Don't think of love until then, though, or the cure may be ineffective."

"I'll try not to," was the answer, "but that's a pretty stiff dose."

Miss Patty seldom went beyond the limits of her prim box-hedge, but she usually sent Liddy Ann to good advantage, and that evening was no exception. Stuart's servant had told the things his master was too modest to mention, and Miss Patty was satisfied with the record. Early the next afternoon she sauntered out of her garden and went to pay a long deferred call on Mrs. Daniels and Edith. As she rose to go she turned to "the dragon" and said, "Dear Mrs. Daniels, I wish you would lend Edith to me for this afternoon. My patients may be numerous and Edith could be my office boy."

Miss Patty usually had her way, and consequently, when Stuart entered her drawing-room exactly on the stroke of five, Edith Daniels was sitting beside the little tea-table. Her surprise was even greater than his, and Miss Patty hustled and

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bobbed about among the tea-things until the greetings were over. Then, when all was running smoothly, she settled herself with her crocheting to watch the progress of her "cure." In the midst of the brisk conversation, Stuart looked up with a laugh to say, "I meant to tell you, Miss Patty, my man, Julian, met your Liddy Ann last night, and they struck up quite a friendship. Julian was named for a Union soldier who died in his father's cabin after some battle or other, and he has never ceased to be proud of the fact. Perhaps they will be consulting you next."

Miss Patty laughed appreciatively, although her face had clouded at the mention of the name. "I'd be lost without Liddy Ann, but I have no fears. Why, she's been with me for forty years, ever since she was ten, and besides she has no faith in her race. She even remarked to me once, 'Ah wouldn't trus' dat fambly o' mine out o' mah sight, Miss Patty, dey'll steal, dey will.'"

"Good enough," chuckled Hugh. "Don't you say so, Miss Edith?"

"Yes," was the quiet answer, "but it seems to me that your art must have been flourishing since last summer. Poor artists don't usually travel with a servant at their beck and call."

"Oh come Miss Edith, don't be hard on a fellow. I *do* do a little dabbling in art, but last summer's poverty was just for a lark. I was doing it on a wager."

"Really? Do tell all about it?"

Both women wer frankly interested, but just then Miss Patty was called from the room to attend to the woes of Celia Brooke, aged five, and Bobby Dare, aged six. These two young persons had been just about to settle their differences in the primitive manner when Liddy Ann interfered. Miss Patty arbitrated successfully and gum-drop

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pills and "cambric tea" soon pacified them. By the time she returned to the drawing-room the story was finished.

After Hugh left Edith stood leaning against Miss Patty's chair and looked into the fire.

"He knows Cousin Frank in the city," she said, "and I remember hearing Frank speak of him. His people are very nice and quite well off. Oh, me," she stopped to laugh, "what would mamma say to that after calling him a 'disreputable scalawag' last summer."

Miss Patty chuckled in sympathy and even after the girl had gone her face retained the brightness it so often lost when she was left alone.

The days passed, some slowly and some very swiftly, and Miss Patty's patients increased in number. Only Hugh and Edith seemed incurable and must needs come very often for Miss Patty's treatments. The others seemed to need only one or two, for Riverton was the smoothest course lover ever travelled over. So tiny it was and so far from all distractions that the young people had nothing to do but think of love and rose-hung cottages. Even Liddy Ann and Julian had ceased to be mere friends. Miss Patty was serenely unconscious of this, however, for Liddy Ann, knowing how her mistress depended on her, hated to tell her of the impending separation.

"Hit'll jest nigh upset Miss Patty uttahly," she told Julian when he tried to hurry her. "Ah can't seem to tell huh, noways."

Miss Patty was blissfully unconscious of the fact that her quiet existence was about to be shattered. She was rocking by the fire one afternoon when she saw Edith and Hugh coming slowly up the path. They came so often that there was nothing surprising in that, but today there was a subtle difference in the way they came.

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"Oh," said Miss Patty, "Oh!" Then, "Liddy Ann," she called. Her gentle, old voice was all aquiver. Something was strangely wrong. Liddy Ann had never before failed to answer, but when Miss Patty stopped in the kitchen doorway, she knew why. Julian had engrossed all of Liddy Ann's attention. Feeling as though her last worldly support had been snatched away poor Miss Patty went back to the front door. She opened it with trembling fingers, but the two young people did not notice her agitation.

"Miss Patty," said Hugh, laughingly, "your cure has worked splendidly. We have just obtained the dra— I mean Mrs. Daniel's consent. Next month Mr. Hope will complete the cure."

"Yes," added Edith, "and we wondered if he couldn't marry us right here."

"Oh, you dear children," Miss Patty quavered. "Of course; but I shall be all alone, for, for Liddy Ann is going to be married, too."

"What?" exclaimed Hugh, all unheeding, "has she at last given way before the oratory of Julian Danforth?"

Miss Patty started to her feet. Her cap was awry, and every trace of pink had faded from her cheeks.

"Julian Danforth," she gasped, "but how, how? Oh, tell me quickly!"

Edith sprang to her side. "Why, dear Miss Patty, what is it? What—?"

"But the name?" questioned Miss Patty again. I thought it was Cook," and her eyes scanned Hugh half-tearfully.

"Well, so it is," said Hugh, puzzled. "His first names are those of that soldier who died at his father's cabin. I told you about it, you know."

"Oh," murmured Miss Patty and slipped down weakly into her chair. Then, with the tears slip-

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ping down her wrinkled cheeks, "It was *his* name," she said, turning to Edith. "I never knew—we couldn't find out. They brought Father home to me, but *he* was lost."

Edith was on her knees beside Miss Patty, crying and comforting in the same breath. Presently the little, old lady sat up, seeming tinier than ever in her sorrow.

"I shouldn't cry," she said, for I am glad to know even that. But it all came so quickly, and I don't know where to turn, now."

"But Miss Patty, we won't let you stay alone, if you will only stay with us," cried Edith. "We came to ask you to, and then never noticed how you were feeling."

"Yes," added Hugh, "we need you, and you'll come, won't you?"

Long after they had left her, Miss Patty sat quietly by the fire. She was holding a faded miniature in her hands, and from it the eyes of a gay, young soldier laughed up into her misty ones. She smiled a gallant little smile and whispered softly, "The crease doesn't hurt so bad, tonight, dear."

MOTHER-GOOSE MADE OVER.

There was a girl in our house

And s. w. w. w.

She kept 4 fellows on the string

By the art of making eyes.*

*Oh, make it pies, if you object.

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THE ILLINOIS Of the University of Illinois



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THE ILLINOIS is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois. Address all business communications to THE ILLINOIS, 206 Green street, Champaign. Contributions may be left with the editors or sent to 705 California Ave., Urbana.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

\$1.00 per year.

Courier-Herald Printing Company

Urbana, Illinois.

The man who reads manuscript and decides on its availability for publication is a much abused person. He is regarded as a pig-headed Our ignoramus or as a brute. But it is dif- Copy Reader ferent in the case of our copy reader. He is one of the most every-day sort of fellows one ever threw a book at; he is often mistaken, usually too certain, and always conceited in his judgments, but he surely is not pig-headed and more surely he is no brute.

From him the freshman receives as much consideration as the senior and the immature undergraduate as the faculty man. It is his conceit that he may be able to discover amnog the manuscripts he reads the qualities of a George Ade or a Will Irwin. For this reason, if for no other, he is conscientious in his reading.

Among his idiosyncracies is one that is heretical to the training we all received in Rhetoric I, and we always fear to speak of it. He says boldly (and always too loudly) that ideas are more important

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than commas, and beauty of diction is of more value than grammar. He often assumes a Rooseveltian attitude, and declaims with a quiver in his voice and a high pitch at the end of his sentence: "I can get a clerk for ten dollars to dot in commas."

Our copy reader, too, is one of the kindest hearted of mortals. It nearly breaks his heart to reject a manuscript, and he often tinkers for hours, even with the most hopeless. He puts the rest of the staff "on needles" of impatience with such policies. But then the copy reader has had great quantities of his own manuscript rejected, and he knows the feelings that accompany little printed rejection slips.

The copy reader wishes to become acquainted through their manuscripts with all who love to write. He issues a call to the clever, to the worker, to the man-with-an-idea and to the man-with-an-ideal, for contributions.

I love my work; my jobs the job for me,
The details of my duties are the rhymes
One Great of poetry,
Philosophy The men that work beside me are the
 finest fellows, too,
And I hope there's always plenty of this kind
 of work to do.

Many men who are now in the University are taking work which they do not like, for which they are not fitted, and which will lead to failure. A square peg and a round hole are pathetic in their application to the choice of a life work. Happiness, the ultimate, will not likely be held by the man who does not love his work.

There is no disgrace in changing from a course of study for which one is not fitted to one in which one is. A man is not a "quitter" in doing this, but

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is showing sound sense and manly decision. Such a change should never be made without consultation and much thought, but in many cases it would be a blessing.

The happiest people known are those who love their work, who see in it much more than daily drudgery. Such people inspire others to effort, to the world's gain. "I love my work" is a great philosophy.

It would take a skilled rhetorician to express the feelings of the freshman during the four weeks **ONLY A FRESHMAN** previous to and after registration at a large University. Most of us remember decidedly the emotions which were ours during that period, for they have made a lasting impression on our minds. How mother hurried around to see that our wardrobe was prepared! One would think we were girls, they way she fussed over us! How father talked to us as he gave his parting instructions about keeping the stubs in our check book! How all our friends envied or advised us. We were important personages in our little towns those few weeks before we left for college.

The very incidents that occurred on the train during that first memorable trip are still fresh in our minds, however often we may have made the same trip since. We bought and mailed postal cards by the dozens at each station that allowed us a few minutes' time. We felt interested in the fat man with so many bundles and the woman with so many children. We looked with awe at the students who entered our car with Illinois poster pennants already pasted on their suit cases and their blaze air of indifference to their surroundings was a source of wonder to us.

The arrival at the college town was very exciting. We remember yet how glad our friends said

they were to see us. There were joys and trials (all adventures) in finding a room, and a boarding house. There seemed to be hundreds of students about wherever we went. We walked across the campus and thought of the biographies of Longfellow and those other men which read "In the year 18—he entered Harvard University," and we could see mentally the same sentence with our own name and Illinois attached, and a different year appended. And after we had gone through the terrors of registration what a sense of ownership was ours! "This is my library—this is my gymnasium."

Gradually, we got acquainted with other students. We watched the football squad in their maneuvers and the swimmers in the tank. We read of stars and heroes in the *Daily Illini*, and wondered if our names would ever appear in print. How we worshipped those men to whom "G." spoke so familiarly. Then, the great Freshman stag, where Dean Clark first told us a story, and Mac told us to be good! How they warned us there of hazers and told us of the "Procs" that would soon appear!

Studies, too, required some attention. The man across the street who was learning to play on some terrible instrument of musical torture continually interrupted us with melancholy strains of "My Illinois, My Illinois" from the Island of Bong Bong. Even today that song makes our muscles contract and our memory go back to that old third story room. We were nearly as afraid of hazers as our roommate, but what a brave front we put forth!

Then we remember the dreary, lonesome, homesick days that followed like a nightmare after a frolic! Those days are the best example of disappointed hope to which I can refer. How everybody tried to make us think that freshmen were the very "scum of the earth." What a wonder that we lived

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through the period without something terrible happening!

All these memories gives us a great sympathy for the trials of freshman days, and on this account we are trying in this number to give to the freshman of today something that will be of value to him. We commend to him the monographs in the symposium preceding, in the belief and hope that they will contain something at least, of inspiration.

THE SIDE LINES.

(By E. L. H.)

This shoe hurts my feet.

"The Deep Purple" is not in it with "The Junior Red."

"Cold Weather Puts Ginger Into Team."

(Headline from Illini).

Huh! Costs us ten cents.

The freshman band man who came to the loan desk and asked the librarian to keep his horn while he attended military drill must have mistaken the electric light in front for three globes instead of one.

Ikey, poot oud dot baargaine zign tooday!

Representatives of the government who inspected the local weather bureau reported that the weather was proportionately as much here as elsewhere.

Synonym for a sprawl over two seats—Cy Frailey. On a sleepy day—three seats. Not inferring the day after, but meaning a real sleepy, sleepy day.

DOCTOR TINKEL

Rhymes Repaired
While You Wait.
Love Sonnets and Newspaper
Jingles a Specialty.

Editor's Note: Next month Doctor Tinkel will discuss the Limerick; He offers a free ticket to the Walker to the man who sends in the best limerick before next issue.

Like Their Daddies Used to Do

From the flats of gay Chicago, from the hills of Winnebago,
From the coal mines of Spring Valley, from a-fol-lowin' of the plough.
Where youth to heights aspiring via Greek and electric wiring,
The rah-rah's have assembled for the grand pow-wow,
And every dismal senior, every queerly-garbed sixteener,
Is brimming full of promises and resolutions strong
Made to parents, aunts, and teachers, sweethearts,
fire and brimstone preachers,
To keep them from thoughts frivolous, to guard
them from all wrong;
But they'll soon learn to forget it
And they never will regret it
When they hear the tom-tom call
To forsake dry books and all
And to join the gang in singing the "We're loyal to
you" song.

O Green street, hot ham, and smell of new-mown
hay!

THE ILLINOIS

The town is growing redder and the rah-rah life is
gay!

In places densely crowded and in silent haunts en-
shrouded,

The guys are emulating the old grads of yesterday.
O Junior, Aggie, Prep, and Co-ed, too!

They're writing home to loved ones things that now
and then are true,

 And in spite of mother's prayers

 And to add to Tommy's cares

They're raising Cain in general as they're daddies
used to do!

In this town of rah-rah joys that they call old Illi-
nois,

And sing of her with feeling to the music of the
band,

They oft are quite chaotic and they grow so patri-
otic

That they toast their athlete heroes as the finest in
the land;

And that progeny ignoble, born of Worry and
Black Trouble,

Grim Study is forgotten once for all,

When the cry is loudly swelling and the stands are
wildly yelling,

And the home team has the ball.

 Then will someone dare defame them,

 One bold enough to blame them,

 When, the celebration started,

 They grow a bit light-hearted

And hurl a few brick houses through the mayor's
city hall.

O Leo G., Tite Wad, and Girl of Mandalay!

Their feet are growing weary and the dawn is
growing gray!

THE ILLINOIS

Down the old town streets deserted, and in ranks
 quite disconcerted,
They're marching home tomorrow from the night
 of yesterday!
O, eight o'clock, Main Hall, room four hundred
 two!
They're writing in their memories what always will
 be true.

 And in spite of worldly cares
 And these wriggling, whirling stairs,
They're raising Cain in general as their daddies
 used to do.

Mr. Truth

*Come right in, Mr. Truth; there's fire in the
stove and an extra rocking chair!*

Shivering in the cold, who is this mournful
youth. He can't come in I'm told, for he is the
naked truth. "I wish I could go to sleep," and the
stranger heaved a sigh, "but I've eternal watch to
keep because I cannot lie." And its clear to me
without a doubt that he'd shoot himself in the eye,
or go to glory by the Cyanide route, if he could only
die.

*"Well, so long, fellows—going over to the
Alumni Quarterly office a few minutes and then
I'll be back with you for the rest of the year. While
I'm gone you're under no restrictions!"*

The Flirt

I dreamed that an imp
 Stood by my bed,
 And lighted the room
 By the eyes in his head;
 That I saw his breath

THE ILLINOIS

And it took the shape
Of a cigarette
And a glass of grape;
That he plucked a rose
From my bedroom vase
And made it into
A maiden's face—
The face was yours,
Your lips and eyes,
One moment bold
The next one shy.
Then your face
Gave a place
To another on the rose.
And I knew
This one, too,
But I never knew its woes
For the face was hers
And 'twas full of pain
As a maiden's is
When her love is slain.

—'Twas gone—

And then,

I saw,

Again

His breath,

Which stretched thru the room
Like a great marble tomb!

And the air grew thick
As he wrote with a stick
Across the tomb
“This student's doom
Was a flirt.”

—H. G. A.

SARAGOSSA SEA

Navigator—E. L. HASKER.

Lighthouse Keeper—J. Fellows.

Light Housekeeper—N. M. Kneisly.

Pearl Diver—Mynheer Milist.

One does not have to be a smoker to look for "pipes" in the catalogue. If this were so the remaining one percent would be asking for a light.

The registration tells us that the display of the freshmen patches will be with us this year in greater numerical numbers. Yes, one might say, the cabbage patches, allowing for color, content, material, make-up, and uncultivated acreage. They are ripe now, but will not leave until June, except by T. A.'s Ta-ta slips. Like cabbage, it is also safe to presume they might be a-head, but as yet we know not whether they have any.

The new varied assortment long-lockers, in other words, those footballers from our separate home-towns, give many old timers, as well as sophomores, the clipper-itch.

Friend Ropiequet says he pities the man who writes a diary. We wonder! Don't you?

There is a movement on foot among the stags for a change in prices at the Illinois Opera House. They claim that the queeners should pay higher prices and that they, the roughers, should get in cheaper. The Queeners strongly oppose the stags, claiming that their pleasure is not for themselves alone, but benefits entire civilization.

THE ILLINOIS

Odds are three to one on the Queeners. It is the safer side because one is liable to meet a queen in the coming week.

The white, yellow and red races of people at the university ought to know how to eat properly because in every recitation room they enter they can see the black-board.

"Still waters run deep," says the poet, but that all depends at what still they are made and how accustomed we are to them.

The astronomy classes have started, but this is a bad semester to study, owing to the lack of stars,—on looking about the class.

Of course, if we really meant that stars were lacking in the sky, we could have T. R., X P, put some in for us. And then he could straighten out the crook in the dipper for us while he is at it.

Have you noticed the new dome effect in several places along the front of the Women's building? How like those beautiful exquisite mosques of Turkey is the impression, but alas, we will have to warn our visitors, for already the question has been raised, "Will the harem-scarem?"

One of the professors told the class to picture the American states as separate individuals, each with separate human characteristics, and so on. Perhaps that is why he has made a specialty of studying Virginia.

It pays to be polite! A youth in American Literature gave a young lady the only remaining seat in the back of the room and sat in the window. The instructor thereupon persuaded him to take a

front seat, surrounded by over fifty maidens. The thirty other youths kicked themselves. The wound is healing.

Those athletic teams of ours which are far down in the percentage column this year, had better start in music school now and learn sealing. Professor Mills, one of Vassar's old football stars,

Mr. Caesar, of Rome, Europe, which he did, incidentally, forgot to say in his commentaries whether or not Pompey wore a pompey-dore. . .

The registration, according to contemporaries, gives information that several young ladies are taking the political science course in "Political Parties." Perhaps the catalogue forgot to mention that this had nothing to do with wedding parties or the political affiliations of the united parties, and also that the progressive party history has nothing to do with cinch or five hundred.

Or do you say pedro? So do we!

In speaking about the girl who announced that dancing was merely hugging set to music and later said that she did not care much about the music part, causes us to wonder at the small attendance and little interest taken in the music school, as compared with the overcrowded condition of local dance floors.

But, of course, three or four of the Seniors have reached that stage where they like the rythme. Yes, indeed!

One of our sorority rushees is being rushed by so many sororities that she wishes to advertise in this column of the Illinois Magazine for substitutes to fill her various engagements. By way of expla-

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nation she says that she had made her choice before school opened this fall and it rather pained her to take in all the fancy dinners and luncheons of the others, as well as the extra dish of rhubarb sauce. Those interested please send applications and picture to room 330, Natural History building.

The Senior Philosopher

The philosopher had been sitting for several minutes with pen poised above an unfinished letter to "My Dearest Jane." Suddenly he pushed the letter from him, carefully lighted a cigarette, tipped back his chair and looked thoughtfully at Freddy."

"Freddy," he said, after observing that the young man's theme for rhetoric I had not progressed noticeably, "it's time you and I had a little talk. Of course your parents think I am performing a great service in allowing you to benefit by my experiences of the past three years. They may be right, but I want you to know that I did not tender my services with any idea that the proper fulfilling of my duties would cause me any undue mental strain. I knew you to be a very level headed sort and one amenable to reason; also I wanted a first-class room-mate. So we find ourselves in the respective position of guardian and ward. Because of your present position you will be obliged, at somewhat frequent intervals, to endure some more or less serious talks from me. Of course, I don't expect you to follow the advice I give you or that which my words may imply. All I ask is that you exercise patience and listen.

Now, tonight, I observe that you have polished your shoes, got out your cleanest shirt and put the buttons in it, and also that your hair is dampened and roached back in the manner most approved by

THE ILLINOIS

college men. Freddie, you surely look like a victim. I reckon that right now is as good a time as any in which to let you in on the symptoms, possibilities and dangers of your malady. Freddie, you are now in the early stages of Fusstitis. What's that? Of course you don't know, so I shall tell you what I know about it.

"Fusstitis" is a disease which is conspicuously present in a college community. This disease is peculiar in that even in its most violent form it is rarely, if ever, fatal. Under certain conditions it is contagious, my boy, and it takes "stronger" on some people than it does on others. It resembles the measles somewhat as it must run its course, keeping the sufferer in a fevered state of excitement until the critical period is past, and then leaving him or her in a weakened mental condition and far behind in studies. College men are peculiarly susceptible to the ravages of this disease, and but very few women are immune. This malady is severe among all classes of college men, but the women are afflicted in widely varying degrees of intensity; the more beautiful and accomplished of the weaker sex suffering the most violent attacks.

The symptoms of this ailment, Freddie, are very plain, even to the casual observer. The patient, if he be a man, develops a tendency to devote much time to long and subdued conversations over the telephone. He seems to attach much importance to these talks, and is rather inclined to keep secret the identity of the other party to the talk. He will also be observed to study as best he can during the daytime, and when night comes he dons his best raiment and disappears, returning several hours later with a glad light in his eyes and a voluntary announcement, on his lips, to the effect that she is the swellest girl he has ever known. Other symptoms lead the observer to believe that

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the sufferer can express this opinion in regard to several lady friends and be perfectly sincere in each statement. In the main these are the principal symptoms by which the "Fusser" is known.

The "Fussee" or lady sufferer, shows somewhat different symptoms. With her the disease is generally chronic, having been contracted before coming to college, and so far as man has discovered, it is with her a lingering affliction which disappears only when advancing age comes to take its place. You will notice, Freddie, that the library is a haven of refuge for a large number of the sufferers, but it does not follow that all who go there are affected; some immunes visit the place in the hopes of contracting a violent case—of the malady. Besides the library habit, the afflicted may be discovered by observing their manner, which almost announces that the possessor is at least satisfied that life is worth while. If you are in doubt, such statements as: "Oh, he's great!" "Well, George ought to know," or, "Oh, yes, he's a much better dancer," will serve as very reliable indications of the presence of the ailment.

"Fusstitis" has several relentless enemies, of which the most prominent are professors and the victim's parents. The victims, inconsistently, are enthusiastic and declaim loudly concerning the merits of the so-called affliction. I hope you get me, Freddie; I merely want you to understand that if you allow this stuff to get you it will surely kill your grades and your track team chances.

Some Little Glimpses of Freshman Emotion

I—MERELY GIRL.

Her college experience had extended over a period of only two weeks, and the newness and excitement of it had not yet worn off.

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Suddenly she looked up from the French text, which had been occupying her attention, and addressed her room-mate somewhat as follows:

"Oh, Gertrude"—explosively, "did I tell you? I've got just the dearest prof. in my ten o'clock—awfully nice eyes, and he wears such pretty ties—say, why doesn't that Miss G. next door buy hair that matches? Does it really make any difference if we girls don't take the right hand stairway in University Hall?—Saw that tall man you introduced me to yesterday. He is real nice. Do you have to take an excuse if you are absent from a class? Is my hair all right in back? Thanks. I know I am going to like this French. Well, good-bye, dearie. I'll be back in an hour—I've got to go to class now."

II. AMBITION.

"Look at that boy work! He will surely ruin his health! And every day he passes with his arms loaded with books. He plays no games. He does not even read the S. E. Post. Phi Beta Kappa and Lambda Upsilon should keep their eye on him—for he is ambitious."

"If they count on him they are doomed to disappointment. He does not want scholastic re-known—he wants to make the corn judging team!"

III—RESPECT.

The freshman yawned and stretched, then absent-mindedly flicked a couple of lingering clover petals off his coat, and looked at his room-mate. "Bill," he said, "do you know I've got right smart of respect for that Mr. Clark—Say, when do you reckon he works? I was there for a half hour and all he did was talk to me and scribble with a pencil. I felt right to home all the time, too. Wonder what he wanted to see me about. Mighty smart man all right. What did he talk about? I don't know—oh, everything!"

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IV—JOY.

Joyously he left the house; his face was wreathed with smiles, and good old Mother Nature wore her neatest cap and kirtle. He greeted friend and foe alike, and filled the air with whistled bars of Oskey Wow Wow, Illinois. His step was light; his mind was care free. He was merry; everything was pleasing. But what was the cause of all this joy—an A in Rhetoric? Apple dumplings for dinner? Had Leo G. excused P. T.? No, none of these, but, glory of glories—his company drills today!

My First Imitation

Strickland Gillilan.

Did you ever stop to think how like our glee club last year was to our baseball team? They had a first bass and a second bass; they never got the right pitch, so failed to make a strike. For a while they did pick up, but the bunch went off on a bat. They made many a sacrifice to stay in the game. One night they thought they were in the right field and would surely score a hit, but the gentleman in charge caught the manager and told him that the singing was foul and that they had better steal a few basses. He got Huff-y because they could not hit Gee and they came near having a Rowe. Did they make a shortstop, I guess yes, they made a home run.

I, next, have the pleasure of giving you the shortest poem that has ever been written. The title of this masterpiece is: The Worst Calamity that could befall a Sophomore of the Former Days on a Dark October Eve.

To meet,
Pete.

An Appreciation of Wallace Irwin

By an Undergraduate

Wallace Irwin was the kind of a college man that appeals to college men. He loved his University, and was a grand success in supporting her traditions, but not quite so much of a success in some other lines. At any rate Irwin left Leland Stanford an undergraduate, and an undergraduate he has remained. He still stays, suspended, as it were, between campus and the outside world—an undergraduate in spirit, yet in the front rank of America's journalists.

While at Stanford he edited the magazine, wrote jokes and rhymes for the "Chapparal," and earned his own expenses. It was a rather loosing game and when, at the end of three years he had to leave, he trudged afoot to San Francisco to enter the field of journalism and "the literary mills where story books are made."

One might imagine Irwin himself, as the hero of his poem, "Dasher:"

" Dasher at college was "brilliant they say,
Rattling good fellow—the best of his day!"

Dasher invented the Yippy-yip yell,
(Dasher was wild as he's willing to tell.)
Easily marked to stand out from the ranks.
He was the leader of rushes and pranks,
Twanged a first mandolin, sang on the glee.
Prominent Yalceton man, '83.

Dasher was chummy with Harry and Tom.
Dasher's flirtations enlivened the prom.
He had a story and jove! it was gay
No one in college could tell it *his way.*"

As a newspaper man Irwin soon found his place as a jingler, and so deftly could he handle

THE ILLINOIS

euphonious rhymes that he was in demand from the first. His experience as a reporter often found expression, as in the following opening lines of one of his "sea tales:"

"Oh, Sailor coming from a cruise,
I represent the Daily News,
What tidings do you bring?"
"Oh, nothing that the likes of youse
Would think was anything.' "

After some time spent with the journals of the West, Wallace Irwin tried the East, and went through the various roles of jingler, free lance, editor, and magazine writer. He has been on the staff of some of our foremost periodicals, and has contributed to nearly all the important ones.

His personality aside, however, his work is deservedly highly ranked. Some say his sense of humor is his claim to notice. Others like his rhyming best. Some critics mention his universality and others his deep and sympathetic knowledge of human nature. Irwin is generally recognized as one of America's foremost masters of humor. Since the death of Clemens, no one person can be said to be the first American humorist, but Irwin is easily in the first ten. He is quoted as saying "A funny story is no laughing matter," yet his own "Toga Tales" have caused a violation of the "Silence" rule in many a public library.

It is because of his rhymes, however, that Irwin is best known. As a poet he is not given highest ranks, it is true, yet turn a bunch of boys in a library of poetry, and an appreciation of Irwin may be readily detected. Ask the young people how they like his "Bung" stories—Ask the studious man how he likes those serio-comic essays of Irwin—Ask the business man of his jingles of the office;—

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in short, ask anyone who reads his work, and you will find an enthusiastic admirer.

The excellence of his work is wonderful when one considers the great quantities of material he writes. He "wore out numerous typewriting machines" as a free lance and his output still continues as large as ever.

His euphony and sense of words are exquisite. His rhymes are mechanically perfect and are humorous gems. No one but Poe could have written "The Bells," no one but Coleridge could have written "Kubla Khan," and no one but Irwin could have written "The Wrong Girl":—

- “ Barlow might have carried
Something by surprise;
Barlow’s gone and married
A pair of velvet eyes.
So they’ve packed and rented
Somewhere out of town.
Barlow’s quite contented
And they have ‘settled down.’
- “ Barlow’s loafing habit
Surely needs a spur.
Pretty downy rabbit—
There’s no zip to her—
Nothing of the battle
Women put in men.
She can pout and prattle
Nicely, but what then?
- “ Barlow’s great idea
Now must go to air.
Surely she must be a
Heavy load to bear,
To his collar hanging
With her fluff and floss,
Like a courage strangling,
Little albatros.”

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In the "Quest of the Querulous," published in *Success* several years ago, his cleverness in the choice of words is admirably illustrated. Incidentally, in it, he gives a neat expression of his idea of the present day humorist:—

" Monarch's whims were so erratic
In the Ages autocratic,
That a King when he was comic
Shook the nation with his fury,
But in this cold age of reason
Wehn the funny man's in season,
He has got to show the public
For they're largely from Missouri."

For whimsicality commend me to one of Irwin's sea yarns, of which "The Attainments of Wise William" is a fair example, even though the captain "hired some slob to fill his job.":

- " One time I asked what bards of Greecee
Was greatest in their class.
He answered, 'Fido, Pyranes and Erysipelas.'
I must confess I rather guess
You couldn't corner William S.
- " An' chemistry—say Bill could talk
As easy as a wink
On alimony, sulphur, chalk,
And suicide of zinc.
He'd tell you, too, what he could do
By mixing radium with glue.
- " And while we worked and held our tongues
Wise Bill continues thus:
An tellin' all the ribs and things
What growed inside of us.
And if you please, he'd name with ease
Just eighty kinds of heart disease."

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Many of Irwin's poems can be had in book form, as "The Nautical Lays of a Landsman." His "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," and "Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor" are rich in humor and current slang. Many of his later rhymes deal with business and politics, often in mock heroics. "Slicker and Slicker" has attracted considerable interest:

"Respect kin to reverence palsies my pen,
My ink trembles thin with humanity when
I mention those jurists of legal reknown
Whose office is high in a building down town."

"Just hear the quick patter of hall boys and clerks,
The clicking of typewriters over the works
The rush of hushed business, furtive and still,
Like burglars or surgeons applying their skill."

"There sits Slicker, junior, an able young man,
Unfolding the coils of a feasible plan
To hold up a dead franchise, and block up a street,
And prove that the people by fraud and deceit
Are robbing the railroads of lands which they got
By honest corruption and legalized rot."

"And I said to the office boy, turning to leave,
'The robe of the law has a wonderful sleeve

In which one accomplished like Herman the Great
Can hide all the robbers and thieves in the state
And bring them forth presto—in perfect disguise
As saints and philanthropists, holy and wise.'
Ah, blessed are the sleek who secure in their mirth
Shall keep out of jail and inherit the earth."



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The ILLINOIS MAGAZINE



Home Coming Number

November, 1912

Volume 4.

Number 2.

PRICE 15c



ONE of the pleasant things we have to think on is a good, little, old picture of an old bunch of "champs." that once romped away with the pigskin pennant back in steenty-two—all the old gang are there—"Punk," "Jerry," "Midget" an' all of 'em.

Williams Brothers framed that pic for us—and we've always had a sort of fellow feeling for those folks because they didn't put a gilt frame around that solid gold team. Nope, the Cherry wood, red as the gore the gang used to spill 'round the gridiron—that's the wood they framed that pic in. And just for that I'm for 'em and for 'em strong.

(Williams Brothers--Artists, Decorators--Champaign)

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Self-Deception.

A Little Prayer.

Perhaps I am not deceiving people at all. What I had thought was their stupidity in thinking me other and better than I am, may have been but my own stupidity in failing to note the uplifted eye-brow of their silent and contemptuous disapproval.

But, whether I succeed in deceiving them or not; please God, I shall not be so stupid as to attempt any self-deception.

There may be some doubt about the wisdom and the righteousness of trying to fool others. Perchance, they deserve to be fooled. Peradventure, they like it.

But, there is surely no doubt about the folly of a fool who addresses himself to the futile and thankless task of fooling himself.

If, for example, I am pledged to the "Honor System," let me at least be fair enough to myself and square enough with myself—whatever may be my relations with others—to obey the laws of the "System," with which I have voluntarily bound myself.



"JAKE" STAHL, '03.

Home Coming Issue
Illinois Magazine, November, 1912.

THE ILLINOIS

VOL. IV

NOVEMBER, 1912

NO. 2

Home Coming Arguments.

W. E. Ekblaw.

I believe that no one thing can be done that would so certainly assure the continued success of the Home-coming as fixing the date for some definite week-end in the latter part of October. Instead of having the time of the Home-coming changed from year to year to conform to some date on the football schedule, have it fixed for the third or fourth week-end of October, and then let the athletic association schedule some important game for the Saturday of that week-end. Almost any conference team would be glad to play on Illinois Field on such an occasion, both because of the increased gate receipts, and because of the greater importance of the game.

The Home-Coming must of course be centered about an important football game as the chief, immediate attraction to draw the Home-Comers back; it should not be difficult to arrange for a game every year at such a definite time. Whenever possible, I think it ought to be the Chicago game, in order to give the strongest incentive for our Chicago alumni to return. The history of our games with Chicago reveals the natural rivalry between the Maroon and the Orange and Blue; this natural rivalry has developed a keener interest in the Chicago game than any other, among our students, alumni, and friends, especially those from Chicago and the middle West.

The principal reason why I urge the latter half of October as the best time, is that the weather is

more likely to be pleasant than than in any other part of the fall—and pleasant weather in the fall is the most exhilarating and invigorating of all weathers—but three secondary reasons appeal to me as being of no mean importance. The first of these is that it does not bring the Home-coming festival and the Thanksgiving recess so near together. The second is that it is the season when business men and farmers can most readily leave their work, before the holiday rush and corn-husking begins. And the third is that it is not too late to hold the push-ball contest, nor too early for the Hobo band, and since it is midway between the beginning of University activities and the Thanksgiving vacation, all the fall activities might well be centered on this time.

Apropos of this third reason, I may state that when the Home-coming plan was conceived, it was considered as an opportune time to concentrate all those fall events as the hobo band, the fall handicap, the freshman-sophomore pushball contest, and the Mask and Bauble play—all of which engross so much time and attention—in this one week-end, and thus do away with the frequent interruption of class-work throughout the first half of the semester. Because the date of the Home-coming has been so late the last two years, it has been inadvisable to do this. Would it not be wise to consider such a grouping of activities as one of the advantages of a Home-coming?

Having thus stated why I believe a certain time—to remain the same every year—should be fixed for the Home-coming, and why I believe the latter half of October—and preferably the third week-end—should be the time, I shall discuss briefly the advisability of holding class reunions at this time rather than at Commencement.

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This possibility was first suggested to me by the bitter attacks upon the Fall Home-coming by Mr. J. N. Chester, '91, of Pittsburg, who feared that this fall festival would so detract from the desirability of the Commencement reunions—never too popular—that they would fail from lack of attendance. Mr. Chester also asserted his firm belief that the Home-Coming had been planned and promoted by the Athletic Association in order to increase its gate receipts at the football game.

I can state positively that it was not the original idea of any of the petitioners for this Fall Home-coming that the festival should be a time of class reunions or that it should take the place of the commencement meeting of the alumni, and I can state with equal positiveness that the Athletic Association had nothing whatever to do with the conception or promotion of the plan. I am sure that not one of the petitioners would have advocated the Home-coming had he thought that it would in the slightest measure or remotest way weaken the Alumni association or injuriously affect the Commencement reunions to any advantage of the coffers of the Athletic Association. As a matter of fact, I believe the attendance at the spring reunions has been increased by the stimulus of the enthusiasm engendered at the Home-coming and the Athletic Association made a stronger and more active body; incidentally the Athletic Association has also benefited. But to return to the advisability of holding class reunions at Home-coming time.

As I stated before this possibility was first suggested to me by Mr. Chester, '91, and while at first disposed to grant that the Commencement reunions ought to be stimulated in every way possible, I have since come to the conclusion that perhaps it might not be so very unwise to hold them

in the fall after all. I realize that such a course would violate all tradition, but I wonder if it would not result advantageously to our Alumni Association to our University, and most of all to our class reunions—and perhaps proportionally to our Athletic Association. As far as I am able to learn from the records, the Commencement reunions have hardly been of such character as to be traditional except for their failure.

The reasons why the Home-coming is desirable in the fall, as given in the petition, apply nearly as well to class reunions. And if the greater success should attend those reunions in the fall than in June why not break away from the tradition founded at a time long past in schools where conditions were altogether different from those of the Middle West at this time, and give ourselves an Alumni day in addition to those we already have for our fall festival, that students, alumni, and faculty might unite in one celebration of Illinois loyalty and spirit, unique and distinctive among colleges, original with the Illini.

At any rate, we can not afford to abandon the Home-coming. Whether or not class reunions should be held in the fall or in June is a matter which should be decided upon its own merits. The Home-coming should continue as the greatest stimulus to a realization of the alumni loyalty our student spirit anticipates, which our calendar now affords. No year should pass without the announcement of a new scholarship or fellowship founded, some gift to enhance the value of the work our Alma Mater is doing, some reward to the student who deserves recognition for signal ability or service. Every alumnus who has risen to a high place, or attained to affluence, because of his University training, should acknowledge his

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obligation by helping her help others. This obligation is only one more thing that the Home-coming should remind him of.

For in the last analysis if the Home-coming does not inspire every student, alumnus, and instructor with a greater love for the University, and remind him of the obligation he owes to her and the worth of the things she represents, it has failed in the chief purpose for which it was founded.

At The Grave of Oom Paul Kruger.

M. Bunch.

He led his people in the vain endeavor
To make the simple pastoral life supreme.
Alike from city's strife, ambition's dream,
And world's commercial avarice sought to sever.
He knew, that Africa's gold and gems lured ever,
Saw, how in Empire's path his country lay,
Saw her resources yield to British sway,
And force of arms dispel his dream forever.
Shrewd, kindly, honest and God-fearing man!
To set the world's clock back two thousand years,
In one small state, and be the bridge to span
The gulf of time till now, he tried. Careers
Of patriarch sage, and statesman modern style
Show forces Titans could not reconcile.

Pretoria, South Africa.

—M. BUNCH.

Eileen.

Calvin White.

The front door bell jangled through the silence of the house—an imperative jangle, that sent me involuntarily from my chair by the grate, and my scissors and thread into the middle of the floor. Ours is no modern, purring, electric bell, that strives to break the news of a caller gently and insinuatingly, but an old-fashioned clapper, worked by an uncannily sympathetic string. This time it seemed to sound talk, and far in the background, trouble, and even tragedy. Before I could reach the sitting room portieres, I heard the outer door open, and a voice say:

“Are ye at home?”

“Why, certainly. Come right in, Mrs. Clannah,” I called, and stooped to pick up my things for a siege.

“It’s a foine day we’re havin’,” the little woman sighed as she sank into a chair. “But it’s not fur the likes of us poor Irish to be injoyin’ it. The Bliss ed God made the sunshine fur the folks such as yerself, as ain’t nairy a chick nor a child to be the botherin’ of ye. Us poor wans, as has more’n our share of wurrk and youngsters, ain’t got the toime to be admirin’ of the landscape wit the silly eye of pleasure.”

I had heard this familiar prelude before, and I wondered if it was leading to the old, old theme of cast-off clothing for herself or the children.

“Faith,” she continued, “I don’t know what the wurrlid would do wit’out the children though. And it’s meself that’s callin’ down the blissin’s of Hiven every night on yer own kind and jinerous heart fur the savin’ of me ‘Liz’beth’s life, like ye

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done the toime she was down wit' mimbraneous croup."

So it was the children after all.

"Sure I'm not forgittin' a kindness and a favor. As I said to Eileen, 'if ye've got yer head set on marryin' in the face of all the bad luck a hangin' over the house frum puttin' off the weddin' twice already, there's nowan besides the Blissed Virgin good enough to bake the weddin' cake but Miss Nancy. So I've come to ask ye, if ye'll be so kind as to except this small favor in return fur all the past kindnesses ye've shown us, which is without number."

In the face of such blarney I could do naught but consent, and it was with a smile that I closed the door on the radiant face of my caller, half an hour later. What did that bell mean by foreboding trouble, when all the world was full of sunshine, and there was going to be a wedding?

It was, indeed, a momentous event in the history of a most interesting, and withal, most likable Irish family.

The children were like so many descending stairsteps, down to Elizabeth, the youngest, a quaint little body old beyond her years. Our town of Millington has not grown so large, despite the black tangle of the factories, crouching like fiery dragons on the river bank, that Madam Rumor, from Shantytown down there, does not bring truthful bits of gossip to us who live upon the heights of riches and affluence. This busy lady had it that still another had been added to the list of hungry mouths, under the Clanahan roof, a waif, whom Bob, the oldest boy, had found destitute in the streets, and had taken home out of the kindness of a big Irish heart. Next to Elizabeth, I always liked Bob the best. He and his papers bore

a good share of the battle for existence waged by his mother's washboard. His honest eyes looked straight into the face of things, and said, "We are not afraid." He could be relied upon in any crisis that a boy could face, I felt sure.

The head of the house, though gifted with all the ordinary strength of a healthy man, had not enough to support his family. He lived only for his pipe, in the hinterland of About-to-be by the kitchen stove. He and Eileen were ever at sword's points.

From the very first I felt that marriage was the best thing for the girl after all. Mike Murphy was a big, slow-going Irishman, just the right sort of a counter-weight for Eileen's high-strung nature. The girl had never really known even her mother's love. She was the oldest of the family, and the arrival of small brothers and sisters, had left her to grow up with all her passions, both good and evil, unchecked. Yet, beneath her gusty, fitful moods, a sympathetic mind might find a sensitive, spiritual nature, groping through the fog of poverty toward the better things of life.

The girl was possessed of a beauty as subtle and elusive as her true self. Perhaps one moment she would seem a very ordinary, and very rude, red-headed Irish girl with a dirty dress, and the next, in a ray of sunshine, or even in the dusky shadows of the twilight, she would flash out with her wild, sweet laugh, like some bright-haired Driad of the woods, clad in the lingering hues of Autumn leaves.

The morning of the wedding day was damp and chill. It had rained the night before, and the sky was overcast. As I picked my way down River street, through the puddles, I remembered the saying, "Happy the bride the sun shines on." Upon

my arrival, I was engulfed by a flood of small Clannahans, who surged about me in noisy welcome. Through the babel, I heard Mrs. Clannah's voice.

"Come right in and lay off yer things," she called from the other room. "And before ye do wan thing, ye must see the weddin' clothes."

I wondered if the little woman realized that this was the worst of bad luck, for a bride to show her things before the wedding.

"Sure and ain't that a sight to wake the invy of the Saints themselves?"

Indeed it was, and their pity, too. On the bed lay a pair of soiled white satin slippers, minus one beaded rosette; somebody's cast-off party gown, with all the trimming cut away, a streaked and faded pink, which clashed violently with the magenta ruffles with which it had been retrimmed; and a meager veil of white tarlatan draped around a wreath of artificial red roses. Something of my pity for the poor attempt at finery must have shown in my face, for I looked up to catch the coming storm in Eileen's eyes.

"She don't like 'em, Maw. She thinks they're cheap and loud. I seen 'er laugh." With the words, the girl snatched up the thing and bounced out of the room.

For a full minute I looked into her mother's face, over which a shadow seemed to fall. The little woman sighed, as we returned to the other room. Overhead I heard the girl's scolding, and through the open stair door, came a strange, childish voice, asking, "Please, Miss Eileen," for a drink, then her own sharp, "Shut up and go to sleep," cut short by the banging of a door.

That was all, yet the day seemed to grow more dark, the room to take on a deeper hue of sordid

poverty. Mrs. Clanahan started to speak, stopped, and sighed, "Poor child."

Then—as if by magic, the sun came out, and with the sun came Mrs. Clanahan's smile.

"Och, and here we are standin' 'round holdin' our hands as though we had nathin' to do at all. Sure now—devil a bit do I remember where I put the sugar. Oh, Eileen," she called up the stairs. "Do ye recollect where we put the sugar the last toime we used it?"

There was no reply from above.

"I won't need but a cup or two," I said.

"Indaid, and ain't ye goin' frast it?"

"Yes, but I meant the cake part."

"Sure and the flour also."

While she talked, the little woman rummaged around the rooms. From behind the rickety clock, she unearthed a scant pound of sugar. The flour came from under the bed, and the butter from down cellar.

"And eggs?" I ventured.

"Howly Mither," she gasped in consternation. "Nairy an egg in the house."

She went to her husband in the next room, and I heard him growl, "Fwhat do ye want wit' it? I ain't got none ony how."

Presently she returned.

"Sure Miss Woods, and wad it be askin' too much of ye to give me the loan of a quarter, if ye happen to have it about ye? Mr. Clanahan's pay check hasn't come yit, and we're a little spare of change. Indaid, I'll return it to ye wit' thanks."

The idea of Mr. Clanahan drawing a pay check was too much for my dignity. Try as I would I could not keep my face straight and laughed as I

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handed her a two-dollar bill. There was the sound of feet on the stair.

"Certainly, Mrs. Clanahan. Send one of the children. Perhaps they had better get some candies for decoration, and—" My words were cut short by the sight of Eileen.

"Indaid and they won't." The girl's voice rang sharply. "'Cause there ain't goin' to be no weddin'. We may be starvation poor, but we ain't beggers yet. Ye come round here, laughin' behind yer hand, where ye're not wanted wit' yer charity. Pity it is, folks can't git married wit'out the whole tarnel creation helpin' it along. Who asked ye to bake a cake ony how? Shure, and I didn't."

"Cooshla, Eileen," her mother coaxed.

"And wasn't it yerself that put her up to it?" the girl stormed. "Now, yez can all go to the divil. I won't get married just for spite. I was thinkin' everything was all so foin, and now ye've gone and spoilt all—my—my—dream—" The girl flung herself against the wall, and sobbed into her arms.

Suddenly there was a heavy step on the porch, and the groom came in on his way up town

"Fwhat's the row," he rumbled.

Eileen cast one frightened glance, and fled to the other room.

"Eileen says she won't be marryin' of ye," Mrs. Clanahan replied.

"Is it so? Faith, and we'll see." With a wink and a grin, the big Irishman followed the girl. Soon came his wheedling tones, and the girl's smothered replies.

Raising my voice, I said, "Well, Mrs. Clanahan, if Eileen has concluded not to get married, I guess I'll have to keep the present I got for her."

"Right ye are," the little woman said with a

knowing smile. "And fwhat might it be that ye got?"

The whispering in the next room had stopped.

"I had thought of giving her that lace scarf that belonged to Grandmother, and then I had bought a coral pin. But—" My words cut short by two strong young arms around my neck, and a soft voice in my ear.

"Ye needn't be thinkin' that it's meself would be cryin' for yer presents, but ye wouldn't be disappointin' my Mike, would ye now?"

Half an hour later, when the cake was well under way in the kitchen, Elizabeth came in with a tin cup.

"Why, hello, Elizabeth," I said. "Where have you been all this time?"

The child did not answer, but ran to the sink, and filled the cup with water.

"Where are you going with that?" I asked.

"Upstairs."

"And what for?"

The child stopped at the door. "Oh, I musn't tell. Eileen would be mad." At the very words, Eileen swept down upon her.

"Didn't I tell ye to stay up stairs?" The girl grabbed the child and almost threw her from the room, then turned and faced me, defiance in her eyes.

"Eileen," I gasped, "how could you?"

"Miss Woods." The girl's eyes were smoldering and insolent, like those of a leopard. "Miss Woods, if it was yerself now that was gittin' married, if ye had all yer hopes built so high that at last ye was gittin' away from all this"— The girl's gesture took in the dingy room—"that some day ye could have a home of yer own, and if some-

wan came along, somewan as wasn't ony relation to ye, and somethin' happened so that maybe ye couldn't be married, wouldn't ye be thinkin' hard thoughts agin' 'em, wouldn't ye be almost wishin' they was dead?"

"But, Eileen," I protested. "I'm sorry you misunderstood. I—I didn't mean to laugh at your wedding things. Indeed, I think they are very pretty."

She gave me one strange, intense look. Then her eye filled with tears. "But I—I didn't mean"—the words choked in her throat as she stumbled from the room.

"Poor child," I thought. "Poor, wild, untutored child."

For the next hour confusion reigned supreme. In the streets the tribe of Clanahan waged furious war of mud in behalf of the Clanahan brand of wedding, as opposed to the Israelite variety, up held by the tribe of Edelstein across the way. At intervals, as one side or the other scored a killing, some valiant knight would come in howling, to get scraped off, but only to plunge into the fray again. After one particularly bespattered warrior had departed, I asked Mrs. Clanahan how she ever told her children from the rest of the street's.

"Oh, whin it comes toime for bed, I go out wit' a pan and a rag, and jist wash till I git me number.

"Maw," Eileen called from the other room. "Make Paw move away from the stove, so I kin put up these things."

"Divil a bit will I," the old man sputtered. "Go way wit' ye. Pity a man can't sit by his own fire wit'out the whole house conspirin' to break his rist and comfort. Ye shan't have the warmest place for the praisht to stand in, eevn though it is

me friend Father Patrick O'Toole. Go way wit ye, I say."

Mrs. Clanahan and I came upon the scene of action. The old man was seated by the stove, puffing furiously. Eileen was perched daringly upon a soap box placed upon a rickety kitchen chair. She was vainly trying to drive a tack into the ceiling for a long strip of fringed paper. Suddenly the old man gave the chair a playful kick. The soap box swayed crazily, and the girl came to the floor, where she sat, her feet under, and the danger signals blazing in her eyes.

"Pat Clanahan." His wife's voice was almost shrill. "Ye haven't the sense of a loon. Do ye want to see yer dauther standin' up before the praist to be married to a broken leg? Of all the haithen tricks to play, ye bait the Jews."

Eileen's anger dissolved into unrestrained laughter. She hugged her knee, and rocked back and forth, and laughed till the tears came. The rest of us could not escape the contagion, and soon even Mr. Clanahan joined in the mirth. I had just caught my breath again, when Elizabeth tugged at my skirt. She reached up to be taken.

In a flash, Eileen was on her feet. "Miss Woods, I smell that cake burning."

"It'll be ruined," I cried, as I fled to the kitchen. I heard Eileen shut and lock the stair door, and when I returned to the other room after attending to the cake, Elizabeth was not to be seen.

The day wore on, and almost before I knew it, the dusk had come, and it was time to dress the bride. Eileen reminded me of my promised gift, and I hurried home through the twilight to get it. It took me longer than I expected to find the scarf, and when I approached the house, the porch was full of guests. Not caring to elbow my way

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through the crowd of men, I slipped around to the back door. Bob, the boy, met me. He had returned from his day's sale of papers.

"Gee, ain't this great?" he confided. "And what do you think, Mike Murphy sent around a whole keg of beer. Mike's a sport all right."

"I wouldn't drink any of that stuff, if I were you, Bob."

"Why not? All the other fellows do. Think I'm goin' to miss out on the fun? Not on yer sweet life."

I did not stop to argue with the boy, for Mrs. Clauahan hurried me away to put the finishing touches on the bride. As we came through, I caught sight of Elizabeth's small form trailing the red roses and tarlatan up the stairs.

My scarf was all that was needed to make Eileen positively stunning. By somè mysterious process, the magenta trimming had been ripped off of the pink gown, and in the dim light of the smoky lamp, the girl looked regal. She watched me expectantly. I smiled my approval, and was rewarded with a dazzling glimpse of that rare creature of the Autumn woods. Her mother was moved to rapture.

"Saints above, and isn't she foin? Indaid its me own heart that's ready to burst wit' pride at the sight of her. Eileen, me girl, ye look like wan of the blessed angels wit' that beautiful white cloud over yer head, ye do, indaid."

My memory of the wedding is confused. I remember the arrival of the priest, and of wondering where Elizabeth was then. I remember the room filled with guests, who had been making frequent visits to the keg down cellar. I heard the priest's voice, mellow as a bell, intoning the solemn words of the sacrament that made the bride and groom one. I saw dimly the girl's straight form, and

caught the proud light in her eyes. I saw the groom, burly and solid, the bride's parents weeping unrestrained. Where was the hand of fate in all this? Scarcely had the thought crossed my mind, when it came. Into the midst of the wedding, trailed a quaint, little figure in a white night gown, and almost hidden beneath a tarlatan veil. She was crying. In an instant I had her in my arms, and slipped out of the room. Some one shut the door behind me.

"What's the matter, Dearie? Are you sick?"

"Come, quick. Tommy's upstairs, and he keeps talkin' and he won't stop."

I ran up the steep flight. From the room at the end of the hall, came the voice of a child. I hurried in. There, on a pallet in a patch of moonlight lay a boy. His hands moved incessantly over the dirty quilt, and he kept crying, "Get me the priest. I want the priest. Oh, please, Miss Eileen, the priest." Beside him on the floor lay an empty tin cup.

I felt his head. It was burning with the fever that knows no mercy. Yes, the priest was all.

A thought came to me as I hurried down stairs with Elizabeth. I remembered Eileen's words: "If somewan came along, somewan as wasn't ony relation to ye, and somethin' happened so that—How can God make people so heartless?" I questioned.

The wedding supper was set. Those who were sober enough were grouped about the table. I glanced around for Bob. There he lay at one end, with his head pillow'd in his arms, and a cup half full of beer beside him. The guests were hilarious and noisy. At the other end of the table sat the bride's parents beside the wedded pair. Eileen half

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leaned, half stood against the groom, with a knife poised above my cake.

"Where is Father O'Toole," I cried. "That child upstairs is dying. Where is he?"

"Gone." The knife clattered to the floor.

"In heaven's name, why didn't you tell me of this?" I sought frantically for my shawl.

"I didn't want the weddin' put off. I was afraid he had something."

"Well, he has. Scarlet fever. Take some water and rags up there, quick."

Dilating horror dawned in the girl's eyes.

"No, no," she whispered, as she sank against the wall. "No, no, I'm afraid—afraid."

I found my shawl, and hurried out. A block and a half away was the priest. I ran as I never thought I could.

"Father O'Toole," I panted. "Come back." There's a boy back there dying. He wants you.

The priest stopped.

"It's a bad case of scarlet fever."

For one instant the good man faltered, then followed with a muttered prayer.

Eileen was where I had left her, crouching against the wall. Her mother was vainly trying to quiet her.

"Don't, Maw. Don't. Tain't ony body's fault. It's me, me and my selfishness. And now his soul will come up out o' Hell, and haunt me—and haunt me. Oh—" At the sight of the priest, the girl shrank back with the cry of a wounded animal.

At the door of the room above, we both stopped involuntarily. A clear, sweet voice was saying:

"We won't need the priest any more, will we, 'Lizabeth. When I grow up, I'll make lots of money and you can have—a dress, and be married

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like Eileen—Did they—have lots of nice things down stairs—'Lizabeth. Sing to me—'Liz—beth."

The childish treble rose in a quaint lullaby I had taught her. The hands on the coverlet grew still.

Close over my shoulder came Eileen's stifled voice: "Mother of God, forgive me."

And the mellow words: "Peace be with thee."

To a Soul Suppressed.

Gladys Moon.

(Your ideal self is your real self.)

For your soul's desires, I love you,
For the self you've yearned to be,
That self ideal, in part made real,
Wholly visible to me

Because I love you.

For the God-in-you that reaches
And compels the God-in-me;
The vague unrest in your aspirant breast,
The germ of perfection yet to be,

For that I love you.

The Home Wedding.

("They make these Weddings too blamed solemn," complained Uncle Dennis, after the introduction to the story of the wedding in the October Illinois Magazine).

We boys thought so. When I descended the stairs to take my place with the other relatives I ambled along grinning in pleasant anticipation of being one of a happy company. Hardly. Funeral sorrow could not have been more persistent if an undertaker had stepped in to announce that "All who wish to view the remains will enter the parlor by the dining-room door, and then pass out the front way." As I stood gawking hospitably around I felt nearly as much at home as the fellow in church, who forgot himself and began to clap at the end of a sermon. All the women had their sobs going beautifully, and some of the men were obliged to gaze desperately at the jasper and chrysolite figure of the rug. When the preamble had trailed into the gathering gloom, and the I Will part of the service broke, some pretty audible grief went the rounds of the house, and I myself felt that my levee of masculine dignity was bound to crumble soon, if something didn't happen. My throat-lump grew bigger every minute, the tidal flats of my eyes were already flooded and, as usual, I had no handkerchief. I remembered a certain Childrens Day years before, when I collapsed and bawled in the struggle to recite Al Tennyson's Brook. I did not have any handkerchief then, either, and in humiliation was driven to snort into the perfumed depths of Aunt Helen's.

As I stood there allowing these unhappy reminiscences to ramble through my memory the marriage ritual abruptly ceased, and I glanced up to see the folks all crowding up to kiss, and shake,

and to tell Sister how beautiful she was, and how much joy they were willing for her to have, etc. Horace met all comers with a dutiful shake. He would have been more comfortable out trying to climb a peeled oak telephone pole.

Sister, let me back water to explain, realized that never hence would^w she be likely to have so good a chance to be the hub, felly and spokes of Robeyville as she was at that moment. While Horace writhed mentally in the agony of wondering just how much longer the kiss and shake epidemic was to last, Sister held then and there a reception, in which she assumed without more ado the title of receiver-in-chief. Graciously, she allowed her more intimate friends to see for themselves the blend of her draperies, and even permitted an old maid friend, who had once bought a duplicate of Sister's Easter hat, to simper up for a kiss. Sister knew that her heyday of saxaphone tooting was getting around into the P. M., and that as soon as the verb marry could be conjugated in the past tense, two-thirds of the satisfaction boarded the out-bound limited. Horace did not know what he was letting slip, or he would have announced in a loud voice that the honeymoon would set him back a cringly thousand, and that the Chicago residence where they were to live was lined with Circassian walnut and arteried marble, and that he had been offered a partnership in the firm, but had declined on his wife's account; she should not be neglected while he lived, even if business interests did have to be sacrificed. Horace lacked the press-agent instinct; Sister possessed not only the instinct, but the outstinct as well. She knew not only that it paid to advertise, but she also took care to see that her knowing so made it so. Everybody knows that it pays to mind the laws of health, but the doctors

still appear to find something to do. Everybody, too, knows that it pays to advertise, but only Sister and a few others have put their wisdom to work.

After the ceremony came the "refreshments." These consisted then, as they have since the epoch of corn bread and sorghum pacifiers, of peanut butter and lettuce, chartered under the laws of thin-sliced bread and Angus butter. Let it be recited to those who are not aware of the chasm between peanut and Angus that the former sticks to the ceiling of the mouth, and gets wedged in between the joists; while the latter melts and runs down the gutter,—or gullet, as it is now spelled. Besides these sandwich islands of sustenance I recollect that a half dollar's worth of store cookies—the sort you notice pining away in restaurant windows—were released from captivity and given a chance at us. We youngsters with goat-like digestions engrossed these commercial dainties and yearned for more.

The minister, though, was not so confident of his powers. He regarded his frosted macaroon snap with some manner of regret, and started a brisk conversation about the missionaries, the poor struggling missionaries. His wife, with ready tact, spliced to the heroic effort her way of making clabber cheese without using a drip-pan. Aunt Emma divined that something must be wrong, so she quoted her favorite passage from grandma's autograph album that ended up with the belief that A Fault Confessed is Half Redressed, a Simple Saying Brief and Wise; the Ready Truth is Always Best, the Truth Without Disguise. Uncle Dennis failed to see the gravity of Aunt Emma's tactful bridge-work, and in his ill-timed mirth lost control of his coffee-cup. Grandpa Roney, who did not hear the quotation, but who placidly supposed that a funny

epigram was before the house, cackled himself into a fit of coughing, so that the tension of the macaroon predicament let up at last. I forgot to say that salad dressing, the kind that stalks forth when crushed boiled eggs are crossed with cider vinegar,—the kind, to be more home-like, that feels dissatisfied about 3 A. M., and persists in complaining to you of its bitter lot—was inseparably united with the sandwiches. Then, too, we had ice-cream, built faithfully according to the two-color process by Ezra Saurman, proprietor of the Robeyville eight-spigot soda fountain.

Our manners while eating were not what the heart-to-heart talkers would call finished. Sister, to be sure, was a graduate in the etiquette course from a Boston correspondence school, and therefore sipped her gelatinous confection with impeccable little sucks, hardly audible beyond the milled confines of her souvenir spoon.

Each one of the guests, you must forget not, found a souvenir spoon in his/her assortment of feeding implements. I do not mean here souvenirs to be carried off, like advertisement arrows thrust brutally through pasteboard hearts, or little booklets with electric coupe tassels, or Made in Germany gimeracks of like calibration. Spoons only, and the property then and thereafter of the family. A small college sleeps in our town, a circumstance that accounts for the loads of souvenir spoons in the dining-room cupboards. These spoons have cast into them images of everything visible around the institution, from the spire of Main Hall to the janitor of the gymnasium. Weddings, graduations, birthdays, and all such afflictions, are fought with souvenir spoons. You see them corded up in the Robeyville stores. The children use them in mud-pie making, the draymen find them handy

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for applying ointment to their horses' shoulder galls, and even the tramp who tarries at a hospitable back door uncovers in his hand-out a glittering souvenir spoon.

Grandpa Roney's manners, slipping back now into the etiquette gear, were of course much inferior to Sister's. He sat next to her, and piped and whistled in proletariat abandon as he sprawled over the good form hurdles. Sister objected to the habit he had of shampooing his whiskers in his coffee, and had spent some time trying to reform his first-aid methods of feeding. Grandpa, though, fancied that he had lived long enough, and had had enough experience in eating to know how to elevate viands to his mouth. Possibly he was a little old-fashioned. Putting his knife into the butter, calmly ignoring the scimitar for the purpose) sponging the steak platter with a half slice of bread, and drowning his doughnuts in his coffee, were acts as inherent with him as to polish his quill tooth-pick on a handy wisp of beard. We boys, encouraged by this independence, and by father's stolid indifference, drifted into the way of cutting too many corners in our eating, and became regular table yahoos. The baleful effects still color my table manners. Only the other night at a banquet I cut my tongue with one of the knives, and I cannot listen to the children studying George Washington's rules of deportment in the fourth reader without lamenting over father's rod-sparing when etiquette discipline was due.

I contend, nevertheless, that he who sits on the fence of observation will agree that our scroll-sawed table manners are responsible for two-thirds of the high cost of living. (The other third may be charged to compulsory writing on one side of the paper.- You sit and try to eat slaw with a fork,

hash with a fork, spaghetti with a fork. And who has ever been able to clean out a dish with a fork? Fortunately, we still eat corn-flakes with a spoon, but the fork will come. May a straw for the cream come with it, is a short prayer easily learned. Help along the cause. The fork-feeding movement is further stimulated by the warped slab in the platform that commands us to eat one bite and leave ten. It is as barbarous to engulf all that comes on your plate as it would be to intimate that your Wheato cereal tasted like stewed birdseed. It is as impolite to sop your plate clean as it would be to stop a fat man on the street and ask him why he holds the fortune-teller sides of his hands facing backward as he walks.

The refreshment having finally been accomplished, all minds naturally began to take think chances on what Sister and Horace might do next. Some of the older men—the variety who keep popular the newspaper stories of “Marriages at \$3 for Love”—told with husky hars-hars of when they were married, and how they eluded their boisterous friends long enough to “pull fer Niagery on th’ seven-ten freight while all th’ folks was out waitin’ fer th’ seven-forty ‘commodation.’” Cousin Paul, a lanky eighteen-year-old brindle-faced stripling who wore his new pearl-shimmered fedora on one side of his head, chauffeured the movement to make renowned the departure of Sister and Horace. They were even then backing upstairs from the inquisitive crowd. Which way were they going, and how? All minds worked as busily as the apostrophe key on a dialect author’s typewriter. Either Sister would have a delapidated hack drive sleepily up the alley, or else they would wait until the blackness of night was ready to help a little, or—

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Clearly enough, all these crude makeshifts groveled far below Sister's plane of intellect. Why should she yoplane down into such feeble-minded nocturnal schemes? Why should she renounce the heavenly advertising chance of taking a romantic farewell in broad daylight, with all her old-time enemies peeping from front windows as she passed? Why slip away in the dead of night, with no one near to see? We knew that Sister would as soon think of throwing away the glorious profits of a visible and envy-scattering adieu to the old home as she would neglect to tell the reporter for the Robeyville Star twice as much as he wanted to know. Sister would leave soon, a fancy safe enough then, but just how soon, Cousin Paul did not ascertain. After a tip-toed investigation he reported that the door was locked. The ladder must be used, he palpitated hoarsely. Swiftly that pristine implement was fetched and raised, with a rattle and a scrape, to the window of Sister's room. With his hat on the back of his head Cousin Paul thump-thump-thumped up and scampered through the window.

The time had come. Sister knew it had come. Downstairs she rushed with Horace; madly they raced across the front yard, just as Uncle Dennis drove his surrey around from behind the barn. All the neighbors along the street were out to look. People were just coming home from work, too,—another detail Sister hadn't overlooked. What flustered new husband, with the patent marks still evident, would have thought of all these particulars? After man came woman, but she would have come first if her skill in running a wedding had been known.

A chivari would have been a desirable "My Country 'Tis of Thee" cracker for the great event.

We could not hold one. The new home of the pair was high up in a flat in Chicago. Think of trying to start something there, even if we could afford to travel so far. Up there, where if you drop a coffee pot on the floor the tenants below will have grounds for a law-suit. Think of turning loose a double quartet of shot-guns in such an atmosphere. Oh for the good old days on the farm, when a potato patch full of shouting, burly friends hauled the stuttering young husband, white-faced as a barbershop egg, out of bed and gave him just half a minute to decide whether he'd have a "kag" brought from town. In those days a man always made sure he had "kag" money enough, before he presumed to get married. Following the rally around the aforesaid container, a wild hog-rassle of a dance kept all the dogs barking under the house till daybreak.

But Horace was out of reach.

At Close of Day.

By Harry G. Atkinson.

Long shadows mark the green across,
Drinking its color and its gloss—
Silent the plain, the hills, the wood
Beneath God's contemplative mood.

My day is spent—its joys are flown,
My garden's fairest rose is blown,
I bow my head too weary to protest—
The only boon I pray is night and rest.

The Ideal at Midnight.

Mark Van Doren

The lady of the house, knitting drowsily as the rain came mumbling down outside, started. Such a Gatling summons she had never heard; she thought of the police, and of sophomores after freshmen. With a reluctant glance at her new and yet unmuddied carpets, she went over and opened the door.

"Good evening, ma'am," said a fat voice; and before she could respond a chubby youth, dripping of raincoat and radiant of countenance, tilted eagerly towards her.

"Is there a student here with the initials H. L.?" he asked, so earnestly that his life seemed to depend upon the answer.

The landlady reflected an instant, and assured him that there was; he lived in the southeast room upstairs. The stranger, with evident gratitude and relief, moved his corpulence through the doorway and shunted up the stairs; while the landlady, with a wondering smile, resumed her knitting.

At the door of the southeast room the visitor halted. He personified anticipation—anticipation of no uncertain glories, either, to judge from the sparkle in his eyes and the exultation in his figure. This man, you would have decided, had come within sight of the end of his rainbow. At last he knocked. Inside, a heavy chair moved; slippers feet came towards the door; and the door opened deliberately. It disclosed nothing more than the tall, lean, dressing-gowned figure of an ordinary student; who certainly, if the individual facing him could have been likened in point of conformation to a milestone, was himself the guide-post by it. The

milestone started and awaited developments. The guide-post said with gravity, "Come in."

The newcomer waited for no more. "Say! Are you H. L. or not?"

"My name is Hartley Livingston."

"Hartley Liv-- by George! That's H. L.! Well, well, well, I've caught up with an adventure at last. Now, sir, what's up? I'm your man, Livingston—what's up?"

The host retreated in astonishment. "Please manage to be a trifle more comprehensible, Mr. ——"

"Hunt--Tub Hunt's my name."

"Very well, Mr. Tu—Mr. Hunt, come in and seat yourself."

"Thanks, Livingston. Gee, nice room you got here. But say now, can't you imagine why I'm here?" he teased.

"I might fancy—"

"Aw, loosen up!" Tub paused dramatically, clapped his hand into his pocket, and, with all the flourish of which his short arm was capable, held out to the other's view a crumpled manila slip. "Read that!"

Livingston, with a promise of a smile, but without dropping his dignity, reached for the paper and read:

" You who find this
come to me at
603 W. —— St.
"H. L."

"You found it, then?"

"I should say I did—and I'm wild to know what's going to happen. Don't keep me hung up like this, old man. If you knew how I need adventure, you'd have a little sympathy. Why, man, ever since I was old enough to move around, I've

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looked for something really rattling, and I've never found it. Just one dull 'round and 'round and 'round for me."

Livingston thought he understood. "I'm sorry that I shall not be able to satisfy you, Hunt. You see, I am a sort of philosopher. I think, not act. The other men think me dull, because I stay in my room so much, and ponder. But I am satisfied with myself, and I think I shall be able to write some day."

"Write what?" interrupted the other, open-mouthed.

"Books. And so I am serious. I am impatient with all the trifles most college men spend themselves upon. The average college man does not care for ideas. I live for them, and by them."

"Ever have one?"

"I live in a world of ideas, as I was saying. That explains the paper you found. I sought, like Diogenes of old—"

"Never heard of him."

"For a thinking man, always failing, however, in my search. At last I thought of leaving a note in a volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, thinking it possible that a man might find it and come to me for serious conversation."

"Me, for instance. I was never in the library before—dull place. Went in there this time just to get out of the rain, and thought those books might have stories in 'em."

"I understand. You are hardly—"

"Huh, hardly *deep* enough for you—is that it? Well, I can tell you one thing. I have learned fermenting in this hole. Life isn't like a building, you know. You don't have to back off from it to get a better appreciation. Good night!"

"Don't go, Tub," pleaded the other, white and

hurt, but eager for companionship. "I didn't know I spoke so condescendingly. I wonder if either of us is wholly right—I wonder if each of us has not been missing something that is vital?"

"Sorry I hurt you, Livingston."

The two sat quiet, the host lost in reflection, his rampant guest now quite subdued. Suddenly Tub rolled out of his chair.

"Let's see-e-e, twenty minutes after nine, and the rain's stopped. Come on, we'd better be going."

"Where, in heaven's name?"

"Out into the world, to see what's up. We'll see if we can't stir up some sort of adventure. Then look to our respective theories."

"Very well."

* * *

The two strode on, with unequal stride, through the cold and the mist for hours. Few people were on the streets; the mist was literally dampening; night had never been blacker; altogether, no season could have been more unproductive of incident. Even Tub, the eager-eyed, began to deaden; Livingston had been basking in consummate apathy for an hour. Yet the two, with the same unequal stride, and the same imbecilic fidelity, strode on.

Tub livened with a start. On the next corner—O, touching spectacle!—stood two lone girls. Tub's heart distinctly throbbed. The girls were amazingly attractive, he decided. A multitude of conjectures, and a multitude of chivalric resolves, thronged through his mind; leaving that faculty so pitifully chaotic that, just when it could best have served him, it failed him. For, as the men passed the girls, Tub was struck completely dumb. Whatever kindly words he had summoned to his throat had fled; whatever proffers of aid and encourage-

ment he had thought to make lived now in worlds not realized. He could only stare and redden.

Not until they were past could he find his voice.

"Fool! Fool!"

"Why, why, what troubles you?" demanded Livingston, now fully awakened.

"Oh, I'm such a confounded, stupid ass! Those poor girls are probably in need of protection. And there I could do nothing but stare, while their appealing eyes—"

"What girls?"

"What girls! So you didn't even see 'em! It's a lot of interest you have in life, eh? Gosh! Turn around. Now—see 'em?"

"Be prudent, Tub. We should not interest ourselves in girls so unrepresentative of their sex as to stand out alone at midnight. No, Tub, let's continue—"

"Wait, you block! Don't you see them coming towards us? Follow me, my man—" and the impetuous youth bounced off to meet the girls, who were now approaching with an air that seemed to him the quintesence of demureness and humility.

"Oh, please, sirs, we need you to help us," began one of them.

Tub gave way entirely. He could scarcely speak for his emotion. "My dear ladies, command us. We lay our all at your service. I speak for my friend, too, you see. Come here, Hartley." Hartley, confused and reluctant, went there. "Now, ladies, are we to—?"

"Oh, stay with us, please," the spokeswoman again entreated. "Two awful men—"

"There, there, we can understand. Don't rack yourself with those unpleasant details. Com-

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mand us utterly, us two." Tub was in his element, and in oblivion.

Livingston did not remonstrate. He, too, was in his element—and in oblivion. He took on a sweet and chastened air, drew close about him a sacred envelope of purest thought, and set about to preach. Here was a glorious subject. These two maids, so rueful and astray, he would lead back to the blissful highway of solemn thought and noble conduct.

The girls stood quiet—almost tense. Suddenly, and—to the wrapt attendants—fiendishly, they laughed a mirthless, triumphant laugh. The same instant two revolvers clicked, and the knights, whirling around, confronted two masked men.

A minute later the adventurers stood alone. Sans wits, sans property, sans everything, they stood alone. Tub leaned against a tree and picked at the bark. Livingston examined carefully the back of his hand.

"Why didn't you keep your eyes open—too busy preachin'?"

"Why didn't you—too busy defending your precious charges?"

"_____!"

"_____!"



THE ILLINOIS

Of The University of Illinois.



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THE *ILLINOIS* is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois. Address all business communications to THE *ILLINOIS*, 206 Green street Champaign. Contributions may be left with the editors or sent to 705 California Ave., Urbana.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

\$1.00 per year.

Courier-Herald Printing Company

Urbana, Illinois.

It is a paradox of University life that many students are *too busy* to have any time for reading.

ANY MAN'S LAND. Many other things seem to them of much greater importance. To dance,

to sing, to cheer the team, are primal qualities in his eyes. To digest, or even to nibble at, anything the library has to offer, is all very well, but student activities seem more important. Social ambitions and the lure of money-making rival studies in attention, even before the college career is over. In justice, it must be said that the experiences thus gained have been to many, of value in after life.

And yet the idea of a University of books, and men, appeals to us. In such a school students might study what fancy would dictate. There would be roaming down the aisles of centuries, and guides would be at hand to point out particularly pleasant places on the journey. There would be browsing over the whole field of learning. Litera-

ture, Art, and Science, drawing first perhaps, only through curiosity, would fascinate, and hold attention fast.

Think what pleasures would await the man who read Ivanhoe, or the Merchant of Venice, or the Book of Ruth for the first time! What joy it would be to discover such a volume. And yet there are countless Rowena's and Portia's in literature! There is a Boaz in many an unexpected place, to be discovered by a reader! There are enchanting worlds of history, and of logic, and of science, waiting, and the gate lies through the library!

In after-college life a knowledge of the world of books is a joy and guide. Today the world of books is any man's land, but tomorrow it may not be so easily entered. It should be entered before the strenuous, important college days are over. For many, when they could enter, would not, and later when they would, they could not!

Faces of utmost beauty, fancies of every kind,
Pictures appealing mutely, in the mirror of the
mind.

In a sheltered spot beside a little lake the master artist daily took his place, and preserved upon his **ONE DAY'S** canvass the evanescent beauties of **REFLECTION**. the reflection on the waters. He was the master artist *because he was able* to separate the ugly from the scene and let it vanish. He knew that the good and the beautiful gained by reflection, and that it quickly disappeared, so each day he recorded on a new canvass the things that the day offered. It was his purpose to

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combine these hints of beauty, daily gathered, into a masterpiece of painting.

One day the artist failed to appear at his accustomed place. Instead, there came another, who in seeming friendliness, has offered to relieve the master artist of the monotony of his daily task. On that day a storm swept the waters and the hideous reflection was awful to behold, but the artist recorded it faithfully. After the storm came a calm with beauty and grandeur of its own, but the canvass being filled with the rancor of the storm, had no room for other scenes. And the canvass was carried to the master artist, who added its details to the masterpiece.

But it was in vain that he endeavored to reconcile its spirit to the spirit of the whole. One day's reflection had ruined the masterpiece of the mind!

"We used to think College was a place to train our boys and girls to be gentlemen and ladies," said **HONOR SYSTEM** a learned editorial commentator apropos the recent exploitation of a scene of hilarity at a theatre. In his opinion, times have changed. Our creed is different.

We believe in college, else we would not be here. We believe in students with the same faith that Dr. Hopkins believes in Phosphorus and Dr. Boyer in the honor system. We believe that college prepares for life and for leadership.

We hope to see the time when the real spirit of the honor system is a part of the make-up of every man—that spirit of responsibility, of honor, of helpfulness. Whether or not it is accompanied by a change in the manner of conducting examina-

tions at Illinois is a matter of small moment. In themselves the empty form and dry husks of the system are nothing unless they bring the spirit with them. But we believe that the coming of the form may hasten the coming of the essence of the system, and with it a millenium of University usefulness.

SHOP TALK.

It is not meet to mix the ethereal with the small talk of every day, nor is it possible. So we are not going to try to do it, and from now on we plan to have two editorial sections. In one of them the editors will "roll back the veil of centuries." (Isn't "Roll back the veil of centuries" good! And it is the product of one of our brilliant though erratic sixteeners!)

In the other section we are going to talk charmingly—just as we would to our wife or our stenographer—about "the awful lot of work we've got to do, and dead tired at that." It may be that we might get a little bit ethereal in this section, too, but before you chide us, remember that things are sometimes mighty solemn in everyday life. For instance—when—oh, what's the use of illustrations anyway?

New Staff Members.

At the last meeting of the editorial board, Miss Ethel Imogene Salisbury, Miss Gladys Eade, and Mr. E. L. Hasker were elected to staff positions on *The Illinois Magazine*. At the same time the appointment of E. A. Skinner was confirmed.

Naming the Issue.

This is the Welcome-Back number. And it's no back number, for those who're back number hundreds and—Hold on there. Enough.

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At any rate, here's our hearty welcome. We are glad to see you and we hope you will like us—inserts, stories, verse, and all.

By the way it took some consideration to pick that name for this number. Just think of the names we had on hand. For example:

Thanksgiving names—pumpkin number, turkey number, pilgrim number.

Halloween names—black cat number, witches' number, jack-o'-lantern number.

Election names—and Football names, and Home-coming names, and dozens of others!

Next month we won't have the same trouble, for we have already decided what we will call it, and what we are going to have in it and everything. All we need now is for contributors to send those things in! According to present prospects, however, it'll be one of our best.

On Poets and Poetry.

An unusual amount of verse in the hands of the copyreader this month brings forth all manner of comment. "And a voice from the law building calls out, 'What is the theme of the student "when he breaks forth in song" ?'". (We call the especial attention of the rhetoric teachers to these three sets of quotes). Is it a sense of jollity that he lets loose, like yelling Oskey, Wow Wow? Does the grand and mysterious of nature lure him into expression? What poetic passion is responsible?

We are the especial guardians of poetry—past, present and future. We like to see young fellows walk down Green street with rhyming dictionaries under their arms. In fact, we encourage even the most desperate cases of poetry! But, oh, my! Shades of Dr. Tinkle! Would that it were a real poetic passion that caused all this, but nine times

out of ten, the writer is an engineer who never saw a book of verse and he writes about—some—girl!

It is true that real poets have written exquisite poetry with the gentler sex as subjects (we have ourselves) and we hope some of these engineers will qualify in the Lovelace-Suckling-Carew class, or higher, but with the present handicaps a sonnet on Strength of Materials or a triolet on Thermodynamics would have more chances of making Homer yield the Lyre than the regular run as recently exhibited.

By The Way—As Harry Sees College Life.

Marriage mortality among the students at this institution of higher education is steadily increasing. A number of casualties sufficient to be serious and even frightening have occurred since the beginning of the school session. True, this is leap year, which perhaps may partially explain the situation, but some remedy must be found. The tide of matrimony among us must be stemmed. Cupid should be given his passport and directed to remove his operations to other localities.

After the delay apparently an indispensable adjunct of our legal institutions, the county court has rendered its verdict in the student voting case, and still the student finds himself unable to tell whether or not he is entitled to vote. All he can do is to scratch his head in perplexity and, if he is of an adventurous turn of mind and wishes to take a chance, to vote.

Fraternity drinking, according to University authorities, is to stop. The "old Grads" returning to their alma mater for events such as Homecoming will not be able to realize to the full the joys of a fraternity reunion for the mellowing in-

fluence of a soothing beverage will be absent. Alarming tendencies truly are manifesting themselves in these days of advancing civilization. The slow but sure progress of public indignation against unclean polities is gradually cleansing that democratic institution of the grime and soot of corruption. Social reforms may be witnessed on every hand; athletics is being purged of professionalism, and in line with all this reformation comes the mandate of the University disposing at one blow of the right of the alumnus to heighten the joys of reunion by the potency of alcoholic stimulants. What will the advance of civilization aspire to next?

The American usually considers himself as an originator, but the sophomores have violated this characteristic by taking a page from the customs of their English brethren, the Eton and Harrow students and adopting canes as class emblems. May we expect to see them, next, like the students of Eton, clad in their tight-fitting frock coats, tall hats, and wide white collars, wending their way forth to athletic events, swinging the colors of their institution from the ends of jaunty canes? Will they express their intense enthusiasm at some exceptionally brilliant baseball play by frantic waving of the canes, and elevating their voices to exclaim almost boisterously, "Well, 'it, old chep, well 'it."

Dr. Tinkel--Rhyme Doctor.

The Limerick.

Would that I could draft some humorous writer from the high school papers of the state to write in resonant phrases of that splendid form of Irish

verse, whose name graces the flag staff of this page. Websel puts it thus:

Lim-er-ick. A nonsense poem of five anapaestic lines, of which 1, 2 and 5 are of three feet and rime, and 3 and 4 two feet and rime. (Bet you have to look up anapaestic).

The limerick is evidently very popular with the readers of *The Illinois*. A half bushel of them (limericks, not readers) were the result of the appeal of last month, and among them were some very good ones, and some that were not so good. In order to make room for two or three of them, the discussion this month will be cut down. Next month Dr. Tinkle's Corner will be thrown open to Love Verses and their discussion. Those who wish to contribute should send their verses in early.

There was a young Freshman from Sandy
Who considered himself quite a dandy;
His dome was bright red—
The Sophs clipped his head—
The man who shaved it was Kandy.

—S. T. V.

Emotional and suggestive, but vague. S. T. V. does not explain whether "Sandy" is a town or a swimming pool. The second line is picturesque. Note the third, "His dome was bright red." Probably a result of living in "Sandy." The fourth line is full of emotion, and the fifth is pathetic.

—o—

There was a young lady from Dover,
Who picked up a four leafed clover—
She wished for a beau
With oceans of dough
Before "Home-coming" was over.

—L. A. D.

Character study—Romantic. We fail to see

the connection between the first two lines and the last three. The "young lady from Dover" was obviously erratic, else she would not have wished for "oceans of dough"—probably was ambitious to be a baker. But why before "Home-coming?"

—o—

Love's Young Dreams

Her eyes were blue as daffodils,
Her cheeks were soft as window sills;
She ate fourteen green liver pills—
Her body rests beyond the hills.

Her lips resembled pop corn husks,
Her nose showed up the best at dusk
She took too big a sniff of snuff—
And now her sole's returned to dust.

You ask me who this dame might be!
Thank God, she is no kin to me—
Her name I cannot tell for gee
She belongs to the ——— Sorority.

—Ed. V. F.

Ascetic, dramatic, startling imagery—similes overpowering. Feet could be improved. Where did you see her, Ed? And where had you been?

Sargasso--Sea of Derelicts.

Ticklish Business.

It is said that the seniors wear mustaches in order to tickle their girl friends. Nice to be a senior, isn't it?

SO DO WE

Captain of cadets, angrily, "When I say Right Dress I want to see everyone dressed."

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Dickens?

An Illinois student found himself lost in a French city last summer. He met an intelligent looking inhabitant and asked, "Can you understand English?"

The man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"Then tell me who in the dickens can," exploded the student.

Goof: "It is such a sad occasion to come upon a broken window?"

Gink: "Why?"

Goof: "It reminds me of a bad pain."

Is There a Well in Danville, "G"?

The pitcher that goes too often to the well will be broken.

Coffee, Please!

At a local boarding club, "What will you have to drink, boys; we have tea?"

Arbitrarily Striking.

Ryter: "My latest book has a striking title."

Byter: "Can't you arbitrate?"

In Champaign? Oh, My!

Kirke: "Did you think the milk in that oyster stew was stewed?"

Burke: "Certainly. Judging by the way it disappeared, it was drunk."

Where There's Smoke.

Wash hard! Where there's suds there must be some soap.

God made man
 Frail as a bubble,
Man made love,
 And love made trouble.

God made the vine—
 And is it a sin
That man made wine
 To drown trouble in?

—A. E. S.

WHICH?

Abe: "Did you hear that story about Editor Ogle shooting himself in the head to find out if there was anything in it?"

Babe: "Yes, what about it?"

Abe: "Well, there was nothing in it."

Putting on Many Airs.

One of the older members of the class of 1914 was called home to Chicago suddenly and found himself the father of triplets.

White: "There is a Chinaman in my political science class named Kuh, who is very ingenious."

Brown: "Why do you think he is so smart?"

White: "He has his alarm clock trained so that in the morning it says, Kuh! Kuh!"

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"Oh, I see."

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December Issue

Volume 4.

Number 3.

DECEMBER, 1912.



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THE CO-OP



RABINDRA NATH TAGORE.

POEMS BY RABINDRA NATH TAGORE.

Selected by the Author for the Illinois Magazine.
Not my way of Salvation, to surrender the world!
Rather for me the taste of Infinite Freedom,
While yet I am bound by a thousand bonds to the
wheel.

This cup of the Earth will ever be filled for me
With thy nectar of varied color and fragrance, O
God;

From thy lamp in a thousand flames I will light
All my world and illumine Thy temple divine.
Not my way the repression of senses or searching
within me by yoga!

In each glory of sound and sight and smell
I shall find Thy Infinite joy and bliss abiding:
My passion shall burn as the flame of salvation,
The flower of my love shall become the ripe fruit
of devotion.

—Art and Swadeshi.

By all means they try to hold me secure who love
me in this world. But it is otherwise with thy love,
which is greater than theirs, and thou keepest me
free. Lest I forget them they never venture to
leave me alone. But day passes by after day and
thou art not seen.

If I call not thee in my prayers, if I keep not
thee in my heart—thy love for me still waits for
my love.

O death, had'st thou been but emptiness,
In a moment the world would have faded away.
Thou art Beauty; the world like a child,
Rests on thy bosom for ever and eevr.

—Art and Swadeshi.

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VOL. IV

DECEMBER, 1912

NO. 3

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE.

(Mrs. O. R. Seymore).

If the students of our campus should be told that a Browning or a Tennyson or some other great literary personality had taken up his abode among them, they would manifest great enthusiasm over the event, and count it a wonderful privilege to hear the voice or grasp the hand of such a man. Yet today as great a personality is here with us—a writer who with one single volume of lyrics has aroused unusual stir in the world of letters abroad. Mr. Ezra Pound, an American poet living in London, writes thus of the songs: "The appearance of the poems of Rabindra Nath Tagore, translated by himself from Bengali into English, is an event in the history of English poetry and of world poetry. * * * We feel here in London, I think, much as the people of Petrarch's time must have felt about the mysterious lost language, the Greek that was just being restored to Europe after centuries of deprivation. That Greek was the lamp of our Renaissance, and its perfections have been the goal of our endeavor ever since. I speak with all seriousness when I say that this beginning of our intimate intercourse with Bengali is the opening of another period."

When we consider that the volume referred to is only a small fraction of the work of the Poet, we gain some idea of the importance of his work and of the proportions which the "Bengali Renaissance" may assume. His work includes twelve volumes of poems, besides many songs and hymns, five vol-

umes of short stories, six volumes of essays, an opera, and several dramas. Of the dramas, several have been translated, and one, "The Postoffice," will be presented in London by the Irish Players during the present season.

In the *Nation* (London) of November 16, Mr. Tagore, as the author of *Gitanjali* (*Song Offerings*), is ranked with the great mystic poets of the world. Says the review: "The poetry of mysticism—the poetry which is inspired by, and seeks to express, the soul's direct vision of reality—is, or should be, the crown of literature. * * * The mystic poet must be at once—and in a supreme degree—an artist, a lover, a seer. Genius of this type will always be rare; but its importance for the spiritual progress of humanity cannot easily be exaggerated. The mystical poets, like the prophets of old, are the 'eyes of the race.' Thus the critic characterizes the genius of Mr. Tagore.

In the *London Times* (November 7) we read: "In reading them (*The Song Offerings*) one feels, not that they are the curiosities of an alien mind, but that they are prophetic of the poetry that might be written in England if our poets could attain to the same harmony of emotion and idea. * * * As we read his pieces we seem to be reading the Psalms of a David of our own times."

It is truly rare for an author to excite in any country the enthusiasm and reverence offered to Mr. Tagore at the recent celebration of his 50th birthday held in Calcutta. Thousands of admirers thronged the scene of the demonstration in his honor, but not all their plaudits show greater appreciation than that of the farmer or laborer cheering himself in his daily tasks by singing the songs of the poet. It is the great age of literature in Bengal, the "Age of Rabindranath."

WOMAN.

O woman, you are not merely the handiwork of
God,
But also of men; these are ever endowing you with
beauty from their hearts,
Poets are weaving for you a web with threads of
golden imagery,
Painters are ever giving your form ever new im-
mortality,
The sea gives its pearls, the mines their gold, the
summer gardens their wealth of flowers,
To deck you, to cover you, to make you more pre-
cious:
The desire of men's hearts has shed its glory over
your youth.
You are one-half a woman and one-half a dream.

From Tagore's Art and Swadeshi.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

I hold you as I do my soul,
A trust that wearies not,
And is too much a part of me
To be forgot, to be forgot.

Could I recall the fleeting hours,
Or stay the rising sun,
Then might I to myself bring back
My love, dear one, my love, dear one.

So question thou my love no more,
Nor doubt that I be true,
Eternity will find me, dear,
Still loving you, still loving you.

—Bertha E. Bourdette.

YOUTH.

Raymond Macdonald Alden.

"Prithee go not so fast along," I said;
"You spend your breath—are like to stumble soon."
"But breath," quoth he, "is naught when hus-
banded,
And I have much to do ere it be noon.
Dost see yon rainbow-bird, with murmurous tune
Flitting before us, robber of every flower?
I've sworn to make him mine this very hour."

"At least love not so hotly, then," I said,
"For passion burns out wisdom, and expires."
"Then better far," quoth he, "is wisdom dead,
If undesigned to live amid these fires.
'Twas in creation's heart my fierce desires
Were kindled, and its process shall one day
Transmute to gold my elemental clay."

"But dare not so adventurously," I prayed,
"For sure defeat awaits the uncontrolled."
"Defeat? The word for other times was made,"
Quoth he. " 'Tis very being to be bold.
Let those with sinews shriveled, blood turned cold,
Take count of coming chances as they may;
One sure and glorious thing is mine, —to-day!"

Once more said I: "Trust not this world; take heed
To think on God, and on the world to be."
"To think on God I have but little need,
For I have lately left His hand," quoth he.
"I know not well of His eternity,
But feel his full pulse throbbing under mine,
And in this sunlight see His strength outshine."

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When next I would have tutored him, I turned,
And lo! he was no longer at my side.
Vainly I sought him, while the hot tears burned;
The world was wide around me; and I cried
With tremulous heart—"Pray Heaven he have not
died!
Pray Heaven, though I have lost him evermore,
He still pursues the rainbow-bird of yore."



Raymond Macdonald Alden.

SPARROW'S NEST.

This home in the dome
Is a place of delight.
It's not the music alone
Nor the quiet at night
But the general tone
That's the best.
Yet my mind wanders back
My dear, to the bower
Where we built our first nest
In the Library tower.

There's joy in the air
And our tower abode
Is cozy and rare
And quite a la mode.
There isn't a care
In our bookish estate—
Yet I can't help compare
With our honeymoon home
Way up in the great
Auditorium dome.



MODERNITY.

Last night the Storm-king called to me
In accents deep and strong;
Tonight the softly-flitting snow,
Like whispers of the long ago,
Would waft my soul along.

And soon the rose's trembling flush
Will woo with subtler charm;
While later orchards bending low
Or meads where purple poppies blow
Would shield me far from harm.

But what of it? My youth I slay
For such as garner gold;
And daily 'mid the factory's moil
Men laugh that they a soul despoil
God fashioned in His mould.

—Arthur J. Tieje.

OLD LETTERS.

Old letters, yielding up a fragrance of dead days,
A fragrance bitter-sweet as the earth-mingled scent
Of roses, which heap'd on a grave stays,
While mourners go, for rain to rot and wind to rent.

To find them, which you thought destroyed, in the
dark
Of a corner seldom stirred, save for creatures small
That come home-hunting and to mark
If humans yet have moved their hidden hall;

And to read, with sigh and smile, perhaps a tear,
Forgetting duties of today or tomorrow,
Only living in dreamed-through days of yester-year;
Ah! 'tis joy so filled with pain I call it Sorrow.

—Gladys Moon.

TWILIGHT IN THE DESERT.

When twilight falls on the desert,
And the myriad stars appear,
And the moon sheds her effulgent rays
Through the somnolent atmosphere.

The picture assumes a witchery,
A fanciful eery grace,
Where all things mortal are measured
In terms of limitless space.

Remains of the Boer War breastworks
And the British soldiers' graves
Mutely tell how men's lives are bartered
For the acres Empire craves.

—Mamie Bunch.



ACQUAINTANCE.

We have not met, but I have looked
 Into those big, bright eyes;
Who says I can escape them now,
 Or wish to, say he lies.

Say not we're unacquaint because,
 Our 'quaintance is but looks;
There's more in those soft eyes of yours,
 Than's writ in some folks' books.

I would the barrier might be down
 Between us, but, ah me!
Thou might'st be only human then;
 O, sad discovery.

Let fortune rule things as she lists,
 Her promise oft deceives;
We both are favored more, no doubt,
 And happier as it is.

—L. C. Barber.



DONALD'S CHRISTMAS.

(Katharine T. Chase).

Just the breath of a sigh arose from the pillows in the dimly-lighted little room. The girl sitting at the bedside leaned over and gently pulled the tattered quilt up a little higher, and tucked it about the small, quiet body.

"Cold, Donald?" she asked with an attempt at brightness, as she rose and crossed to the fireplace.

"No, Ruffie," came the answer, faint but cheery.

As the girl poked at the fire, stirring up a slight blaze in the dying embers, the tiny barren room was partially illuminated for a moment. It was spotlessly clean, from the painted walls to the rough bare board floor on which fell a grotesque shadow of the figure before the fire. There was nothing on the walls save a few prints of famous pictures cut from magazines, and pinned there, and a little old photograph of a pretty, sad-eyed woman over the rude fireplace. The only furniture was a rickety table with a handful of cheap dishes and an old one-burner oil-stove on it, a plain straight chair by the bed, and the bed up close to the one small window.

On the bed lay a boy of six or seven. The little chap had a manly face, handsome brown eyes, and dark heavy hair. In his pale face his eyes looked strangely large and pathetic—almost ghostly. One white, wasted hand lay motionless outside of the covers, and his hollow chest and thin little form scarcely lifted the coverlets enough to show that there was something beneath them.

The girl turned to look at the boy, as she hesitated, with the last piece of wood in her hand. He smiled quickly and tried bravely to suppress a little shiver that passed over him. With an anxious look in her usually clear grey eyes, she threw the

stick on the fire, and, after watching it fixedly for a minute, she went slowly back to the bedside and looked down at the pitiful little occupant. She was dressed simply in a dark red dress, well-worn, but neat, and her soft brown hair was brushed smoothly back from her pretty girlish face. She was not more than eighteen, yet there were lines in her face, of weary care, merging into and disappearing in her sweet smile which came so frequently and was so fascinating. There was a pleasing steadiness in the eye that told how she met emergencies and shouldered her heavy burdens.

She glanced furtively toward the little table, then asked in a low, assuring tone, "Are you hungry, dear? Shall I get you something before you go to sleep?"

"No, thank you, Ruffie," came the gentle, far-away answer. "Ruffie, aren't you tired? Won't you go to bed?"

"No, dear, I'm not a bit tired. I'll sit and talk to you till you can sleep, then after awhile I'll lie down with you." She sat down and took the hand he made a weak effort to extend to her.

"Rufe, aren't the shadows funny? I was watching you when you put the wood on the fire, and it made the sparks fly so when you drew it on. They always make me think of witches. Fire is a pretty color, isn't it, 'specially when it's burned down to orange, and doesn't blaze up. What were you thinking of, Rufe, when you stood looking into it? I always dream of something when I watch it that way. Were you thinking of something awfully nice?" He looked at her all eagerness.

She turned her face away from the fire-light to hide the quick pain the question brought, and then a sweetly radiant smile came to her lips as her eyes rested on the face of the child. "I was thinking there, Doanld dear, but I can dream even love-

lier dreams when I look at you. What would Sister do without you"—her voice caught, but she kept smiling bravely at him. "Donald, Sister can do anything for you, and all day long in the store, I'm just thinking of you and longing to get back to you at night. Don't you see—anyone can watch a fire, but everyone hasn't a little brother like my Donald to look at."

The little boy shifted his eyes back to the fire and then looked at her again. "Yes," he said slowly. "I get used to looking at the fire late in the afternoon waiting for you to come. It's so grey and lonely out of the window then, I like to look at the fire better. I can see pictures of you in it, and I put you into bu-ful fairy tales, and everyfing looks so bright when I watch it. But I like to look at you at night. Ruffie, you're so pretty—I love to look at you."

He stopped, tired out, and closed his eyes. In a few minutes he opened them and began on the shadows again.

"Ruffie, do you remember when you used to make funny figures on the wall wif your hands? You could make a donkey that wagged his ears, and a bird wif a long beak that opened and shut, an' you could tie a hankshif on your fingers and make a funny little old lady. I fink it's fun now to pick out fings that just happen. The fire makes shad-ows itself. Do you see the one over there—it's a great mountain, an' when the smoke blows over, it's clouds An' there where that wood sticks up and frows a shadow it's a 'mense rock stickin' up in the ocean—'cause see how the flames shoot up and look like big waves around it? An' there's a man—yes—a really, truly man, that at the sides are fings he's carrying. He has his arms full of somefing. See how good the side of the face is, Ruf-

fie, it looks—honestly, Rufe, don't you fink it looks like Mr. Arnold—Sister, don't you?"

"Perhaps it does, dear," the girl said softly, then hurried on—"and see that one over there—doesn't that make you think of a garden of pretty flowers waving their heads? It's like the one I saw today. I went by the greenhouse and there were all kinds of beautiful holiday flowers there, bright red ones and yellow ones; great pink roses—I wanted to bring the picture of them home to you. Can you see them?"

"Oh, yes," he interrupted excitedly, "an' were there lillies—big, white lillies as mother used to love? But that's Easter—why—why—Ruffie, I almost forgot—tomorrow's Christmas, isn't it?"

A slight cloud passed over the girl's face, "Yes, dear," she said, "but there won't be many surprises this year. You know—"

"Oh, I don't care—I'll have you all day long, won't I, Ruffie?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered with quick relief. "We'll have a wonderful time, won't we?" She stroked his hand tenderly.

"Yes—Sister—I-- I know a secret—a secret about you—I wish I could tell you." He pondered, then looked up doubtfully. "Couldn't you pretend you were someone else for a little while, so I could tell you—and you wouldn't know?"

"That's just the thing—who shall I be?" she agreed, smiling.

"I'll call you—Lucy—wait a minute," he said, for his voice was growing weak again and could scarcely be heard.

Soon he continued— "Lucy, Mr. Arnold was here this morning to see me. He's so nice. He laughed and joked wif me, an' told me a wonderful story. He said it was hard lines, he knew, for a fellow to

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stay in this way—'cause—'cause—I was cryin' when he came—

"Donald, dear," the girl interrupted with loving concern as she pressed the little hand tighter. "If I could only stay with you eevry day—"

"Lucy," he insisted, "I'm telling you somefing—an' honestly, it's the first time—I never cry—truly—an' he said, 'Never mind, it is hard lines I know, old chap, but we'll soon have you out husslin' 'round like the rest of us"—(Ruth bit her lip and the tears came to her eyes at the little fellow's hopeful enthusiasm—" "an' he said—are you sure it's all right to tell you, Lucy—Ruth won't know?" Honor made him look dubiously for assurance.

"Yes, I'm sure, dear," she comforted. "Ruth's gone out for a little while—but she's where you can call her when you want her."

"Well," he said, "I've got a secret to tell you—we'll keep it together, shall we, and Rufe will know tomorrow. I'm coming to spend a few hours wif you two tomorrow, if I may. Of course I must tell you, you see, to know if I'll be welcome. Would you mind if I'd come and do you fink Rufe would? I told him we'd be be-lighted to have him. So he said—'And I'm going to bring a big dinner all cooked so Rufe won't have to work--how's that?' He said, 'Do you know—I had a letter from old Saint Nick, an' he's powerful busy, so he's goin' to send somefings over by me. I b'lieve he mentioned a tree that would come late in the afternoon'—Oh, Rufe, no Lucy—a tree!—with lots of pretty, sparkly fings on it! An' he said, 'I'm goin' to bring Rufe—oh, I musn't tell you that, Lucy, I'm 'fraid Rufe might hear. He likes Rufe—he told me another secret—he—he loves Rufe—do you fink Rufe loves him?' He waited for her to answer. "I want Rufe again—Do you?"

"Perhaps, dear, we'll think of that some other time," she said in a low, tense voice. "I know I love my Donald, though."

"I—I hope you love him—'cause he's so good, an' he's goin' to ask you. You—you—wouldn't love me less if you loved him, would you?"

"Oh, no, dear, of course not," she assured him.

There was a long silence, while the little fellow rested, and Ruth tenderly pushed the hair back from his forehead and smoothed the quilt out once more.

The fire was burning low aagin, so objects were just distinguishable in the twilight.

After a few moments the boy gave a little sigh and opened his eyes. "Aren't you sleepy yet, dear?" the sister asked patiently.

"No," he murmured, and turned his head to the window. The snow was blowing with a slight breeze without, and now and then the little flakes would striek the dark window pane, glisten there for an instant and then disappear. "Ruffie," Donald said—"look—see on the window—doesn't it look like tiny sparkling diamonds? It makes me shiver to fink of it—s'posin' they were—aren't they bu-ful?"

"Yes, dear, you have such a wonderful imagination," she told him.

"I 'magine fings all day long," he said with quaint pathos, "and Rufe, what do the stars make you fink of? They twinkle an' twinkle like a—a—never-lastin' Christmas tree. Won't the tree Mr. Arnold brings be like that?"

"I think so," the gril breathed softly.

"Those are the candles an' they're so bright—you can shut your eyes and still see them an' 'magine all the pretty fings in between." He stop-

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ped, exhausted, and it was some time before he could begin again in a feebler voice than ever.

"Do they have Christmas trees in heaven?" Ruth clasped the little hand more closely and commenced to stroke it slowly. He was getting sleepy. The moon was shining on his face, making it so white, but it was so happy. His hand felt cool and she pulled the quilt up higher and started humming a soft little lullaby that he loved. When she finished he began to murmur—his eyes closed—in a scarcely audible tone—"The moon—is so bright—I can—see—people—in white—they are —" she could not catch the rest, and she leaned forward to see if he were sleeping. His lips were parted only a little, and when he spoke again she had to strain her ears to hear.

"I love you—Ruffie—and" she lost a few words. "Oh see—see—Mother—the Christmas bells"—the deep-toned mid-night bells of the city broke into his low babble, and when their echo died away, she listened vainly for more from the child.



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EVENING.

She gazes at the setting sun—

The maid with the dreamy eyes—

She knows the day is almost done,

She ponders and she sighs.

Still into twilight sits she there,

So thoughtful and so still,

Till Dark's dew-dampness fills the air

And Night creeps o'er the hill.

—Gladys Moon.

THE MINIATURE.

In an antique rosewood case,

Fragrant still with scent of myrtle,

Is a sweet and winsome face,

In an antique rosewood case,

Charming in young girlish grace;

Rayed in old-time cap and kirtle

In an antique rosewood case,

Fragrant still with scent of myrtle.

—H. J. Walcott.



THE SLEEPERS

Within an obscure corner of the hall,
E'en of its owner, mayhap, long forgot,
Mute, dust-laden, stood an olden harp.
How much of music slept within its strings—
As larks in elm's grey branches rest till dawn—
Awaiting the hand that knows to bring it forth!

Alas! how often genius lies unknown,
Unwakened in the soundless depths of souls!
A Lazarus, it vainly waits some voice
To call the summons: "Forth! Arise and walk!"

—From the Spanish.
—Harry Payne Reeves.



THE MARTYR.

(By Leland Wooters).

Every college football team has its lion. The coach holds him on the side lines until the last ten breathless minutes of play. Then he pushes him into the fray, not necessarily at the right moment, but at that crisis when excitement is at white heat, and the bleachers loudly begin to demand their idol.

Goff was the lion of New Ridge. When he raced out to the referee, handed him the little white slip of official admission and nimbly took his position among ten other broad backs, New Ridge always roared with anticipation and delight. The week before the great game with Norton, the contest, which was to decide the football supremacy of four states, Halfback Goff was the man of the hour. Norton, a neighboring school, and New Ridge were in open feud. The Norton eleven had grimly vowed to "get" the "human catapult," Goff's nom de gridiron. New Ridge, confident of the prowess of the "human catapult," became sluggish in its security.

This is not a football story. It might have been, though, but for two things. First—Goff was a sophomore. Secondly, he was very, very conceited.

Goff's mother was a seamstress and a widow. Like all mothers, she was ambitious for her son and heir. She believed fanatically in the trained mind, and she had outlined a future when her son would be glad to take care of her. I don't think Goff ever knew about the mortgage. It costs to send a young man to college, but Mrs. Goff had a pet theory that education is never too high-priced.

One night, just three days before the great game, God led a select sophomore love feast. In the course of the evening he lamented the sad fact that

the traditional education of the first-year men was being grossly neglected. Which was something more than a lament, as afterwards developed.

About three o'clock the next morning, a dozen shivering, aching figures crawled up to their dorm and from then until daylight tried to divest themselves of flypaper, moccilage and black paint, all of which clung painfully to their naked bodies. Sheep shears had also made their hair irregular in places, and they tried in vain to retrim their woe-begone locks.

"It's a low down, dirty, white-livered trick, that's what it is," whined one of the victims, horribly sick over his evening's repast. He had been blindfolded and fed with soaked macaroni. He thought his diet had been worms.

Two other freshmen, busy applying hot cloths to each other's back, merely looked at the complainant. Their anger was of the kind which burns and sizzles inside and takes away speech.

The next day the president of New Ridge, a gentleman with a strange avidity for knowing just what went on at college, decided to become unpopular. He arrived at this state of mind after due deliberation. He called Goff on the carpet, eyed him over his glasses for several moments, and said:

"You led the affair last night?"

Now Goff was not a liar, so he replied without wincing:

"Yes."

"Then," said the president, with deadly accent, "I must suspend you from New Ridge."

The silence which followed was broken only by Goff's breathing. For a minute he stood twisting his cap in his hands and looking at the president in a sort of stupid daze. But the shock had somehow broken him, and all he could answer was, "yes

sir," in a small, dry voice, and hurry out of the office.

He walked to his room in the dormitory trying to stifle a secret admiration for the president. That anyone would have dared to fire him was preposterous! He could hardly understand it. When he got to his room, though, and sat down on the bed to think it all over, a fierce anger sprung up in him. Then his roommate came in, learned the awful news, and advertised it. New Ridge was aghast!

The evening Goff left it was raining. Down at the station groups of shadowy figures gathered on the platform to do him homage. He stood in the midst of a group of college politicians and athletes and listened with strange exultation to the orators, who were haranguing the crowd from a baggage truck.

"Goff is going into exile, men," began one grandiloquently. "Why? I'll tell you why! Because he wanted to save us. He would rather die than peach!"

Here the speaker was interrupted with wild cheers from the crowd. Goff's heart swelled within him, and a subtle feeling of greatness enveloped him.

"He is sacrificing himself that our great traditions may remain hallowed," shouted the orator. "Tonight, on the eve of the big game he is leaving us, a victim to an attempt to crush and grind out spirit under heel. But it will never die. Will it?" (Wild cries of 'no, never') "We may lose the game tomorrow, but Goff's great sacrifice will live with us. The memory of the greatest halfback New Ridge ever had or ever will have will always remain green in our hearts."

The applause, which greeted the speaker's concluding words, was deafening. Cries of "speech from Goff," rang out. A dozen eager arms lifted

Goff onto the truck. He stood looking out over the crowd with an air of superb submissiveness, although his heart was beating a regular tattoo of joy.

"Fellow students," he began feelingly, after he had been well 'chee-heed' by a hundred lusty lungs. "I certainly appreciate this. If our great traditions are carried on after I have left, I shall feel that I have not ogne in vain."

He was about to make some suggestion about the future rigid discipline of freshmen when the train thundered in, and the baggagemaster unceremoniously pulled the truck out from under him. They surged with him in the smoke and rain to the steps of the coach and helped him aboard with his luggage. As the train pulled out, he opened a window and waved benignly to the cheering mass. Then the train rolled on into darkness.

Inside, warm and comfortable, Goff settled back in his seat to relish his hegira. Being a young man of perfect self satisfaction, he did this consistently. Goff intensely believed in himself. Nor did he worship at his own shrine less fervently when the rosy, corpulent conductor, who punched his ticket, remarked with a sort of quizzical chuckle:

"Fired, eh!"

Now this was personal, but since the conductor was an old friend, Goff chose to be magnanimous and replied briskly:

"Yep, takin' a little vacation," and fell to drawing diagrams of football formations on the flyleaf of a book. This, it suddenly occurred to him, was distasteful. He tore out the flyleaf and tossed it under the seat. Chin in hand, for almost an hour he gazed abstractedly out of the window into the night.

Once he took out his watch and was about to look at it when the fob, emblazoned with a gold

N-R, caught his eye. Slowly he removed it from the watch and put the timepiece back in his pocket without looking at it. He inspected the fob, as it lay in the palm of his hand, with a sort of wistful air. It had been presented to him by the members of the 'Varsity' in grateful appreciation of a dozen timely touchdowns. Perhaps it was the memory of those hard earned dashes through a broken field that caused him to sigh deeply. Maybe he caught a faint re-echo of pandemonium in the bleachers. Anyway he slipped the fob into an inside coat pocket and bought a cheap leather one from the train boy, when that youth came through the coach the next minute, crying his wares.

It was after midnight when the train reached Goff's home town. The rain had turned to sleet. Goff shivered as he watched the baggageman unload his trunk.

"S'matter? Get booted out?" queried that worthy as he recognized the owner of the solitary trunk.

"Uh huh, if you want to call it that," said Goff, a trifle ill at ease. "You needn't send that trunk up till morning."

The baggageman, a former school-mate, wanted to ask more questions, but Goff left him rather abruptly and walked toward the little ramshackle station. Standing in front of the door of the main and only waiting room, through which issued a stream of pale yellow light from an old smoky lamp, was the station agent, a dried up little man with a squint and a rasping voice. He watched the receding train.

"Hello, Uncle Judd," called Goff, cheerfully, as he came up.

"Who is it?" squeaked the station agent, peering into the darkness. "Wall, I do declare. It's Charley, ain't it! Come inside and git warm. It's git-

tin' colder out. How do ye happen to come home this time a year, I know yer mother ain't expectin' ye."

The old man stopped his chatter for a moment as they walked through the door into the warm room and then asked with a sudden shrewdness:

"Ye ain't fired out, air ye?"

"Guess you hit it right," Goff acknowledged with a faint feeling of sheepishness. Thrusting his hands too near the red-hot stove behind him, he burned one of his fingers painfully. He sucked angrily at the injured member.

"Wall, I declare," began Uncle Judd again, recovering his breath.

"Does Silas meet this train?" interrupted Goff with a distinct note of annoyance in his voice.

A rumble of wheels on the outside answered his question. He bade the astounded station agent a gruff good-night and went out, slamming the door after him. Half way up the platform he met Silas, shook hands with him, and together they walked out to the hack. Goff climbed up into the driver's seat.

"I'll ride up here with you like I used to when I was a kid," he said with an attempt at jauntiness, as he waited for the grizzled hackman to untie his team.

Silas climbed to his seat in silence, and they jolted away over the rough, frozen road, the flying sleet biting and stinging their faces. Goff was beginning to feel a curious sort of gratefulness toward the old man on the box beside him for his unquisitive attitude, when Silas asked abruptly:

"Git yer walkin' papers?"

Goff nodded and gulped aloud. A nasty flurry of sleet brought the tears to his eyes. For several minutes they rode on in silence. In front of a modest cottage Silas finally stopped and Goff jumped

to the ground. He proffered the hackman a quarter, but Silas refused it, saying:

"That's all right. I owe yer mother some money." He turned his team around and drove quickly away.

Goff began to tiptoe up the walk. Half way to the house he remembered that he had left the gate open. The open gate had been an ogre of his childhood. He walked back and carefully closed it. As he approached the house again, a shaft of light from the sitting room fell on the glistening walk. Through the half-drawn blinds he saw his mother sewing. He noticed with a pang that her hair was grayer. She looked tired. He had never before known her to stay up after midnight to sew. A lot of things, things that he ought to have done, surged into his mind. The lump in his throat ached with a dull, pulling pain.

At the first sound of his crunching step on the sleet-covered porch, the door opened and his mother stood on the threshold. She gave a little gasp of glad surprise and ran out to him.

"Why, Charley," she cried, "what's wrong?"

With his head on her shoulder, between great racking sobs, he managed to tell her.

"They fired me, mother. I was to blame, too."

She smoothed his hair tenderly, and with infinite understanding let him into the cosy sitting room.

"There, there, son, it's all right," she soothed, after he had told her the whole story.

He looked up, his jaw set determinedly.

"But it's not all right, mother. I'm going to get a job at Grayson's in the morning, and you're going to quit sewing."

A happy light shone through the mist, which dimmed the wonderful eyes for a moment.

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"Tut! tut! Charley, I couldn't quit sewing. It keeps me company when you're gone. You must start in the winter term at Hepburn. Oh, yes, you must. You know you promised me you would graduate. Now, run up to your room. It's all ready for you and I know you're sleepy. Take the lamp. Tomorrow we'll talk it all over."

After he had gone, she sat there a long time in the firelight. She was looking beyond the long, weary days, beyond the mortgage, which was soon due, beyond the lonesomeness of her life when Charley was away, beyond everything, except—

The silver head began to nod. Unheeded, the spectacles dropped into the faded gingham apron. Gradually, the weary lines relaxed. Fitful flashes from the dying embers threw halos about the old rocking-chair. The heavy lids closed gratefully, and as she slept, there came a dream. A smile, so beautiful that it must have been the gift of an angel, hovered about the tired lids and magically smoothed away a thousand tiny wrinkles. Its very reflection seemed to transform the simple little sitting room into a paradise.

Then the fire, with a supreme flicker, went out, leaving the room in darkness.



THE GIRL NEXT DOOR.

Frank Moxon, busily engaged in ‘checking up’ his ‘Chem. I’ desk, paused, as Professor Higley held the door open in order to allow a young lady to enter before him. Peering near-sightedly through his glasses, the old instructor led the way toward Frank’s desk, number ninety-six. At number ninety-five he paused, produced the key, handed it to his fair companion with his funny little bow, murmured an introductory phrase (in which names were entirely indistinguishable) in Frank’s general direction, and ambled slowly away. The newcomer wasted no time upon the speechless youth beside her. She bowed in answer to Professor Higley’s murmur—not coldly, be it understood, but with little invitation to intimacy, and plunged without further delay into the task of making the jumbled contents of her desk agree in some measure with the printed list before her. For a time she struggled in silence, but the apparent hopelessness of the task caused her to give one little sigh, just for company. At the sound, Frank, who was rapidly recovering his usual self-possession, cleared his throat once or twice, and in his humblest tones asked if he could be of any assistance.

“I am afraid it would take too much of your time,” she replied with some hesitation, and then, as he made an eager gesture of dissent she continued, “but I don’t know the names of all these—these *things* here,” (indicating the disordered locker) “and if you could help me with some of them I would be so much obliged.”

Frank assured her that time was his greatest asset, and that the most important event upon the college calendar at that particular moment was the assortment of chemistry apparatus. They became more communicative as they guessed whether cer-

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tain distorted pieces of glassware were Erlenmeyer Flasks, gas bottles, or burettes, and by the time both desks were in order (for his new friend insisted that she help him in return, "Just to be neighborly") Frank Moxon and the 'girl next door,' as he mentally dubbed her, were fast friends. As a matter of course, he asked if he could carry her books for her, and she graciously gave him the desired permission.

At 8:30 that night, Frank might have been seen 'boning' vigorously. "Early start: goin' to get a stand in with "Old Higley," was his comment, and his room-mate, Robert Boyd, nodded silently. He had taken Chemistry, and wished that he, too, had begun with a 'stand in!' At 10:30 Frank looked up from his book, and glanced meditatively at the boy opposite. "There is some girl next to me in Chem. Lab., Bob," he remarked. "She sure is a queen."

"What's her name? What does she look like?" queried that individual rather doubtfully. "That kind are few and far between."

"I don't know what her name is. Doc. Higley introduced us, but you know how he sort of muggles anything he says outside of lecture, and I didn't get her name at all. Some classy Jane, though. She's almost as tall as I am—you'd never call her big, though." He paused a moment, his eyes cast upward reflectively, a reminiscent smile curving his lips, "Light hair—blue eyes—dimple in her cheek, but say, Bob, you just ought to see her smile."

"Gee! She must have been a dream to make a woman-hater like you sit up and take notice. You always were lucky, though. But let's turn in. I want to get to my 'eight o'clock' on time, for once."

A little earlier in the evening, a very similar scene was enacted some six blocks away. The 'girl

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'next door' closed her book, and sat industriously looking at nothing. At length, she spoke. "There is a boy next me in Chemistry that reminds me a little of Lawrence Grantham. You remember him, don't you, Syl? He has the same funny combination of dark hair and blue eyes," a little hesitation, then, "he seems rather nice, too."

"Did you meet him, Louie?" inquired 'Syl,' and she let poor Ovid drop with a bang.

'Louie' shook her head slowly, and then suddenly added, "Yes, I did, too. Doctor Higley introduced us, but I didn't understand his name."

During the laboratory periods on the following Wednesday and Friday Frank and his neighbor became very friendly, and although neither could find out the other's name, the friendship promised to become lasting. The next week it was the same, and the next, and then came a day which Frank marked with red ink upon his desk pad, and which almost caused the 'girl next door' to lapse into poetry (she realized her danger in time, though, and saved herself). Frank had been to his room just before going to class, and, expecting to meet his room-mate, had stuffed the mail into his pocket. Stooping to pick up his match box while in the laboratory, a letter slid from his pocket, and dropped unnoticed to the floor. A moment later, he started for the store-room without discovering his loss. In his absence, his fair neighbor found it. She picked it up, and, though feeling a little guilty, read, 'Mr. Robert Boyd, 1109 West College Avenue, Arlington.' She returned it, saying that it had just fallen from his pocket. He thanked her, and thought no more about the matter. Presently, she, too, had cause to visit the store-room. Scarcely had she left, when Frank noticed that for the first time since their meeting she had brought a book to the laboratory. With a hasty glance toward the

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store-room, he stepped over and turned back the cover of the book. There it was on the fly-leaf, Sylvia Rand, 917 West Morton Avenue! Yes, that was the place he had gone that first afternoon (and two or three or four other afternoons), but fearing her immediate return, he closed the book, and stepped back to his place.

That evening, Frank decided that he wanted to go to the dance to be given a week from the following Friday, and that he would go with none other than the 'girl next door!' Accordingly, he called up 917 West Morton Avenue, and asked for Miss Rand. In a few moments, a voice said, "This is Miss Rand. What is it, please?"

"This is Frank Moxton speaking. I have never thought to ask whether or not you cared for dancing, but if you do, there is one on Friday of next week which I think you would enjoy. Do you care to go?"

A momentary pause ensued, as if the person at the other end of the wire were trying to recall something half forgotten, then the voice answered, "I'd be glad to go if my room-mate would not be left alone."

Frank hesitated never an instant. "My own room-mate, Robert Boyd, asked me only a few minutes ago if I knew any girls who might go, and I told him no, but if she will consent, I know he will be delighted." (Sotto voice: "Say, you'll be delighted, quick.")

Back came the answer, "Well, if you will hold the 'phone a minute, I will ask Ruth now."

Soon came the welcome, "Hello. She says she will be most happy. And will you boys come about nine. We shall not be able to go until then, but it's so close that we can easily walk over in five

minutes. We won't miss more than the first three or four dances."

It took somewhat of a struggle to persuade Boyd to go at all, but by nine of the appointed evening he was somewhat resigned, and a fairly willing victim, so that it was promptly on the hour when the two boys ascended the steps and rang the bell. The door was opened almost immediately, and two cloaked and hooded figures came forth into the blackness. The shorter one gave a little exclamation, "Oh! It's so dark that I can't tell one of you from the other, but I'm Sylvia Randall. We'll just do away with introductions, because it's late as it is, and at college everybody ought to know everybody else, anyway." (Boyd was a quite willing victim by this time).

A shadow proclaiming itself to be Frank Moxon detached itself from a similar shadow, which answered to the name of Boyd, and offered a shadowy arm, and the party were off. A lively stream of nonsense was kept up during the short walk, and when the 'Gym' was reached, all were breathless with laughter. Frank opened the door, and the three passed him. Then, as he entered, his companion turned, and he looked into the face of a perfect stranger.

"I thought you were in my Latin class."

"I thought you were the girl at the next desk," came simultaneously from the two, but as Frank's voice was heard, the second hooded figure started, threw back the hood, and the 'girl next door' was revealed. Just one moment they stood, astonishment holding all four, then laughter came in such ringing peals, that the little entrance rang.

"Did anybody ever hear of such a mix-up?" gasped Miss Rand, wiping her eyes as she spoke. "You must be the man whose desk is next to Louie's,

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pardon me, Miss Ruth Webster, and you thought my name was her's, but how—?"

"That book she had at class Wednesday. It must have been yours," broke in Frank, "but how did you come to accept the invitation when my name was strange?"

"Well, you see, I am such a poor hand at remembering names, and I knew that yours was familiar. I know where I saw it. It was written in your room-mate's Latin book."

"You know Boyd, then?"

"Yes, but I could not remember his name at all when you called up. You seemed to know me so well, and Ruth was so delighted over the prospect of going with Mr. Boyd—you were, too, Louie, don't shake your head at me—that I never thought that I knew him, so it's all right, only I know I shall die if I ever laugh so again. But let's not stand here all night. They're playing a waltz, and we can be ready in time for the encore if we hurry. Let's change partners, though, for Louie's sake. Come on."

And they came.

—N. G. Wood.

THE ILLINOIS

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THE ILLINOIS is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois. Address all business communications to THE ILLINOIS, 206 Green Street, Champaign. Contributions may be left with the editors or sent to 903 Illinois Street, Urbana.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March, 3 1879.

\$1.00 per year.

Courier-Herald Printing Company

Urbana, Illinois.

If any future age should sweep away our religion as was done for Greece and Rome, what crumbling debris would mark our traditions of CHRISTMAS IN LITERATURE the Christ as would our Christmas stories? The Iliad is as engrossing to us now as it was to those who had not lost their illusions, and mayhap there will be a little more zest in life for someone in the distant future because of reading the Christmas Carol. Perhaps learned scholars will gravely discuss "The Night Before Christmas," and carefully follow marginal notes telling what Comet and Vixon and mistletoe were, and what the quaint tradition of St. Nicholas and the stockings signified.

Perhaps, too, these tales will be read more eagerly for their strangeness, when the monthly magazines are stuffed to the cover with overdone stories of other traditions. At any rate, they will offer valuable material to those studying our customs.

For most of us, appreciation of Christmas is greatest second hand—as it comes to our attention in old time song and story—as we enjoy the enjoyment the children feel—as we watch the busy marts

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oppressed with gift-evil—or as we contemplate the wonder of it all! And these are some of the reasons Christmas holds such a place in our literature—whether it be Bret Harte or Baumbach.

There are those that scorn the idea that Illinois will ever have any name in letters. There are

ILLINOIS IN LETTERS critics that still believe that there is little literary good save that which comes from Boston or New York. In

Illinois a new idea has sprung up, which is the preposterous suggestion that from farms and factories of the west, as much as from the smuggish self-satisfaction of New England can come a true expression of the American people. It is also advanced that possibly some of our commercial forms of expression, the great press, the stage, or some kind of advertising, may some day take the place of the novel or the short story, even as the epic and the long novel were displaced.

Yet even taking the present conception of what letters ought to be, Illinois is not entirely barren. There are some great names and great literary habitats in the state. Our universities have a few other interests besides those of the nervous system of the coddling moth or the tensile strength of reinforced concrete. Some of the people there even out-Transcript Boston in literary classicism, while others, like Hearst or Pulitzer, are in the van of the new romanticists. Then there are centers where people gather who are interested in the near-literary sketches of the theater. There are numerous people who write on rural and technical subjects in a really literary manner. According to present standards Illinois is far from being literarily deceased.

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How fine it is to be sarcastic and witty and epigramtic! How exquisite it is to see victims writhe and faces cloud with mortification!

THE SATIRIST What subtle pleasure there is to be found in torturing the lonely by extending pity where sympathy is craved! How much more crude it is to show contempt by word or deed than to use the cutting implements of satire. To scorn artistically is an art of the first magnitude—just as to ignore systematically is a great science.

To reach the heighth of the art factitious one might use several routes. One might study Dean Swift or go into society. Or one might become an instructor, professing to know all, or a corner of all, and to have thought along every line that the student thinks. Then one should consider all such thoughts contemptuous and childish, and fit only for scorn. 'Tis best to keep somewhat in touch with temporal things and arouse a little interest else one will have fewer opportunities to use the snub direct or the withering scorn-blast.

Egoism and self-approval should be cultivated as they help wonderfully. Suitable material for practice may be found in the class room. Enthusiasm is one of the ripest fields for harvest, and after that comes modesty and shyness. A few moments' consideration will reveal the likeliest victims.

SHOP TALK.

Translation is a terrible strain on poetry. It wrenches and racks like medieval dungeon torture, and poetry often seems as much mutilated after translation as the poor lines on paper seem insignificant compared with the beauty of the thought that inspired them. In this issue is found some of

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the beautiful verse of the first poet of India, and as we read it we can only imagine how exquisite it must be in the original. It is not often given to a college magazine to present such distinguished contributions as that of Mr. Tagore and Dr. Alden, and the only way we can even in a measure repay is by the extent of our appreciation.

FAREWELL, CAP AND BELLS.

In accordance with the suggestion of our earnest and interested friend and advisor, Mr. Guild, the Illinois Magazine has decided after much consultation and meditation, to bury its slap sticks. Hereafter, vaudevillian wit and humor must not intrude, *per se*, but we sincerely hope and believe that humor will be found in generous allowances, in the other departments of the magazine. Sargasso, Sea of Derelicts, will be devoted to derelicts of every description, verse, story, sketch or anecdote, and as in the past many treasures have been found among the flotsam, so we hope that this department will in the future be not less interesting.

THE COLLEGES OF ILLINOIS.

Beginning with next issue the Illinois Magazine is planning to publish a series of illustrated articles on the subject of the colleges of Illinois. That there is much interest in student life is manifested by the many articles in various publications dealing with our larger universities. The student life of some of the institutions of our state is as distinctive and as interesting as can be found anywhere, and without doubt is well worth hearing about. The first number of the series will have to do with the James Millikin University at Decatur, which is in many respects unique.

SARGASSO, SEA OF DERELICTS.

THE MAGISTER'S FORUM.

(By the Senior Philosopher).

"My landlord," said my friend Friedrich Froeliche, "is very much different from the ordinary mortal. He doesn't try to exert a great moral force on his roomers; his wife doesn't try to mother them to death; and he doesn't mind a little noise now and then. He likes to talk and he is the president of the Heintz Grocery Checker Club. I am sure that you would enjoy talking to him—won't you come over?"

I gladly accepted his invitation and soon was being introduced to Mr. Hammerschein, ideal landlord, German philosopher, and good fellow. He was jolly-faced and bay-windowed, and when he talked he accented his words in unexpected places, so that with his naive observations and manner, he left the same impression as a humoresque by a good orchestra.

Mother Hammerschein was a pleasant-faced, silvery gray old lady, and Lucy, their daughter, was like her father. She was, perhaps, seventeen, and sufficiently attractive to have escorts to every dramatic event the town afforded. In almost her first sentence she told me of her high school dramatic club.

There was also present Dr. Philadelphus Tinkel, whom I had met before, and who is well known at the University; also a friend of Lucy Hammerschein's, with whom I had a nodding acquaintance, Miss Lorna Swift. Miss Swift is a very attractive young lady.

She was congratulating Dr. Tinkel upon the announcement of his election to the presidency of the

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American Society for the Advancement of Folklore, and then remarked, "What a lot of presidents we do have here—President of the Checker Club and Folk-lore Association, and did you know it, the girls elected me President of the Kookery Klub, (spelled with two K's.)"

Enthusiastically Freddy burst in—"And Lucy is president of the High School Dramatic Club. I ain't president of anything, but I'm chairman of the Ag. Club New Year's Resolution Committee—ain't you somethin'" turning to me.

I modestly owned being President of the Nevada County Students' Association.

"Why, we're all presidents, aren't we," cried Lucy. "Mother, weren't you ever president?"

"Why, Lucy," said Mother Hammerschein, who had just stepped in, "Only men are presidents."

"Mother was a Lehrerin, though, which is much higher than a president," broke in Mr. Hammerschein, who was proud of the fact that she had been a teacher. "So all we are bosses, what you call it, Ma-gis-ters. We should have a Ma-gister Club, to talk into." And the result was the organization of the Magisters' Forum, where talk was primal in importance, and we all signed the constitution which Freddy, being mathematicl and exact, required.

"But there are so many organizations," said Dr. Tinkel, "Here, let us have a club with no organization, and no President. We don't need any—we are all presidents, aren't we?" So the Magisters' Forum became a headless league. It was a strong one, too, for it was founded on personalities. Dr. Tinkel liked it, for he could talk to Mr. Hammerschein, and hear the ideas of the young folks, to be built into verse. Mr. Hammerschein liked it, for it gave him an audience. Lucy liked it, for she liked company, and so did Mother, for the company

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complimented her preserves. Miss Swift liked to be with Lucy, and to tell the truth that's why Freddie liked to be there. Well, yes, you have got me in a corner. I'm a philosopher, and liked the talk, but I'll have to admit that was a subordinate reason. As I said before, Miss Swift is an attractive young lady.

Note—More about the Magister's club will follow).

WHERE THE SENIOR GOT HIS WISDOM.

"A Just-So Story" with apologizes to Kipling.

Now, listen, oh best beloved, for this is the one best bet of the Guy-that-Knows-it-All. There was once in the palmy days of yore A-Senior who lacked a modifying term. There were Green Freshmen, Bragging Sophomores, and Jolly Juniors, but A Senior with nothing but a capital S. This sad and startling fact annoyed A Senior, and he went to the Great Grand Gum Chawmper, whose mouth was then closed, (remember that, best beloved, his mouth was then closed) and he said, "Oh, Great Grand Gum Chawnper, can you tell me where and how I may acquire an adjective suited to my years and dignity?"

But the Great Grand Gum Chawnper champed on, for his mouth was then closed, as you remember, and made no reply save a vacant stare. With disgust, A Senior walked on until he met the Greasy Grind, whose nose was for everlasting in a book, and he propounded the same question. The Greasy Grind, however, only wagged his left eye-brow, without lifting his nose, which was for everlasting in a book, and said, "Go to, thou idle search-

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er! Cease from thy prattle and babbling. Concentrate."

A Senior, much cast down, entered the renowned emporium of the Great and Only T. Wad, and there again he expounded his need of an adjective. The Great and Only T. Wad, who is never apparent, sent word by his Flunkies and Hash Slingers that "Eat and Run" were his only words.

Then a Senior, filled with cake, candy, and coffee, the three great C's of life, met A Fusser, who is always pink and white and has just had a shoe shine. A Fusser knew nothing about anything but fussing, but at that not even the Fussette, who was his one and only girl (for that week) could beat him. Coos and sibilant sighs were all A Senior could get A Fusser to emit, so he travelled on in high disdain.

"Behold," cried A Senior, "here comes my Most High and Worthy Class Advisor, the Bald Headed Professor, whose glasses always teetered on the edge of his nose. But the Bald Headed Professor, whose glasses always teetered on the edge of his nose, growled, casting down The Illini, "If you want to know anything read that. Without doubt, all that is published therein is great and excellent."

So A Senior caught it up carefully, and the first words to meet his gaze were these, "Lee Pauline, the Hypnotist at the Orpheum. He knows it all."

A Senior went down the street with most undignified capers of joy, and at last he arrived at the One and Only Orpheum Show. Here A Senior entered in. He came out again the same and not the same. He had got wise. Next morn he met his acquaintances of the day before, and he said in a loud and altogether important tone, "Behold, I am no longer merely A Senior with a capital S; I am A Wise Senior."

At that the mouth of the Great Grand Gum Chawmper, whose mouth till then was closed, fell

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open with a woozy smack; the Greasy Grind let fall his book in which his nose had been buried for everlasting; the Great and Only T. Wad, who is never apparent, appeared; A Fusser stopped cooing and sighing for a whole minute; and the Bald Headed Professor's glasses teetered clear off the edge of his nose as he said, "Bless you, my son, you once went to school to me."

But A Senior, who was now and ever shall be A Wise Senior, cried as do all who have wisdom and understanding, "Blessings on the Great Illini, which can do no wrong, and on the One and Only Orpheum Show!"

Henceforward then, oh best beloved, follow this precept of A Wise Senior, "When your classes interfere with the Orpheum, cut the classes, for, without doubt, at the Orpheum only shall you gain true wisdom!"

—Nellie R. Roberts, '13

THE EAVESDROPPER.

I had grown tired of watching the dancers and had walked out upon the balcony which overlooked the street. It was nearly deserted. Now and then a lonely pedestrian passed or a taxi-cab sputtered by, and were gone on their way into the night.

The music stopped and a crowd of dancers pushed their way out into the fresh air. One couple sat down so close to my refuge behind a huge palm that their conversation was plainly audible. I paid little attention to it at first, knowing that conversations between dances are all very much alike and infinitely stupid. But I heard a woman's name spoken and my attention was riveted.

I cannot describe the world of images and sensations that crowded through my brain at the word.

A year ago it would have been a transport of joy that sound had sent me into, now the thrills that went through me were deeper if anything, but the feeling was one of hopelessness, and a wild desire to know what I hardly dared to.

A year ago all my hopes and fears had been bound up in the woman who bore that name. It was but little less than a year since I had been allowed to see her; since an acquaintance that had meant so much to me had been brought to an end for a reason it seemed I should never know. A court from which I could not appeal had given its verdict and declined its reasons.

That these people knew something of her was plain. Perhaps I might now hear what I had wished so long to know. My restless spirit might be satisfied with a reason; at any rate the helpless sensation of knowing too late could be no worse than speculation as torturous as it was fruitless. And I listened as a man on trial for his life listens for his sentence.

The girl was telling the story. "Her engagement, you know, was broken about a year ago. I never saw the man though she wrote me a great deal about him. He must have been a rather brilliant fellow, I believe. She told me about their parting when I got home from the West. And she seemed to feel pretty badly about it. She would never say so, but something was wrong and I think she would have told me about anything else. But after that first time I saw her she never mentioned his name and I had no reason to bring it up. Most of the time she seemed a good deal as she always did. But sometimes she falls to brooding and pays no attention to anything around her. If I call her attention she will start a little and sometimes make me repeat questions.

THE ILLINOIS

"Yes, she did speak of him once more. It was shortly after I got home. They had broken up but a few days before I came. 'A month ago today,' she said, 'I was happy. I don't think anyone was ever happier than I. And I——' but she never finished the sentence."

"But why?" asked the man, "did she break with him?"

"It was this way she said—but the orchestra struck into the next dance, and I heard no more. And after all did I really want to know.

—L. C. Barber.

FLUNKER'S TE DUM.

I sing the song of the "Profs." who quiz,
Who make the grades of the students whiz—
Te dum, te dum, te dum, a la—
Some of them "A" and some of them fizz,
And others seek to bluff their way.

I sing the song of the lads who win,
Who control the Wheel of Fortune's spin—
Te dum, te dum, te dum, a la—
The lads of courage, of zest and vim;
Who know how to work while others pray.

I sing the song of the boys who flunk,
Who have from the cups of failure drunk,
Te dum, te dum, te dum, a la—
The lads who have failed and still have spunk
Enough to plunge back in the fray.

—R. G.

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March Issue

Volume 4.

Number 4.

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VOL. IV

MARCH, 1913

NO. 4

POEMS OF ALFRED NOYES

(Selected by Prof. R. M. Alden).

SONG OF A BARREL ORGAN.

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)

And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's ablaze of sky,

The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The nightingale is rather rare and yet they say you'll hear him there,

At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)

The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo,

And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard

At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)

And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires are out

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You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing for London:—

*Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in
lilac-time;*

*Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far
from London!)*

*And you shall wander hand in hand with love in
summer's wonderland;*

*Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far
from London!)*

THE DAWN OF PEACE

Yes, "on our brows we feel the breath
 Of dawn," though in the night we wait:
An arrow is in the heart of Death,
 A God is at the doors of Fate!
The Spirit that moved upon the Deep
 Is moving through the minds of men:
The nations feel it in their sleep;
 A change has touched their dreams again.

Voices, confused and faint, arise,
 Troubling their hearts from East and West;
A doubtful light is in their skies,
 A gleam that will not let them rest:
The dawn, the dawn is on the wing,
 The stir of change on every side,
Unsignaled as the approach of Spring,
 Invincible as the hawthorn-tide.

Say that we dream! Our dreams have woven
 Truths that out-face the burning sun:
The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven
 Time, space, and linked all lands in one.
Dreams! But their swift celestial fingers
 Have knit the world with threads of steel,
Till no remotest island lingers
 Outside the world's great Commonweal.

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Dreams are they? But ye cannot stay them,
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, Love and Justice, if ye slay them,
Return with more than earthly power:
Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
That send the Spring through leaf and spray;
Drive back the sun from the eastern mountains,
Then--bid this mightier movement stay.

The hour of Peace is come! The nations
From East to West have heard a cry--
"Through all earth's blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high,
Here--on this height--still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher!
Make straight the highway for our God."

BURGLARS THREE

By Clarence J. Wolff.

Fiction nowadays, that is, fiction that sees print, is written mostly by writers who have as much personal acquaintance with the persons and things in their books as has a cradled babe. Ever since the memorable day that S. T. Coleridge taught the world that loftiest literature can be dashed off in one's house slippers before a cozy fire, literary wiseacres the world over have garnered the shekels with monotonous regularity by dis coursing learnedly on topics they themselves have read about. These men are loath to acknowledge it, but deep down in their hearts they know that this gadding about the country in pursuit of local color, so popular with novitiates in the art and sometimes with others not so old, is the veriest folly. Either it bespeaks the immature mind or it betrays the fugitive from his creditors.

But this is not to be a treatise on the art of literature, nor a tract on criminal law.

"Twelve o'clock at Barker's Crossing," concluded the Man by way of parting. "If you've got anything that'll spit fire, lug it with you."

And with that he withdrew his weazened little body into the dingy, ill-smelling interior of Dick's Place, leaving Gordon staring at the dilapidated back door of the grog shop. Almost a minute Gordon stood there before he made his way cautiously out of the dark, sinister alleyway into the meager daylight of the stretch, misnamed Garden street.

After all, cultivating the friendship of a thief and enlisting his services in robbing one's own home, in order that one may write understandingly of modern burglary, is ticklish business. It not only is not sanctioned by the best society, but in

case of a slip in the plans, the police might ask embarrassing questions. Or, scarcely less incommoding, the real thief might, by accident, discover the identity of his pseudo companion in crime and—so, Gordon, as he hurried along eager to leave this human dumping ground of the city as far as possible behind him, took noteworthy precautions that no acquaintance should, perchance, recognize beneath the vizor of his frayed cap, the clement features of the millionaire, James Gordon.

At Sixth avenue he hailed a passing taxicab.

"The Pines, Gordon's Groove," he told the driver, "and hurry."

In half an hour's riding over the smooth pavements of the city and the well turned pike road leading to the fashionable suburb, Gordon found himself once more face to face with the imposing columns of his ancestral mansion. The setting sun burned in the great windows like fairy gold, and Gordon, as he ascended the broad terraces that mounted, by gradations, to the big manse on the hill, was almost blinded. He was, therefore, to be pardoned for not noticing the approach of the trim little figure in its snug riding habit tripping toward him from the house.

"Why, Mary," he exclaimed as he almost collided with her, "the light was so strong I almost didn't recognize you. A thousand pardons."

"Nor I you, Mr. Gordon. Since you've undertaken settlement work you look more like a tramp than a gentleman. Annette says you're out of your head, and I—"

A merry laugh broke from her pretty lips.

"You tell Sis to mind her own business," he jested.

"Come, tell me," she teased, her black eyes asparkle with fun, "aren't you really doing it be-

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cause you've found some girl in need of help, some—”

“No, honestly, Mary,” he replied with some firmness, “it's experience, acquaintance, I want. A fellow can't write about the beauty of the fields if he's never so much as seen a daisy in bloom. It's groundfloor experience that makes a man a writer I tell you.”

She laughed. “One good romp through the country on Billy B. is worth more than all the books in the world. Look at him, James; he's just aching to go.” She pointed fondly to a spirited black horse pawing the gravel in the driveway.

“I hope you're not going to Little Rome again today,” he asked.

“I most certainly am,” she retorted with a vigorous toss of her head. “I'm not afraid to go home in the dark on Billy, you see.”

With a wave of her hand she ran out through the heavy iron gate to her mount. After rewarding his durance with an affectionate caress she flung herself gracefully into the saddle, and was off.

Gordon watched her eagerly until horse and rider became a part of the purple distance beyond the hill. “Gee,” he mused, “I wish I could ride like that. He wondered how long she was to remain as his sister's guest; he hoped it would be always. In the brief three months he had known her he had decided she was the one woman. Laughter such as her's had not stirred the echoes of the stately manse since the days when his parents were living and the name of Gordon was synonymous with social leadership in the community.

That evening, after dinner, Gordon aroused the household to a search of his khaki hunting suit.

“Why, James, you're surely not going hunting tonight, are you?” asked his sister. “What would you hunt?”

Gordon chuckled. "Silver plate" was on his tongue. He fabricated "Ted Jones and I have rigged up a little coon hunting party for this evening. Won't it be a fine night, Sis?"

"I do wish you wouldn't go," said the girl with a note of uneasiness in her voice. "Since we dismissed James and Henry I don't feel safe unless you're here. And Mary here is going to a reception at Colby's, too."

"Why, Annette," broke in Miss Stanwood, "how silly. I wouldn't be scared of all the burglars in creation. If I'd see one coming through that window now I'd just run and get that old Civil War blunderbuss that I saw hanging at the head of the balustrade."

A silly little shiver ran down Gordon's vertebrae. Even a blunderbuss would look formidable with Miss Stanwood behind it.

At that moment, a servant, caparisoned in red, announced that the lost hunting suit had been located. And Gordon, after bidding the ladies good-night, retired to his rooms in the far wing of the house. At eleven o'clock he emerged, khaki clad, with a Colts revolver loaded with blank cartridges left over from the Fourth tucked in his holster.

The moon was well up in the sky. It painted the meadows that stretched out in all directions from the manor a ghastly white, so that, as Gordon paused for a moment on the eminence of the great lawn, the fences separating the fields resembled the bars of a giant cell. In the highway lurked menacing shadows. And by the time that Gordon neared the crossroads he thought he felt very much like a real burglar.

He fancied that he would now soon realize the ambition of his life—write a detective masterpiece. As for getting it published, that was a matter of

detail. A very respectable magazine could be purchased for a couple of million.

The Man sat, tailor-fashion, on a large boulder that stood at the intersection of the ways, his figure silhouetted against the moonlight. He was smoking a big-bowled pipe leisurely.

"Where'd you get that riggin'?" he exclaimed in surprise when he caught sight of Gordon's khaki uniform. "Say, can't have you marchin' around in that. It'll be a dead give-away. Here, I'll let you wear this."

His gnarled and grimy hands dug into a canvas bag such as plumbers carry and drew forth a shiny, black suit. This he handed to Gordon saying, "I'll have to get along without a change until we hit the trail."

"But—"

"Put it on, I tell ye," commanded the Man. "No canary birds can light around me!"

Gordon donned the suit in silence. With it on he would have made an ideal scarecrow for some farmer's cornfield; his feet had parted company with his trousers and the coat was impossibly short.

"Now," announced the Man, shifting his eyes warily about, "let's get down to business. Let's finger that flint of yours." He pulled out his own piece and weighed the two in his palms. "Duplicate of mine," he commented dryly, as he laid the revolvers on the boulder before him. "Here," he called, "give this lamp a twirl while I chuck this suit of yours down this gully."

In the instant that the Man's back was turned Gordon seized the former's revolver and stuck it into his own holster. Thereby he rid himself of a world of apprehension.

The lantern adjusted, the robbers set off, Gordon carrying the canvas bag.

"Did you ever injure anyone in your—your work?" ventured Gordon, after they had walked some distance.

The Man answered, after a space, "Just once. Then I had to nail a couple of nosy guys."

Gordon's heart missed a beat. Then he thought fondly of the blank cartridges reposing in the Man's gun. He noted with gladness, too, that the roof of the manse was shining not far distant.

When they reached it the Man said, "Take off your shoes!"

"Why?" querried the astonished Gordon, "I'll catch cold!"

"Take 'em off. I've got rubber soles on mine."

In his stocking feet Gordon led the way cautiously into the vestibule. There the Man lighted the lantern. They made their way slowly and noiselessly along the slippery floor of a long corridor. Here and there an oil portrait on the wall was outlined by occasional glints from the lantern as it wavered in the unsteady hand of Gordon. At the end of the corridor they turned abruptly into a similar passageway and traversed its length until they came to a door slightly ajar. With a warning "Ssh!" the Man pushed it open and peered into the room.

Opposite them near the windows they saw a massive sideboard bathed in a shaft of moonlight, its shelves piled high with labored silver as antique as priceless, and with the richest of cutglass. Just beside it stood a small buffet upon which reposed a decanter of golden brown liquor and several long necked bottles and a vase of roses. The light fell, too, upon a polished chest of amber-colored wood, mosaiced in a curious design. The rest of the long hall was swathed in pitchy darkness.

Gordon opened the bag and put it on the floor before the oaken chest. Then the men launched

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into the task of relieving the bulging board of its burden of silver.

"Not so loud, you," whispered the Man. He was standing guard at the door. "You'll wake up the whole house."

Gordon suddenly espied a decanter on the buffet. "I'm going to have a bracer," he announced joyously.

"Put it down," gesticulated the Man wildly. "You're a fool."

"Hasn't a man a right to take a drink in his own,—in his master's own house," dared Gordon.

A long, soothing draught and the decanter was returned to its place.

"Another move like that," warned the Man, "and your skin won't be worth much. I'm tired of your foolin'."

Industriously Gordon returned to his occupation. He was beginning to realize that up-to-date burglary is more than rich hauls and miraculous get-a-ways and newspaper accounts. It included a goodly portion of hard work, most of it on one's hands and knees. Also it predicated the ability to resist looking upon wine when it is red and inviting in one's own house.

He was startled by the man's whispered, "What's that?"

Gordon listened intently.

"I don't hear anything," he said finally, "you're dreaming."

Once more he plunged into the task of filling the bag, with the fire of a true disciple of Ali Baba. The cups of silver and the silver bowls, fantastically wrought and adorned with fruits and berries of the same precious metal, he ranged about him in rows on the floor. Such *bourgeoisie* of the *Familia Argentum* as trays, he did not molest.

At that instant a hoarse bass voice bawled out, "O-o-ne o'clock." Like a flash the Man had drawn his pistol and stepped back into the darkness, expectant.

"Get back out of the light," he whispered, agonizedly, "and put out the lantern quick."

Gordon sat on the floor laughing like an idiot. "You big chump," he exclaimed when he had exhausted himself trying to squelch his explosive chuckles. "Can't you recognize a canned voice from a human. That was Aunt Tilly's graphophone clock.

"A clock—your aunt?"

"Er,—that is, Gordon's aunt. We all call her auntie."

"You're sure that was a clock," insinuated the man, angrily, before venturing into the light again. "You're an ass. If you had any sense you'd have told me about it before we came in. Now let's get busy and clear out o' here. I don't like it."

Gordon closed the drawers of the sideboard and crept over to the buffet.

"May I take a sip of this St. Julien?" he asked quite innocently.

"I wouldn't if I were you," said the man quietly.

Gordon didn't. Instead he began rummaging in the buffet. Soon he had packed into the bag all it would hold. He arose and gathered it up when suddenly he caught sight of something that made him wince. Gleaming out of the darkness, at the level of his shoulders, was a ring of shiny steel, like the muzzle of a gun.

"Look," was all he could say.

The man saw. And as if fascinated by the bright metal, he remained fixed. Then, instinctively, his hand crept to his holster.

"Halt,"

A voice, highpitched like that of a woman, rang out.

"Don't move or I'll shoot."

The Man's jaw dropped. Gordon emitted a short, explosive squeal. His heart ascended his larynx.

Otherwise the behavior of the two men was a model of what an honest burglar's would be. Notably, they kept their eyes fixed to the bright ring of steel that now began to move gradually to the right. For a whole minute they watched it religiously, expecting anything. Of a sudden, there was a sharp click and the room was flushed with the light of day.

Gordon recoiled as if he had been slapped in the face. Standing in a half opened door in the far end of the room, brandishing wickedly a long, unwieldy gun, was a young woman. She wore a black toque that matched her trim, black tailored suit. Between these two were cheeks aglow with fresh beauty and excitement, and a pair of flashing, searching eyes.

For a little space there was suspense. That space seemed a year to Gordon. His knees wobbled, his forehead grew moist.

"Off with your masks." The command came like a pistol shot.

"Come," signalled the Man frantically to Gordon. But Gordon was in poor condition to be signalled to, leaning there weakly against the wall and looking for all the world like Billikin with the smile worn off. The Man grew desperate. Hesitating but an instant he decided upon a bold coup. Before either Gordon or the young woman had realized what had happened he had grabbed the bag of silver and was sprinting down the hall at a speed that would have won him a place in the

Olympic games. It was all accomplished so neatly that both were dumbfounded.

"O, the silver, the silver," she gasped wildly, when she could speak.

"D—m the silver," said Gordon under his breath. And he stood there like a piece of furniture, with a grin on his face.

As far as he was concerned the fellow might have carried off the whole house. Was this delicious proximity to the object of his desire, even though it was from behind a bandit's masque, to be forgone just for the sake of a paltry mess of plate that nobody ever used? Hardly. The fellow's exit was nothing if not a Godsend. Gordon would have given his interest in the next world to be just Gordon again and minus the crepe front.

When woman enters the field, ambition, even literary ambition, falls into retreat. Gordon was no longer a burglar; he was just a man, very, very much in love.

Nothing in the girl's appearance, however, indicated that at that moment she would listen to the ravings of a lover. She was gripping the blunderbuss as if her life hung upon it; and her eyes still burned. Yet Gordon could see an occasional twitching of her face to keep back the deluge. With a supreme effort she tried for restitution.

"Back into that closet," she ordered frantically, pointing at the same time to a highpaneled door behind him.

What betokened that sinister mandate? Did she mean to keep him in that hole all night and deliver him over to the police in the morning? Cheerful prospect! With a pang he remembered that, twenty years before, he had been locked in that selfsame closet to do penance for depredations in the cook's pantry. The memory of the incarceration was still compellingly vivid in his mind.

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But he certainly dared not unmask now that he had deliberately allowed a thief to steal the family heirlooms; Annette would never forgive him. And then the ignominy of the confession—caught by a woman—the boys would never hold off flaying him for his depraved literary tastes.

In that thought Gordon unconsciously forsaw whatever tastes lingered in his system. Burglary, he opined, was best left to burglars—best for them and for society. He then and there decided to leave the writing of the Great Gumshoe masterpiece to some less ingenuous but tough-skinned soul. Meanwhile let the world subsist on yellow backs.

But this was no time for indulging in weighty opinions. Gordon's business, his only business, was to make his exit as gracefully and speedily as possible, without rousing the household.

Balancing his weight on one foot as does a shot putter preparing for a throw, he hurled himself through the door, and dashed down the hall. A despairing cry and the young woman was after him. The cry was repeated when she pressed an electric button and got no light.

Suddenly, from the far end of the vestibule, there came a series of muffled, unintelligible exclamations and the sound of blows. Whereupon the young woman, stumbling along in the darkness as best she could, screamed with delight. Her telephonic prayer was answered.

"They've got him, they've got him," she cried exultantly.

Sure enough, as she faltered into the doorway of the dimly lighted vestibule, she discerned four figures, three standing, and one prostrate on his face, in the shadow of the great newel post. A

shaft of moonlight, pouring in through the stained windows above the staircase, shone on her alone.

"The lights, Miss," called out one of the men as he caught sight of the trim little figure in the doorway.

"They won't work," she informed breathlessly. "Get the other man."

"Were there two?" asked the sheriff eagerly. His commanding figure rose like a statue from its human pedestal.

"Yes. The other fellow's got the silver," she deplored. "Can't somebody go right after him? I'll watch this fellow."

"You," he laughed, catching sight of the gun in her hand, "Great Scott, Miss, are there no able-bodied men in the house?"

A groan escaped the prisoner at this remark. And the tiny crimson rivulet that was coursing its way down his chin since his collision with the heel of a boot some moments before, rounded the north-east corner of his crest, paused for an instant, and swung downward toward the station called, Adam's Apple.

If they would only take him outside, he knew he could explain everything to the satisfaction of the sheriff. But even confession before Miss Stanwood was preferable to possible extinction under the foot of a mountain of flesh.

"Say, let me up," he piped in a high falsetto.

In answer to his request he was jerked up from the floor with a whiplike motion that nearly wrenched him asunder.

"Joe," whispered the sheriff to one of the deputies, "the darbies, while I go through him."

Gordon chafed as he felt the wristbands slip over his hands and the Colts drawn from his hip pocket.

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"A six, and iv'ry chamber full," was Joe's comment as he handed the weapon to his chief.

The sheriff pocketed the gun mechanically, and measured Gordon from head to foot with his sharp eye.

"Mr. Man," he directed at the prisoner, "you see you're trapped, don't you? Well, I'm not makin' any promises, but it'll be to your interest to open up. Where's that pal of yours?"

"Don't know, sir," was the weak reply.

"Don't, eh?" mocked the sheriff, dragging Gordon into the light, "well, we'll see about that."

The prisoner was planted in the middle of the room, so that the moonbeams fell full on his face.

All of a sudden there was a shriek. Miss Stanwood's face blanched.

"I've lost my senses," was all she could say. "OO-OO—I've gone crazy."

"You certainly must have," ejaculated the sheriff, his face blank consternation. "What's the matter, lady?"

The men crowded round her, bewildered, as the sheriff escorted her into the drawing room and laid her gently upon a plush divan.

"It's Jimy, It's Jimy, let him go," was all they could gather from her incoherent babbling.

When the sheriff returned to his captive, the latter's battered countenance was a jagged smile.

"Say," roared the sheriff, "who in thunder are you, some long lost cousin?" The tone was at once amazement and cynicism.

"Me?" was the nonchalant reply, "Why, don't you know who I am?"

The sheriff's grimy palm tightened about Gordon's collar in a most irritating way. "You heard my question?"

"Well, I'll just inform you as to my identity. I'm the butler."

"What?" came in chorus.

"Yes," went on the prisoner, his tongue loosening in proportion as the grip on his trachea was relaxed, "I almost had the—one of the burglars, when you grabbed me. He was just disappearing around the corner of the house." The tone was innocence itself.

"The devil!"

So much disappointment was squeezed into those two words that Gordon felt halfway sorry for the big rawboned sheriff.

At the doorway appeared Miss Stanwood. Her step was as uncertain as the hat that was perched on the side of her head. Her cheeks were white, breathing audible.

There was a momentary silence.

"Who is this man?" demanded the sheriff of her sharply.

There was a pause, ever so slight, but not slight enough to escape the sheriff's quick perception. He saw, too, the covert glance that the young woman cast at Gordon.

"Didn't he tell you who he was?" she parried evasively, not knowing what to answer.

"Look," broke in Joe, the deputy, pulling at a band of black cloth that hung suspended by a streamer from Gordon's rear pocket, "a mask!"

The sheriff eyed Gordon in silence for at least two minutes. He inspected him minutely from head to foot and back again. Then he turned toward Miss Stanwood and repeated the operation. Next he took the mask and fingered it. Finally he drew the revolver from his pocket and examined it. Then he replaced it in his pocket.

After all these mysterious preliminaries the sheriff ordered Mac, the other deputy, to make a thorough search of the house for the stolen sil-

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ver. In the course of several minutes Mac returned, carrying a canvas bag.

"Stumbled into it down the hall a piece," he explained, as he displayed the silver sticking up in the maw of the bag.

The sheriff walked toward Miss Stanwood.

"You heard my question, Miss?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied nervously, "he's—he's Mr. Gordon, the owner of the house."

The big-boned guardian of the law noted her deathly pallor. Then the semblance of a sneering smile crept out of the corners of his mouth.

"My painful duty, Miss," he said quietly, as he slipped a pair of handcuffs over her slender wrists.

Gordon raised a maniacal shout. Like a demon he broke away from his guard.

"Sheriff," he cried wildly, "you're crazy. That's Miss Stanwood—my guest here—" He was gesticulating violently with his manacled hands.

Miss Stanwood was calm.

"You're making a terrible mistake, Mr. Sheriff," she said composedly. "I'm Mr. Gordon's guest here. I had just come back from a reception when I heard the noise below."

The sheriff's eyes wandered to the long-barreled gun lying nearby on the floor, then reverted to Gordon's illfitting black clothing.

"First you tell me you're the butler," he addressed to Gordon, "and next you say you're Mr. Gordon. I think you're a common everyday hobo, that got tripped up on a little job."

A round of guffaws on the part of the men rewarded the sally.

The good natured sheriff couldn't resist the opportunity to "rub it in" now that vindication had come.

"Say, Miss," he continued jocularly, turning

toward Miss Stanwood, "think we'd better look for the 'other fellow' now?"

"But, sheriff," agonizedly broke in Gordon, whose windpipe was again being massaged by his collarband at the solicitation of the sheriff, "give me three minutes and I'll explain everything."

"Explain how this mask and this revolver came to be in your pockets, then," was the sarcastic retort.

"Why, I was just pretending that I was a burglar to get local color for a story I was going to write."

"Ha, ha, ha," roared the sheriff, greatly amused at Gordon's injured tone of voice and ingenious excuse. "Think you'll write it now," he quizzed insolently.

"Say, Joe," he suddenly queried the guard, "did Buck say who turned in the alarm?"

"Think he said 'tus a woman. Said he didn't know whether 'tus sent in from the house here or at a neighbor's."

"Wonder where the thunder—" he muttered.

"It was I that gave the alarm," asserted Miss Stanwood.

"Say, young lady," he rejoined sportively, "answer me just one question. Since when is it the fashion to wear hats in the house?"

A chorus of "ha, ha's" drowned out the reply.

"Watch these two, men," ordered the chief as he started up the stairs, "I'm going to find the boss of this ranch, if there's anybody at home."

"O, no, no, don't," pleaded Miss Stanwood, "don't wake the whole house up."

The sheriff hesitated a moment on the third step to watch the faces of the two captives. He was evidently having great sport out of his quarry. As he resumed his steps Miss Stanwood called out, excitedly,

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"Come back, Mr. Sheriff, and I'll go with you."

Gordon shot a puzzled glance at Miss Stanwood. "Let him go, he can't get to the other wing up that stairs," he whispered to her, reassuringly.

They heard the sheriff reach the landing and go prowling about, knocking at doors and hallooing at the top of his voice, but with no result. In the course of several minutes he returned to the prisoners.

"Nothing doing," he said to the deputies, "Must have been sent in from a neighbor's."

"Well," he finished, as he faced the captives, "let's go. It's almost three o'clock now."

In spite of their agonized entreaties both were placed upon horses, and the ride to the city, five miles off, was begun. Leading the procession was Joe, riding beside Miss Stanwood, their wrists chained together. In similar fashion rode Gordon, hitched to Mac. The sheriff, on a fiery white horse, brought up the rear.

The moon was already low in the Western sky and the night air was chilling. At Miss Stanwood's request, Gordon's coat was thrown over her shoulders. She bore herself with truly remarkable fortitude, becoming at times even jocular, perhaps because the back of a good horse was to her a more agreeable seat than an upholstered chair.

Gordon, on the other hand, was sullen and downcast. It would be no laughing matter to face a court and a mob of reporters that morning, and meanwhile, to languish in jail on a bread and water diet. What with the breezes lapping in through his silk shirt, the jeers of officers, and the jogging of his steed on the hard pike road, his head was swirling. And between attempts at consoling Miss Stanwood, who was less in need of consolation than he, and at persuading Mac that he was a respectable though, perhaps, misguided citizen of Jasper

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county, he wondered whether robbing one's own house was a criminal offense. Altogether, by the time the caravan had reached the crossroads, he was a very much damaged burglar.

The party was already quarter of a mile past the crossroads when the first streaks of purple appeared in the East. Both the prisoners and the men showed the toll of the lack of sleep. Gordon's head hung dejectedly, like that of a sunflower when the day is done. He had long since ceased trying to persuade the officers that he was respectable. In fact, he began to suspect that he was not. The sight of Miss Stanwood, the guest of his sister, and the idol of his heart, shackled like a slave to a deputy sheriff, hardly could be expected to inspire him with any idea of his own chivalry.

The first real thrust into Gordon's cloak of honor came when he caught sight of a wagon coming toward them from over the hill. Happily, the wagon was covered, so that possibly the occupant might not see him. As it approached the party, Joe, in front, signalled for the driver to give him the road which, at that point, was exceptionally narrow.

The driver, being a city man, and a milkman besides, evidently did not take kindly to the idea of giving country folk leeway, his wagon steered straight ahead. As a result Joe, who was very much incensed that his dignity should be so trampled on, began to profane the driver with all the power of invective the deterrent presence of a lady permitted.

If there is any one thing more touching than the devotion of a dog to its master it is that of a caterer to his customers. Whereas in the former case homage rendered is more or less instinctively, and therefore does not bespeak so great a measure of devotion as would appear, in the latter in-

stance the tribute is voluntary, and proclaims the recipient as a man of the first rank. With milkmen this devotion becomes a veritable chauvinism, before the second gallon of milk has been delivered.

With this axiom as a premise it is easy to understand why the driver of the milkwagon should have yielded a wierd cry when he caught sight of his richest patron, Gordon, adorning the bracelet of a deputy sheriff. Also it is readily to be comprehended that this lactage-purveyor should turn Sir Launcelot in defense of the cause of his sainted patron. BREF, there was then and there staged a fifteen minute warfare of words that terminated in unconditional capitulation on the part of the aggressors, and the freedom of the prisoners.

After the air was cleared of numberless explanations and apologies, the surrender was sealed by a pledge of strict secrecy mutually taken. With contrite heart, the sheriff after giving his word of honor that on no condition was the real bandit to be pursued, rode off, sadly, with his company. Miss Stanwood and Gordon, tired but joyful, perched themselves on milk cans and were driven home in the chariot of their deliverer. The glittering windows of the old manse, shining with the beauty of the morning sun, never seemed so beautiful as they did this morning when Gordon spied them in the distance from his seat in the milkwagon. The sight of their blazing welcome was to him like the first sight of land to an exile. In thankfulness he turned to their hero, and delivered himself of the following:

“My good friend, I have always cherished a high respect for the quality of your product. But I have discovered that the milk you sell is not nearly so rich as the milk of kindness you give away. If you will call at my office tomorrow I will endeavor to reduce my indebtedness to you.”

In a few minutes the wagon had reached the manse, and Gordon assisted Miss Stanwood to the ground. When they had watched their fairy chariot recede into the distance, they turned to enter the house.

"Mary," he said, as they mounted the broad steps together, "You're not terribly angry with me, are you?" The tone would have wrung a tear from Pluto.

"O, Jimsy, how could you?" she sighed.
"Groundfloor experience, dear," he explained simply. Then he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "Lucky I didn't try any second story work, isn't it?"

The girl did not reply. She was looking out across the waving fields toward the newborn day. Something was glistening in the corner of her eye.

"I wasn't so terribly bad," he persuaded, "I only tried to steal a lot of old junk, and was caught into the bargain, while you, you've stolen my heart."

"To think, Jimsy," she said sadly, "that my burglar man was only you."

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A WINTER SONG.

Sing a song of sleighing time, a song of snowy weather!

Lads and lassies, warmly clad, flitting off together,
Gliding o'er the glassy pond or down the long hill singing.

Or snugly tucked beneath the robes—merry sleigh-bells ringing.

Let others sing of summer time,—of June with roses blowing;

Youth sees the white flakes flutter down and laughs to see it snowing.

Mittenèd fingers closely clasped—"My, but skating's jolly!"

Whirling o'er the frozen ground—summer sports are folly!

Cupid is a rognish elf. What cares he for weather,
So it sends a lad and lass flitting off together!

—M. R. H.

MAGISTER PRAESEUS.

Huge organ-pipes along a towering wall;
Vast windows blazoned with Love's eager tale;
Pews velveted and pulpit rich; a veil
Of roof that shuts out God; before the stall
A man all ardor, shuddering o'er the pall
Of Christian faith, and dreaming of a grail
All creeds may seek. Voices of angels hail
The prophet-speech. How meet the pews the call?
Alas! averted glances, bidden eyes,
Sneer seeking sneer, a cold dead world of creed,
And on each lip: "*This* folly in our fold
Made holy by our saint himself?" Descries
Not *one* the Face that from the window's screed
Of passion murmurs: "So was it of old?"

—Arthur J. Tieje.

COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY HORIZONS

(By Melville Arthur).

We expect the Freshman to exhibit substantially the same phenomena whether he starts life at a small college or at a large university. Superficially, the two institutions are the same, and as the young fellow can grasp only the superficial at first he will be about the same kind of Freshman in any kind of school.

George Ade has very artfully given the first year man a pair of "unruly feet," and with these he is supposed to bungle and stagger through nine months of Midway-like attractions and distractions. As the poor boy responds to a call on the one side he is quickly assailed in some defenseless quarter; he tries to study a little, but there are games and girls, parties and pandemonium. Things happen with a total disregard to schedule, consistency, or priority of claims, just as the "Streets of Cairo" and "Creation" are shouted in discord from opposite sides of the Midway Lane. If the unsophisticated one has a legacy of common sense from the folks back home, he will gradually come to see that "all that's yellow isn't butter;" the last days of the freshman year will be days of understanding; the sheep will stand apart from the goats, as it were.

If the young man's Sophomore days are linked up with a small college, he stands every good chance to be the big toad in the little puddle—if he wants to. He knows every man in school, and every teacher knows him. If he is lazy he will be gently but firmly prodded, and if he has enthusiasm or initiative he will be encouraged to use it. By just a little effort he can make the football squad, or, if he happens to be thin, there are places

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on the track and basketball teams that are actually flirting with him. It will be harder work in the matter of debating and oratory, but he is fortunate in having a very limited number of rivals in this field. If he is anything of a politician he can pull the wires for the Y. M. C. A. presidency or the chairmanship of the student senate, and if he gets in arrears doing it there is sure to be a benevolent professor ready to help him make up his class work.

All in all, he gets on swimmingly, and down near his heart he feels a warmth and glow comparable only to the superinduced exhilaration resulting from four tablespoonfuls of hot Scotch, legitimately administered by the family physician. Springtime, with her soft alluring ways, comes blandly in to help out his mental state and the Sophomore goes home for vacation with his head in the clouds.

When the Freshman comes back his Junior year he has probably contracted the "life-work" disease. This may be aggravated by a number of complications, the most common being the girl in the case. An affair of the heart will precipitate a hazy condition if anything will, and the Junior will search the year-book diligently for headings labeled "Life-Work." Instead, he finds that courses in the Mythology of Religion are open to him, as are Biblical Masterpieces. With a kind of resignation, born of two years' experience, he signs up for an outlay calculated to nourish his love affair and keep his mind off the sordid conditions of economic strife. Mills and factories do not exist for him; the smell of coal smoke rarely sifts down among the big oaks of the idealistic old campus.

The year passes like a day at the summer cottage. There are the usual diversions of the heated season, while any puttering, tinkering work that is performed is merely another form of diversion,—

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a diversion from diversion. His girl is ever with him and her insistent influence keeps his feet from touching solid earth, while his mythology course and study of Romanticism hold his chin up in the clouds. The most realistic thing he does is to cash the checks from home, and this he considers as an invigorating excursion into the unknown mazes of high finance and commercialism. Altogether, it is a dream of a year—days succeeding days with hardly perceptible transition.

The commencement time has finally glided around and the Junior of last year is the graduating Senior. He has taken on new life because the whole college atmosphere is heavy with expectancy and a sort of intangible triumph,—not his anticipation of honors and triumph alone, but that of all his fellows. His glee is hard to define. He can merely tell one that commencement is at hand and it is time to kill, eat and be merry. Of course, there are the home folks and his girl's home folks, and both she and he have parts on the programs. The campus is romantic, the instructors have become beneficent over night, the underclassmen properly deferential. His fraternity house rings with song and laughter and there is the old grad and his grips coming down the street from the railroad station. History, and big history, is in the making.

It is hard to tell the ex-Senior's emotions,—for emotions they are; he knows they are for he had them cultivated during four years—when the summer after graduation has about spent itself. There are the long shadows at evening; there is a subtle silence—you can't fathom it for it is everywhere. Chill comes with sundown and as the colored leaves fall the coal man makes a clatter and racket filling the neighbor's cellar. The summer guests of the hotel up the street have flown, and so have

the songbirds. The ex-Senior looks around for a friend with whom to play tennis, but the genial summer companion has gone back to work, his vacation over. Then quietly there comes down that dark mantle, that thing that envelopes like a damp fog: the question of "where am I going and what am I doing to get there?" The poor fellow can't get out of the fog. He sits through the evening and thinks back desperately to college days. He remembers his classes, the old elms, the delightful feeds, but somehow he is unable to summon the thing he needs now. He has no profession, he knows nothing of business, he is temperamentally unsuited to anything that isn't fringed with a bank of palms or augmented by the sense-soothing strains of a united orchestra. His act is over and the spotlight is shifted to another part of the stage.

* * *

Starting to school with the man who led the dream life through four years at the small college, was a young fellow of very ordinary talents. His career was common-place enough until he broke away from the little school to take up his Junior work at a large university. He landed in the university town with perfectly respectable demeanor and a common-sense amount of luggage. His girl was left far behind with the poetry and domestic science, while he had a chance to look around and see what the several thousand young students were doing. One of the first incidents was a chance meeting with an individual who carried a bread board; a kind of thin cross and some foolscap paper of large dimensions. Because he was going the same way, he walked with the young fellow, and learned that the stolid individual was an engineer, and hoped to retrieve last swamps of Florida. The Junior's comment was, "Oh!" but he was respectful. The other man he met that day, in the line

leading to the Registrar's office, had yellow hands; the Junior silently commented that the man must be addicted to "dope." It was but a few minutes later that the "dope" fiend was telling him of the summer school work and showing his chemical-stained hands as proof of his strong research tendencies.

The days that followed brought more experience to the Junior. He met a man who took the time from lunch until athletic period merely describing the different yields of experimental wheat on two sides of an old barn. The Junior wasn't interested in the wheat, but the fellow's enthusiasm secured his admiration. A man who roomed in the same house had a way of bringing home uncorrelated parts of the human body and setting them in bottles in his window, much as a prim housewife might set in a fresh morning bouquet. He didn't like the hospital odor of the medic's room, but he admired the fellow's intent in the unwholesome pickles and the profession in general.

In fact, the Junior was observing. He observed that some men were enthusiastic about musing and that some others liked to argue about who should be in prison and which of us should stay out. He found some men that liked to plant bushes in front of buildings just to cover up some perfectly good masonry; they called themselves landscape gardeners. He made the acquaintance of some fellows that had the woman's way of telling all they knew. They wrote it down and tried to have publishers buy it. These fellows would stay up all night long trying to find means of telling their stories in better manner. Above all, in those first days, he noticed that everyone seemed to have some all-possessing inspiration which moved him here and there in eagerness. He watched in quiet like a man at an intense game, but finally the

spirit of the thing got into his blood and produced an effect electrical. He could no longer stand calmly along the side lines and criticise the play; he carefully judged his chance and then rushed into the game.

At the time when young college men eat better food, have more engagements, and stay out later at night; when the campus is seductive and the moon amiable; when the old grads are coming in during the long twilights, and when faculty officers are beginning to write north for cottage accommodations --it is then that the young man who expects to graduate is having the age-old period of self-congratulation, which is harmless if well founded. The season is the duplicate of that June when the dreamy Senior of the romantic little college took his diploma and went out into the world to wake up. The university Senior is having all the fun that the other fellow had, but with better reason. Every mail brings the usual congratulations and good wishes, together with some useless but cute gifts. He has arranged places for the whole family in anticipation of the commencement week. His girl will be with him, and he remembers with pleasure that her train arrives at 8:15 instead of 8:20. His work is completed and he has been excused from the final exams. Can mortal want more? He doesn't think so. He has his degree, his wife is selected and ready to be claimed, and he has a job. They want him to go down to Florida to help a certain stolid engineer retrieve some swamp lands. Surely he has reason to feel cheerful even tho his room is a litter of packing boxes and half-packed trunks.

Out in the dusk in the direction of the campus some young voices are singing the university songs, the preliminary rite to the affairs of commencement week. As he packs away his engineer-

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ing instruments and text books and prepares to join the invisible choir out on the campus, he vaguely wonders if the old college chum back in the little school had understood the meaning of commencement when the time had come to commence.

SONNET

Tell me not of your love if so it be
Some other one will grieve. I do not want
The fragments of a heart—I'd rather be
Not wived at all, than have some sad face haunt
My love-world. But, if you to me can give
Full measure for full measure, be it so;
And no more shall I ask than but to live
The full sweet life we ought each one to know:
Which leads each day more near that flame—purged
ed goal,
Our steps, grown sure through bonds that bind
us fast,
Yet mark us kin to all the world—Time's scroll.
To write us brave and faithful to the last;
If of such life you may have dreamed and planned,
I trust your love, for we two understand.

A TRAGEDY

(By Rae Goldman).

"Ain't you going?" Jennie looked at me, her narrow little eyes gleaming with pride and excitement.

"Ain't I going where?" I asked, only half interested.

"I'm going, and I'm going to wear my new pink sateen sarsh."

"Going where, Jennie?" I demanded angrily. The "pink satun sarsh" excited my interest, and Jennie's rambling indefiniteness always aroused my anger.

"To Nina's party, u'course. Ain't that what everybody's talking about?"

I did not stop to answer poor little Jennie, but hurried into the school room and took my seat. The very air of the fourth grade room was charged with happiness, excitement—and trouble. I looked around. Yes, there was Nina, sitting in an unusually erect, important way. Even as I looked I saw Sadie, the notoriously stingy Sadie, break a piece of white candy into two exact halves and pass one over to Nina. Nina accepted it graciously, put it away and looked up just in time to receive a note from Anne.

I looked down at my book very hard. "One thing," I said to myself, "If she ain't going to invite me, I won't try to get her to by being sweet to her all of a suddint. But,—but I do wonder if she is going to."

All morning my thoughts kept going back to Nina's party. At times, I felt little cold waves of fear, at others I felt all the warmth and joy of hope, and I even found myself wondering about

what I could wear, wishing that I too had a pink sash.

In spite of my stern resolution not to be "sweet" to Nina "all of a suddint," at recess I found myself following all the other girls after the somewhat too chubby, short little figure of Nina. We crowded around, we pushed to be nearer her glorified presence, and oh, the joy of being able to be on one side of her, so that your arm could go around her plaid waist! At intervals she would whisper something to some of the girls, and we all watched with aching little hearts, knowing that another girl was being invited. When I saw her ask the hated Sadie, the donor of the candy stick, my pride fell. I resolutely pushed myself to Nina's side—Nina, with whom I seldom cared to play and soon I too had my turn.

"Mae," she whispered, "I want you to come, too. It's going to be at three o'clock. It's a birst-day party, you know," she added, in the tone of saying, "You must bring me a present, you know." I murmured my thanks, and left. Why should I stay longer, when I had obtained the ambition of my heart—and, besides, I wanted to give some other girl a chance.

That evening I excitedly informed mother that Jennie was going to wear a pink sash, and could I wear big sister's blue sash, and what was I going to "take?"

"When is it going to be?" brother asked, looking up from his book. Brother had a way of laughing at me as if I was only a baby, that always made me add an extra layer or two of dignity when I talked to him. For a moment I was afraid I had forgotten the day of the party. I tried desperately to think. Vague memories of hearing the girls say Friday and Saturday running wildly

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thru my head. But I wouldn't for the world let brother see my embarrassment.

"It's—it's on Friday," I said. After I had said it, it seemed to me to be the one I had heard. Yes, it was Friday and I was radiantly happy to think I had remembered just in time.

The next day at school was Thursday and Friday was to be a holiday. The first wild excitement of the party had died, as the hopeful fourth grade had been divided into the two great classes, of those who were invited and those who were bitterly disappointed. There were whispers and notes about "curls," "pink sashes," (Jennie always did brag too much, I thought) and about other mysterious things pertaining to a party. I told my very best chum what I was going to "take," and she told me what she would like to take if she only had ten cents more. But somehow, by some awful decree of the Fates, no one, at least in my hearing, made any mention of the day for the party. I had not given it another thought since the moment when I had made such a desperate effort to remember.

Friday morning, I was awake at six o'clock. To be sure, there was nothing I could do that early to assist in the preparations, but the intense excitement, and perhaps even more, the hard little bumps all over my head, occasioned by the misfortunes of having hair so straight that it had to be put up in curl papers, kept me awake. But who wanted to sleep when there was a party that day?

"At three o'clock, mother," I nervously kept informing mother. At two thirty, when the last desperate effort was being applied to the last desperate curl, I was so nervous that I could hardly stand still. I was persuaded to stay at the house until the old clock struck three rings, as mother told me it wasn't quite nice to be the very first one.

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I remember asking, rather worried at the time, "Who always is the first one at parties? "Don't someone have to be first?"

At the last stroke of the clock, I was at the end of the long front path. Suddenly, I remembered the dignity of sister's blue sash (it was pinned up, as it was too long, but you couldn't tell that) and the glory of my stiff little curls, to say nothing of the fan I was "taking" to Nina. I was so conscious of my curls and of sister's sash that I looked hopefully up the street to see if I could find one of the girls to walk with. Seeing none, I decided, with secret joy in my heart, that probably they were the "first ones" that mother had spoken of so scornfully.

I walked up the big porch of Nina's home, rang the bell, felt my face grow hot and my throat dry, and waited. No one answered my ring, so, with the increased strength of returning self possession, I rang again. Finally a window upstairs was thrown open and Nina's big sister, her hair covered by a dust cap, stuck her head out.

"O, is that you, Mae?" she asked, surprised.

I couldn't very well reply that it was, as I thought she might see that, so I said nothing.

"Did you come to play with Nina?" she asked again.

I remember thinking critically that "play" was not exactly the right word to describe coming to a party, all dressed up, and bringing a beautiful present. "Nina's not home yet. She went over to her grandmother's."

"I'll just come in and wait, then," I said, in a tone I heard Mother use when there were visitors.

So I was the first one! I resolved not to tell mother, as she would feel so ashamed of me, but my heart was heavy. I waited in the cool, dark

parlor for over an hour. I watched the tiny gold fish swimming so excitedly in the bowl. I peeped hopefully into the dining room for some signs of a party; I sniffed the air desperately to see if I could catch the wafted fragrance of chocolate or of cookies, but all in vain. I studied every picture, the position of every vase, even counted the stripes on the wall paper on three sides of the room, and was just beginning on the fourth side, when I heard Nina's sisters coming down stairs.

"I'm sorry, dear," she said, "but I guess Nina has decided to stay at Grandmother's for supper, as it's pretty late now. You are coming to the party tomorrow, aren't you?"

It was all I could do to keep the hot tears from falling, and to keep the bumps in my throat quiet enough for me to mumble "yes," and run out of the door. I ran home like a whirlwind, my curls, that were of the quality that become absolutely straight under careless treatment, stringing around my face, the blue sash becoming unpinched and trailing along after me. I burst open the front door of our house, threw myself on the first rug I came to, and cried. I cried for a long time, not even stopping when I felt two arms lifting me up, and heard mother trying to comfort me.

The next day I carefully watched at the long, front window until I saw Sadie driven by towards Nina's house. Even then I was not sure, and waited. Finally I saw a pink sash coming down the street—a gloriously pink sash.

"Hey, Jennie," I called. "Wait a minute."

OUR TRADITION

(By C. H. Threlkeld).

Rather startling is it not, but nevertheless it is true. Illinois has at last a tradition! Almost since the start of the school various people have tried at one time or another to locate one for us. Last year the Mawanda Club was organized to secure a tradition. They spent a great deal of time in their search, as well as many columns of space in the Daily Illini, but they succeed only in making tradition out of the former senior societies, and while the club is still an organization of the University, it has ceased to labor in vain for the undiscoverable.

Yet, a student or an alumnus of Illinois should not feel down-hearted when he meets a man from Columbia, who boasts about his Alma Mater, or "Mother in Israel," as it is dubbed. The Harvardian may boast of Memorial Hall, or the Californian, of the Greek Theatre, but still the Illini can throw out his chest and look down upon these petty symbols with scorn while he proudly asks, "Have you heard about our Auditorium and its echoes? There's real class to our tradition."

And he has some reason to brag, for we have a tradition that no other university in the world has, in our Auditorium with its multitude of echoes, its ghostly sounds, and the most nearly perfect whispering gallery in the world. What more could Mawanda want? True, it seems a mutilation of fine art to convert such a building as the Auditorium into a tradition of which we can boast, but we might as well turn it into something useful, for it certainly is not a success as an auditorium.

One feels on entering the building, the same ghostly atmosphere that Ichabod Crane encounter-

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ed on his midnight ride along the banks of the Hudson. Perhaps, it is not so marked as that which Ichabod had to deal with, for this is not an age of ghosts; but it is there, and no doubt with the aid of a few ghost stories, one could be made to feel one's hair rise if one were left alone in the building on a dark, still night.

Who knows but that one hundred years from now some poor freshman receiving his initiation into some fraternity, may be forced much against his will to go to the auditorium in the wee hours of the morning, to test his nerves? What whisperings and vague, wandering sounds he will sense! No doubt he will be able to hear bits of Woo Ting Fang's commencement address of several years ago, its harshness softened and toned down by constant reverberation from wall to wall. He may be startled by the threatening, "Hang It On Chicago" yell, long since deceased. His loyalty may be strengthened by "Bobby" Ray's pleading voice encouraging the crowd to give a good old "Oskee-wow-wow," and then listen to them give it as only a Chicago mass-meeting will make possible.

One of Strickland Gillilan's comics may make him smile weakly just before the soft music of the University Band lulls him to sleep. He will not sleep long, for the phantom of Charlie Mill's voice, singing encouragement to the sopranos during a Choral rehearsal of the Messiah will awaken him in time to hear a slow measured stately tread accompanied by a sharp, jerky, metallic sound in the corridor. He, thinking it is the footsteps of his brothers, will go to meet them with joy in his heart, only to hear, passing invisibly, Major Morse and his staff of student officers.

What more do we want for a tradition? Not every University can preserve the voices of such grand old men as "Tommy" Arkle, "Gee" Huff,

"Prexy," Dean Burrill and a score of others. The English can preserve the ashes of their noted men in Westminster Abbey, but their voices are dead. You may go to St. Paul's Church in London only to find that its echoes are but a mere one compared to ours. The voices of men long since gone are not there bringing memories from the past. We have their stories constantly reverberating from wall to wall in our Auditorium. They are never dead.

We owe our tradition to C. H. Blackall, '84, who designed the building. He did not intend it to be used as a tradition, but many a great man does great things unintentionally. He planned a circular structure, one hundred forty feet in diameter, surmounted by a dome, one hundred feet high, with a large vestibule for an entrance. From this vestibule, he ran two corridors around the building. Thinking that enough light would come from the dome skylights, he placed no windows in the inner walls. According to custom, he made provisions for a hanging balcony, but without the usual post obstructions on the lower floor. He knew the state architect's mania for additions, so he constructed the south side, back of the stage, that one might be made there. Mr. Blackall wanted to make a building large enough for all the students, but he was forced to limit the capacity to twenty-five hundred.

"Now," he said, "my work is done and I'll rest." But he forgot the acoustics, so he studied them. He learned that circular shaped buildings, sufficiently broken by domed ceilings, were excellent for their acoustics, and he put in three large dome walls. Two of these he placed on the west and east sides, and the other he put in the rear, all above the gallery line. All of these walls are saucer shaped, and it is to them that we owe our tradition. Had Mr. Blackall rested with his first plan,

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we should not now have the constant revereration of sounds that preserve our great voices. Lucky for us that he thought of them.

The building was completed in 1908. President James was to deliver the dedication address. The people coming to hear it saw just after they passed University hall, a magnificent structure built of brick and terra-cotta with broad stone steps leading up to a number of double doors between large stone columns. As they looked at this wonderful structure capped by a glistening dome, they said, "Surely, this is something that the University can be proud of." When they had crossed the vestibule and secured seats in the main auditorium, "Prexy" began his speech. Few heard all he said, and he scarcely heard himself. The people left with sad faces, "a failure," they said, but they knew not whereof they spoke.

Now, in our midst was an eminent physicist, Dr. Watson, by name. He had no love for traditions, for he was a very practical man and a scientist. He said, "I'll see what's wrong with the building." He took a number of instruments to the place and started his work of destruction. He looked at the concave walls and arches, and then found in his notebook that the angle of reflection of a sound from a concave wall was equal to the angle of incidence. By throwing rays of light upon the walls he was able to trace the path of the sound. He also used a metronome in a box with a horn on it to direct the sound. He worked for two years at intervals and then ceased. "Science is unable to deal with it," he said.

Dr. Watson found that there was ten echoes which came back to the speaker on the stage. Nearly every seat in the auditorium he found was blessed with an echo, and one, the east end seat of

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the second row, center tier of the balcony, is so fortunate as to be in the focal zone of several.

Not only did Dr. Watson locate many single echoes, but he found nine multiple echoes, or as stated more clearly, an echoed sound re-echoed. The sound striking one of the large domed walls is reflected to the other from which it goes to the other and so keeps up a constant reverberation. This continues forever, and hence we preserve the voices of our famous men. To these echoes we owe our traditions, and our ghosts, and they will live until the building falls down.

History says that there are only two really traditional spots in the United States, Salem, Mass., and the Catskill Mountains. The historian forgot our Auditorium when he was writing. These other places have their ghosts, it is true, but they are not in fashion with the latest styles. We have a real up-to-date ghost in our Auditorium. A man can make a speech out there on one night and then go back the next night and hear his own voice. That's an up-to-date ghost.

They had their Headless Horsemen and their Witches, but we have Colonel Fechet and the "Angels' Wings." Just walk from the stage down the east aisle toward the door. You will hear a rustling sound over your head as you approach the balcony line. No need to ask forgiveness for your sins, it is not the "angels comin' fer to carry ye home," but merely the echoes of your footsteps focused right over your head.

You do not believe in ghosts? Well, just walk down the center aisle toward the stage. Just after you pass from under the balcony, you will hear a man following you. When you turn 'round to ask why, you will see no one. Walk on and he follows, stop and he stops. Do this and you will not blame the freshman for failing in the last supreme test of

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his nerves. You will feel your hair rise even though you do know that you hear the echo of your footsteps.

St. Paul's Church in London claims to have a whispering gallery. They say they have one in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City. In both the sounds are only reflected ones. We have one where the sound really travels along the wall. In the rear arch above the balcony you can whisper against the wall and the same whisper will be heard very plainly over on the opposite side of the balcony, a distance of seventy feet. The whisper travels around the wall.

Do you wonder now why we can look down upon every other University in the world when they boast of their traditions? They have no traditions like ours. We need not worry that we will lose them. Many years from now we can take our friends out to the Auditorium and proudly point to it and say, "Therein is the real tradition of my Alma Mater."

MY POLLY—O.

There is a maiden small and slender,
Blue her eyes and sweet and tender,

Polly, my Polly-O, my Polly!
Polly, my Polly-O, my Polly!

And she can sing as blithe and merry
As the plumed woodland fairy,

Polly, my Polly-O, my Polly!
Polly, my Polly-O, my Polly!

Nor in the town, nor in the city
Was there ever maid so pretty

Polly, my Polly-O, my Polly!
Polly, my Polly-O, my Polly!

Oh, it would banish all my sorrow,
If you'd marry me tomorrow,

Polly, my Polly-O, my Polly!
Polly, my Polly-O, my Polly!

THE ILLINOIS

Of The University of Illinois.

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THE ILLINOIS published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois. Address all communications to THE ILLINOIS, 903 West Illinois, Urbana.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March, 3 1879.

\$1.00 per year.

Courier-Herald Printing Company

Urbana, Illinois.

If the students show enough appreciation, the English prize, offered for the first time last year,

may become an annual offering.

ENGLISH PRIZE Competition for the prize should be as keen as competition for athletic preferment or other student honor. Not only should the members of the literary societies, and those who have shown their interest in writing by connection with student publications compete, but all those, and there should be many, who feel that they would like to write, should enter.

Students need not announce themselves as candidates as first stated, but need only submit contributions before May first to any member of the committee, Dr. Zeitlin, Miss Gwinn, or Mr. Nevins. No one should hesitate to enter the competition, because he is not a member of the Scribblers or the Literary Societies, or because he is not enrolled in English or Rhetoric courses. The pur-

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pose of the English prize is quite as much to *discover* writers as to give some honor to one whose manuscript is judged best. It may enable some young writer to "find himself."

The plans of the management of the Illinois Magazine to publish a series of articles on the minor colleges of Illinois have been, **OURSELF** of necessity, abandoned, largely because of difficulties connected with the business administration of the work. This is also the cause of the present issue being the first of the new year. Another difficulty which presents itself in the matter of such a series of articles is that of being perfectly fair to the different institutions, and of convincing them of such intentions. Such being the case reliable and unprejudiced information is hard to obtain, and under the circumstances, wholly impossible.

Everyman, so says the dramatic critic, has the manuscript of the first act or two of a play put away, to finish at leisure. Likewise, **THE INCOMPLETE** say the short story authorities that Everyman has a short story sketch that "needs polishing." Furthermore, nearly every college man has tucked away in the inaccessible corners of his brain a "rattling good short-story plot."

In spite of all this we hear constant appeals for the great American novel. We find that Campus Yarns of the Greatest State University have not been put into print. Princeton has her Williams, and Stanford her Irwin but Illinois is yet waiting for a fictional biographer.

The trouble seems to be that Mr. Everyman of the first paragraph doesn't finish his produc-

tions. He is either too busy or too lazy (meaning the same thing). We are not asking him to write said Great American Novel, but merely suggesting that he complete a few Campus Tales for us; we put it earnestly, "Finish it, Everyman, finish it.

Wouter Von Twiller slept and doubted the whole day through, but never arrived at any con-

THE DOUBTER clusions; nor did he wear out much grey matter trying to "think his problem out." Wouter lived some years ago, yet he has many successors in our colleges. They are usually sophomore individuals who think it "smart" to doubt. They do not consider the obligations of the situation. They spread their little half truths of philosophy and science among their fellows without regard to the mental strain and unrest these may cause. They feel that they are very wise and very cynical.

A college man should not shut his ears to science. He should not be afraid to doubt in any fields. But he should not lead his neighbors into his own condition of unrest, nor force his opinions on them. Nor should he go to the other extreme; he is a foolish young man who courts doubt.

A month or two ago in Portland, Maine, occurred the death of James Otis Kaler, distinguished New York and Boston Journalist.
THE AUTHOR OF TOBY TYLER But it is as James Otis, that most of us as boys have learned to know and admire him. With what ecstacies of pleasure we followed the career of his Toby Tyler —through his days of wanderlust and rebellion—his life in the wagon circus—and his final homecoming. How we envied Toby Tyler the companionship of Mr. Tubbs, the circus monkey, and of the other people of the circus!

We have read many boy's stories since. We have learned to know the prodigious Hickie; and have enjoyed the Mississippi with Huckleberry Finn. We have sympathized with the heroes of Aldrich's "Bad Boy" and Lowell's "Boy's Town," yet Toby still keeps his place in our memories and affections.

They settle momentous questions of philosophy and manners; they dive into science and art, and discuss immortality and predestination and genetics; they pass along word of a peculiarly interesting story or an especially easy professor. Truly, the members of this organization must be of some importance.

THE HOT AIR CLUB But Phi Beta Kappa refuses to nominate them for membership; scholastic honors are not for them. They hold no student offices, for such things require some labor. There are many points of possible attack for the widespread organization (there is one to be found in every rooming house) known variously as the Hot Air, Black Cat, or Lazy Man Club.

Yet the influence of such informal discussions on nearly every subject are likely to be as valuable in the larger life of the university man. They stimulate real thought in a way that is all the more valuable in that it is not assigned or required. The discussions level the differences between the enthusiast and the cynic. They act as a mental balance wheel and a recreation. They will be remembered long after classes and examinations are forgotten.

The Magister's Forum

My friend Fredrich Froeliche is an agriculturist of enthusiasm. He has a stack of farmers bulletins and reports that is fully four feet high, and this is only his first year at the agricultural college. With the coming of the first of the year Fredrich and I spent some time in drawing up lists of periodicals to keep us informed and amused.

Freddy has taken his education to heart. He thinks in terms of phosphorus and natural selection. So, naturally, he was able to derive from the principles of scientific agriculture an aid to the list making.

"Why not," suggested he, "draw up a list of credits for magazines—make a complete score card as we would for Shorthorn Cattle and do our selecting logically." So he went to work and evolved the following:

Score Card for Magazines.

Attractiveness (pictures, color, cover, form, print, etc)	15
Interest (literary value, fiction, timeliness, etc)	25
Educational value (intellectual, inspirational, professional)	20
Editorial reputation (reliability, respectability, etc)	15
Personal equation (personal like and dislike)	25
<hr/> Total	100

I remonstrated with Freddy on his awarding of points by showing that fifty per cent was given to Interest and the Personal equation. By this scoring Tip Top Weekly might make a better rec-

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ord than the Century Magazine with some judges. "The logical and scientific value of your score card is nothing," I argued, "if you allow that wide margin of personal pleasure."

But Freddy argued that this was necessary. "Who ever heard," he asked "of anyone buying magazines if they had no personal interest." I admitted the truth of his statement.

Freddy's idea interested me so I went to Doctor Philadelphus Tinkel and asked him to make out a list of magazines that might be given to our mutual friend Gustav Hammerschein, and he readily agreed. I then had Mr. Hammerschein prepare a list for Mrs. Hammerschein, and "Mother" for Lucy Hammerschein. To make the circle complete Lucy prepared a list of magazines that she thought Freddy ought to read; Freddy prepared a list for Miss Lorna Swift and she for Doctor Tinkel. And what lists they were! Out of politeness all the lists got passing scores, when we got together and discussed them.

Now Doctor Tinkel is a poet yet he admitted that he liked to read the Iron Age. Freddy would rather read the "That Reminds Me" page of the Ladies Home Journal than the "Nubs of News" in the Breeders' Gazette. Lucy, who we thought would be rather frivolous in her reading rather liked the Atlantic Monthly and the Forum. The list for Mr. Hammerschein included the Welt-Bote and German Magazines, but I afterwards found (through the junkman who bought old paper) that he read the Youth's Companion and the Young People's Weekly regularly.

In fact it seems that no one can predict with certainty what his best friend would rather read. Suppose you try the following list by the score card, using the personal factor for your father, Leo

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G. Hana, your best friend, Laura Jean Libby, yourself and for Bernard Shaw:

The Saturday Evening Post, North American Review, American Boy, Chemical Abstracts, The Argosy, Harper's Bazaar, The Bookman, The Nation, Country Life, The Red Book, Fra, Physical Culture, Associated Sunday Magazine, Nick Carter, Hoard's Dairyman, Sunday School Times, St. Nickolas, Scribner's, Cosmopolitan. After scoring these awhile, examination papers will seem child's play.

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April Issue

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The Corollary

I.

He walked along the sea-sand at the morn,
And knew no thing
Though there were palaces of eastern light,
And silver wings of wonder on the wave,—
He knew no thing
Save the cold sand, and the harsh, salty tide.

II.

He shouldered through the wood in full-blown May,
And knew no thing
Though there was wonder in the bashful air,
And soul on soul of marvel in the flowers,—
He knew no thing
Save the flat stillness, and his echoing feet.

III.

And wherefore, when through Death's dull gates
he passed
Who knew not things,
And stood beside the glory of the suns,
And all the breathless ecstasy of God,
He knew no thing
Save the dead space, and light of common stars.

—*Frank E. Hill.*

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VOL. IV

APRIL, 1913

No. 5

Newspapers of Today and Tomorrow

By John E. Wright, '85, Editor St. Louis Times

Newspapers *were* edited; they *are* run. A few men *were* editors; a multitude *are* publishers. Journalism *was* a profession; it *is* a business. From poor Richard to Pulitzer; from the little "Almanack" to the Sunday paper is a story of growth, a story of achievement in keeping with the mighty onward sweep of humanity.

A great press is possible only among a great people. The newspaper is dependent upon its circulation. It must be that which the people want. If they do not want it they will not buy it and it fails.

Individual worth does not always mean widespread popularity. A great man may rise up in a city and not be valued as he should be. A less able man but crafty may outstrip him in popular favor. Just so a really good newspaper managed by a man imbued with the loftiest principles, inspired by the noblest ambitions, may fail of success, while one that is controlled by a clever and unscrupulous publisher may prosper marvelously.

A man may wait, and often does, until he is gray with age before recognition earned, comes.

A newspaper cannot wait. Costing thousands each day it must be quickly successful or perish with no likelihood that even a modest little tombstone will be erected to mark its taking off.

The large cities of this country are strewn with the wrecks of good newspapers that were started by able and well meaning men who failed to realize how large is the capital that must be expended before returns come in. The initial cost, that of

the building, the presses, the franchises, and other items, is heavy, and the running expenses including white paper, telegraph tolls, salaries, etc., is great—almost beyond belief. A million dollars probably would not cover the ordinary current expenses of a successful paper in a large city for a year. When you recall that it takes some time to establish even the most ably managed newspaper you will understand that only men of large means can afford the undertaking.

It is extremely difficult to tell just what elements enter into the making of a successful newspaper. There was a time when the personality of the Editor was the chief factor. The editorial leader was the real feature. What does Greeley say in the New York Tribune? What does Sam Bowles say in the Springfield Republican? was the question in the mind of the subscriber. The word of either of these men was law and gospel for thousands. Yes, there was some news in the paper in those days, but not much, and what was there was badly written and badly edited. There were a few features, but they were of the dull thud variety, not gloriously illustrated with pictures of hobble skirts; not beautifully adorned with pages of fashions fresh from Paris; not decorated by the very refined? Comic supplements? No, they were tame, deadly tame. The editorial then was the thing. And it was the thing because men were wont to accept it and be guided by it.

Horace Greeley was a great man and a good man. But Horace Greeley running a modern newspaper along the lines followed by him when he was in the editor's chair would be a joke, or a tragedy. Times have changed. People have changed. Newspapers have changed. In the old days the average citizen was not as well informed as he is now when

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the telephone and the telegraph, like spirits of the air, gather messages from the ends of the earth and drop them in every home. In the old days the editor was supposed to be, and as a matter of fact was, better informed than his neighbor. He was looked to therefore as a guide. His opinion was the final word. Men read the editorial and followed it almost as a commandment. Today the average man cares little what the opinion of an editor may be. What he wants is the news, and he will make up his mind without any advice or any orders from the high brow in the editorial sanctum. He may look over the editorial page, but it is from curiosity or because of some feature that he finds there, and not because he is in a mental fog.

The front page is the thing. It is to the newspaper what the face is to the man. I am a great believer in physiognomy. I believe in an honest, clean appearing newspaper, just as I believe in an honest, clean looking man.

A newspaper should be made up attractively. It should be well dressed. The type should be clear and distinct. If it were practicable and I had the power I would place a ban upon any newspaper that was printed in anything smaller than minion type. The solid nonpareil and the agate are an abomination and a curse to everyone but the oculist and the publisher, who by using small type squeezes in more matter and avoids the necessity of putting out a larger paper, thereby increasing his expenses.

The quality of the paper and the ink, the speed and pressure of the presses, the clearness of the illustrations are items all of which contribute to the attractiveness of a newspaper; but back of these must be that mechanical skill without which no good work can be expected.

But the appearance after all is but one of the essentials. The organization which is capable of producing with the same staff of men seven or eight complete editions each day, all different in many details, and in the rush and whirl make comparatively few errors of importance, is one of the wonders of the business and professional world.

It is not an uncommon thing to have an edition on sale in the street ten minutes after the receipt of the latest bit of news. When you understand that the news must be written and read for correction, set in type and placed in the form, the matrix made, the plate cast and locked in the press, the paper printed and folded and counted and carried from the building you will have an idea of the almost incredible speed with which the work is done, and you will perhaps be more inclined to excuse errors.

The necessity of haste in the preparation of matter for the press is one of the most trying things with which the newspaper man has to contend. A professor has time to prepare his lecture for the class. The minister in one of our large churches has a week in which to write his sermon that is heard by a few hundred people. A reporter often has less than ten minutes to write an important story, a mistake or misstatement in which would mean the wreck of a home, the ruin of a business, or the incurring of a libel suit that might be disastrous.

Why this haste? Why not wait and publish it later? Because the people will not permit it. If one paper publishes the news when it is hot another paper must do likewise or be classed as stupid. Competition is keen. The paper that is first on the street with the live news is the paper that is bought, other things being equal.

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This feverish haste, this mad desire on the part of the public to get the news when it happens, or before, is one of the chief causes of the existence of the Yellow Journal, that hideous thing which, born and nourished in vile surroundings, has grown to monstrous size, reproducing its kind, filling the streets with its strident noise and polluting the atmosphere of our homes with its poisonous and pestilential breath. No plague that ever swept across this country has spread so rapidly or been so destructive as the plague of the Yellow Press. Other pests like the smallpox, the cholera, and the black death have left their trail. But they simply wrecked the body. The Yellow Press has fastened upon the mind and the heart, corrupting them.

The publication in big type of domestic scandals and of pictures of men and women parties to them, has made common even in the homes of respectability the discussion of those things the mere recital of which should bring the blush of shame to any but the most brazen cheek.

If the evil of such publication could be confined to the recognized Yellow Journals the effect would not be so bad because they could be barred from the homes of many. But hundreds of papers all over this country have been contaminated. Feeling the sharp edge of competition they have lowered their standard and admitted to their columns matter that formerly they refused. A few really great newspapers like the Chicago Tribune, Record-Herald, and Daily News, the New York Times and Post, the Globe-Democrat, and others I might mention, are still clean. But many have been infected, and while not positive evils, fail to exert the influence for good they should.

Most newspapers are as clean as they dare be.

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The publisher has his finger on the public pulse. He studies the tastes of the people. He watches in street car and train and restaurant to see what articles are read and discussed. He keeps his eye on the circulation, and tries to give the people what they want. There is not a day that editors do not publish, because as a circulation proposition they feel that they must, articles they would greatly prefer to consign to the waste basket. This problem of publishing a clean, high class paper when the man down the street is publishing one filled with salacious stories, is one of the most difficult the decent publisher is called upon to face.

If you meet your neighbor and ask him which he prefers, a clean or an unclean paper, he will tell you he likes the clean. If a vote were taken in almost any community it would result in favor of the clean paper. But if you watch the men in the clubs and cafes, in the street cars and on the trains, you will find them in vast numbers reading the yellowest part of the yellow sheet. You go home and lay two papers on the library table, the one, a known Yellow Journal, and the other the clean, sane newspaper, and in two minutes you will hear a voice pipe out:

"What, did you ever? Nat Goodwin divorced again!"

This would not occur in every home, but you know as well as I do that it is such stories that attract. A good divorce story is about the best circulation maker that a newspaper can find, and it is about the most dangerous to the reader.

Much has been said of muck raking. The newspaper that digs into the affairs of public officials or of corporations has been denounced in bitterest terms. But it often is doing excellent work. On the other hand, there is a subtle poison in the

story of the divorce court that enters the mind of the young reader, never to be eradicated. The careful and conscientious editor of the clean newspaper weeds out much of the matter he sees is improper and harmful, but he knows the other paper will print it and alas, he knows good people will read it. It is human nature. When the people refuse to buy and read the unclean and unreliable newspaper it will cease to exist. But while men want drink there will be saloons. While men want to gamble there will be gambling halls. And while men wish to read bald fakes, senseless sensation, grawsome crime and miserable domestic tragedies, they will get them in all their sordid detail in the conscienceless press, and they will get them in diluted form in the conscientious press.

The people will get what they want.

The press cannot lead where the people will not follow.

The better newspapers are about as decent as they can be in the present state of public morals and enlightenment. The papers that are over careful are those that have the small circulation and influence.

The ideal is impossible. But as it stands, imperfect, in some respects bad, the press is without doubt the mightiest power for good that exists to-day. As the church has been influenced by modern thought and in many cases has drifted from its ancient moorings; as the University has felt the effect of altered conditions, so the press has changed, for the worse it may be in some respects, but on the whole for the better.



Sonnet In Reply To A Sonnet

By Henry G. Atkinson

The love I force in your unwilling hand,
Though once enveloped in another flame,
Is free from blighting shades and can command
"Full measure for full measure," as you name
The terms. That former flame for early youth
But burn'd in idealistic glow;—'tis dead.
Not grief, nor shades, but pure love, Virgin-truth,
I bring with yearning soul for you to wed.
The love I have conceived for you and me
Is the full love of man and woman, born
Of mature minds and kindred sympathy—
A wholesome bit of God from heaven torn.
Such is my love; thus have I dreamed and planned,
I wait to know if you can understand.

The Warning

I met Mary in the garden, in the morning,
And the red and yellow tulips were in bud,
And a fairy like a warden gave me warning—
To beware, to beware, "Mary really does not care;
Mary never saw a fairy—What does Mary know
of Love?"

In the twilight near the fountain I met Mary,
And we walked among the flowers, hand in hand,
Still the spirit from the garden came to warn me;
From the spray sang to me, "You will wish that
you were free—
Better never marry Mary, for she'll never under-
stand."

The Turn In The Lane

By Homer Hall

(This is a re-writing from memory of the original story which won the English prize last year. The manuscripts of last year's contest were lost while in the hands of the judging committee.)

Herbert Lathrop inserted the last omitted comma in the final sentence of his thesis, and laid the corrected sheet with a gesture of relief upon the pile of neatly typewritten pages beside his. Tomorrow this work that had occupied him for almost a year would be filed away with so many others of a similar character, and repose unmolested on the remoter shelves of the gray, towered Library. But as for him, he was done with it all at last. The long grind was finished; no more long, weary hours of reading in the hope of finding some hitherto undiscovered fact among the dusty volumes of forgotten authors; no more outlining, and tabulating, writing and revising; the heavy load of responsibility had slipped away, when the blank beginning, "We recommend," had been filled in by the necessary authorities.

Through the open window, now that his work no longer held his attention, there floated the sound of jolly voices, shouts and laughter, and dominating it all the measured tramp of disciplined feet. He stepped to the window and looked out. The last wearied company of cadets had swung from the green sward of the South Campus to the hard packed cinders of Burrill Avenue, while the head of the undulating column was rounding the further corner of Main Hall. On the board walk alongside, the men of the class teams were returning, swinging bats and gloves, and shouting fare-

weils to those who at every crossing turned toward their respective rooms. But in all that varied crowd, among the orderly lines of cadets, or the more lively company of passing athletes, Lathrop did not see a face that awakened a feeling of friendship. All were as strange to him as upon that day in September, when fresh from the quiet rumination of a small college, he had for the first time entered the whirl of a great University. Bewildered, he had felt himself from the beginning, as a person apart from the throng around, and he had done nothing; he felt that he had no leisure to do anything, to break the barriers between himself and others. The work that he had mapped out had given no attention to the social side of life. Quite too literally had he taken the advice of his Dean, who, forgetting that the advanced student most frequently needs more, rather than less recreation, had urged him on to unremitting application to his work. So he had shut himself off more and more, becoming constantly more oblivious of the great, active life all around him.

After a moment by the window he started back guiltily; he had never thus allowed himself to waste time in idle watching, or in doing anything that did not relate to his work. And then he remembered that there was nothing to be done, nothing. His thesis which had occupied him so long was finished at last, the remaining recitations were but nominal; nothing of importance demanded his attention. More than a week remained before he would receive his coveted degree, "With honors," as he hoped—a week empty of a single duty. He had almost forgotten how to do anything but work, and he wondered to himself how he was to pass this interminable period of eight days of idleness. He felt his loneliness and isolation more than ever as

he looked down upon the students passing below. As he stood there, through the open windows came the last soft breath of the breeze that had blown all day, whispering of the out of doors. The slanting rays of sunlight on the great buff-colored building to the east, spoke of a new discovered beauty in his surroundings, and he turned toward the door in answer to the long neglected call of the open air. Southward he went, where the buildings grew fewer, and the green meadow stretched away to the dark wall of the Forestry. Vivid with the coloring of early June, it was a view charming in its way, but it was characteristic of the man that he saw it not through his own eyes, but thought of it as Gray would have depicted it, or Wordsworth have mused over it. Nearer at hand a group of underclassmen were bringing the ninth inning of a tie game to an exciting finish. Lathrop watched one of them step before the catcher, stand expectantly a moment, and then swing the bat. With mild interest the watcher heard the sharp crack, and saw the ball sail far out over the heads of the more distant players. He even forgot himself so far as to feel a thrill of pleasure when the runner slid under the catcher's arms just an instant before the thump of the returning ball. As he watched, long forgotten memories came thronging, of a vacant city lot, of a crowd of boys, of himself valiantly swinging an abbreviated broom stick, while the boy facing him was going through the preliminary contortions deeded so necessary for a successful pitcher. But those days were so long past now, and his boyhood had been very short indeed. Those men out there, those boys rather, were fellow students of his, they were not far from his own age, they too had class-work, and examinations, and very possibly they spent some time in study. But what a vast differ-

ence there was between them. How lightly their responsibilities rested on their shoulders. Lathrop could not understand them, yet he confessed to himself a guilty wish that he might have been that lithe player that had struck so hard and ran so well. Perhaps if he had had time—but Lathrop had never had time for anything of the sort, except perhaps in those days when his father had lived, a father who had left him no inheritance beyond a few books, and an impractical inclination for poetry, which had long been buried under the sterner, more practical learning that he had found necessary. For there was Brother Stephen to educate, and the others, and any negligence on his part meant hardship for them.

So the enforced vacation until Commencement troubled him. He knew no one with whom to pass those days of rest; Greirson, his roommate, was almost his only friend, and Greirson had a serious attack of that complaint peculiar to spring, and especially to the week before Commencement. Lathrop knew he could expect to have little of his company. The rest of his acquaintances had their friends from home to welcome, or their friends in the city to which to bid farewell; his isolation was almost complete.

That evening he wandered aimlessly into the Auditorium, where a mass meeting for arousing enthusiasm for the last game of the series was being held. The speakers told of college spirit, a thing that to Lathrop did not even exist. The principal one of the meeting was an alumnus, an orator of some note, and he spoke of loyalty to one's college, of devotion to the alma mater, in a manner that awakened long buried emotions in Lathrop's breast. Then they sang songs, songs of which he did not know the words, but which stirred him far more

than the speaking had. As the refrain grew familiar, he began to sing with the others; he was beginning to be one of them.

Then began the effort to gain in one week what he had neglected so long, the struggle to gain friends and an attachment to the institution. The place appealed to him first, the people afterward. He had been scarcely aware of the buildings, except the one which housed his own department, or he had regarded them as simply structures containing class rooms. Now they began to have a meaning and individuality of their own. One day he caught himself defending the architecture of one of them as zealously as a long resident. The people, too, interested him intensely, and he was surprised to find that when he sought to increase his acquaintance, how widely he was known. Although friendly to few, he was known by many, on account of his industry, his singleness of purpose, his ignorance of university happenings. He had been pointed out to visitors as a curiosity, in the same manner as the Law Building, the biggest speck on the campus, or Dr. Nath the great ethnologist. Instructors had sometimes held him up as a model, and the students referred to him as the horrible example. But now, as they expressed it, that he began to show human characteristics, his circle of acquaintances, if not friends, widened rapidly. He began to feel a fellowship with his classmates, old enthusiasms rekindled, and the week passed far more rapidly than he had imagined possible.

Thursday night he came back and mounted the stairs to his room, without speaking to Grierson, who was at the piano. Seating himself at the table he began to write. After a time he ceased, and listened to the music from below. It changed to a

sadder note; although he did not recognize it, his roommate was playing "Heimweh," playing with a power that came perhaps from his ignorance of the joys of home. The man upstairs, who also had well nigh forgotten the meaning of the word listened, his head bowed upon his arms. After an interval he began to write again, crossing out a word here, inserting one there, and finally rewriting the whole.

Half an hour later the pianist heard him enter, but he did not stop playing till the selection was finished, then he turned.

"What can I do for you, Herbert?" he asked. The other wished that he might have said, "Herb."

"Did you ever set anything to music?" Lathrop inquired, half apologetically.

"Well, yes, I have the reputation of having set the worst high school song in Illinois to music. Have you got something for me? You haven't been writing poetry?"

The other nodded guiltily, and extended a single page. Grierson read it, his face showing more and more surprise.

"It isn't half bad," he muttered at last. "I seem to have an idea in my head that will fit it," and he struck a preliminary note. "Better leave me though till I get something worth while." So the other mounted the worn stairs again, and the last thing he heard that night was odd snatches of the music that was being industriously evolved by his roommate.

Commencement morning came at last, as all events arrive if one has patience, and the crowd began to assemble in twos and threes, and in groups of a dozen or a score. Never had the shafts of June sunshine between the great Campus shade trees seemed so bright; never had the sky been more

clear, or the air more balmy. It is a tradition at Illinois that the sun always shines on Commencement day, but this seemed especially brilliant. Even the long emersion in the stuffy Auditorium could not entirely dampen the spirits of the young people and their friends, and after the procession back to the Library, they sang "Illinois" with an energy that soon would be expended in catching homeward bound trains. "Illinois" closes the program of the day, but rumors had been heard that the Band Glee Club were to sing a new song, so the crowd hesitated. The leader stepped forward.

"A song for this occasion has been prepared, the words written by Mr. Lathrop, the music composed by Mr. Grierson," he said simply.

The man in the wrinkled black gown felt his comrades gazing curiously at him, but they soon turned to listen. It was not a song for the under-classman, it did not voice the jolly, careless attitude of the Freshman or Sophomore, but its appeal was for the senior, the man about to leave, for the Alumnus who returns to what can never be exactly the same again. As they listened they felt once more the hot, dusty, weariness of those first September days, they heard the dreary drip of the rain, or heard the snow hiss around the towers of Main Hall. They felt again the lazy spirit of the April days; there came to them the roar of the bleachers, the long drawn appeal when the team is on the defense, the wild cheer of victory. Once again they felt the turmoil of the last few weeks, the worries as they had come down the home stretch, the satisfaction of final success.

The man who had never possessed those emotions, had written into his song what he knew he should have felt, what his comrades really did feel; perhaps the observer is the best painter after all.

They were singing the second verse now. The black robed graduates were calling to their minds the crowded events of the past four years. Young instructors, hardly out of school themselves, saw the red brick buildings and shaded campus of some little western college. Professors who had not revisited their alma mater in years, caught a glimpse of the old Chapel at Amherst, and the long Holyoke ridge, or saw Harvard's ancient quadrangle, or the Coast Range rise far beyond the roofs of Berkeley.

The music ceased. A proud mother rushed beneath the restraining ropes toward her newly dignified son, and the spell that had possessed them all was broken.

That evening the homeward bound sang the chorus to frighten away loneliness as the prairie slid away in the darkness, or belated ones hummed it as they gazed sadly at dismantled rooms. The last thing that Lathrop heard as he sank to sleep was a passing student's voice below:

“ Far tho' we be in the glad days from thee,
True to thy trust we'll be.”

A WOMAN'S REASON.

Why do I love you? Ask me why
The lark soars singing to the sky,
Or why the timid dove is cooing.
Go—question them why they are wooing,
If reason you would have forsooth,
There's only one, and of a truth
They'll give it you, but do you pause,
They love, I love, dear—just because.

War And Death

By Bertram Smith.

Across the sea, across the flood,
O'er hills that run with human blood
He follows War's destroying track,
Disease and famine at his back;
And shouts aloud in ghoulish glee,
He cares not what the fates may bring,
Or who those empty honors win,
'Tis his the final victory.

Across the sea, across the flood,
Through lovely meadow, stream, and wood
He stalks along with visage grim
And takes the toll that comes to him,
The toll exacted rigorously.
'Neath burning thatch, mid trampled grain,
War's victims shudder at his name;
'Tis his the final victory.

Across the sea, across the flood,
Where once the thriving hamlet stood,
He hurries in the awful race
With War ahead who sets the pace:
But Death, with sickle swinging free,
Reaps all that War has lately sown,
Claims all the honors for his own;
'Tis his the final victory.

A Comparison of College Dailies

By George H. Bargh
Managing Editor of the Daily Illini

The college daily exists primarily for the use of the undergraduate. Controlled wholly or in part by representatives of the students and written and edited by students, it naturally and necessarily deals with their interests and activities.

The undergraduate wants to read a paper that will change the trend of his thoughts and allow him a mental relaxation. But at the same time he wants a paper that will inform him upon happenings in which he is vitally interested, and furnish him amusement to a certain degree. He cares far more for the University athletic "dope" than for the metropolitan "pink sheet," although he generally reads them both. He is vastly more concerned with campus polities than with conjectures as to who will wear the next senatorial toga.

Jokes about his classmates and professors, and little sallies of campus wit—if the paper happens to run an humorous column—strike the student's humorous side far more effectively than B. L. T. contributions. The average undergraduate sincerely desires to keep abreast of college activities, be they lectures by distinguished visitors, university extension projects, the prospects of the varsity, or the latest campus scandal. He is not an active, virile part of the great surging, impetuous body of students unless he does keep himself informed along these lines; and to secure this information he turns, almost invariably, to the college paper.

Power of College Dailies.

The power of the college paper is ever on the increase. As it becomes older and develops more

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fully into a real newspaper, it will become in reality the student organ, and will more potently mould student sentiment and direct student action. It is thought of as belonging to the students, and co-operative with them; and so long as it honestly tries to represent them and work for their interests, it may be assured that it will have the strong and uncompromising support of all undergraduates.

The college "rag" is trusted almost implicitly. It is relied upon to give the facts and present an unbiased opinion. Generally read in the morning before "eight o'clock," it at once becomes the authority on all topics of campus conversation throughout the day. The "—— Daily said so and so," is one of the phrases most frequently heard in a college community.

Occasionally a paper violates or misapplies the confidence reposed in it, and immediately finds itself losing the respect and friendliness of its readers. Few things need to be handled more delicately than public opinion, and especially the opinion of college men.

An excellent example of the workings of a college daily in an attempt to mould and intensify undergraduate sentiment, and at the same time induce a recalcitrant faculty to look squarely at the Conference situation, acknowledge the untenable points in its own position, and make a move for the best interests of the University, may be seen in the admirable and almost single-handed fight of Frank Pennell, editor of the "Michigan Daily," to bring the University of Michigan back into the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Conference.

An effort of a somewhat similar nature was recently undertaken by the "Daily Illini," in the form of a campaign for the adoption of the honor

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system at Illinois. The problem in this case was to awaken and arouse an aggressive sentiment; and not to combat existing beliefs and prejudices as in the Michigan fight. The final results of both campaigns cannot yet be determined.

A Comparison of Papers

Since the power and position of a college daily is recognized as being very great, an investigation of the columns of several papers with a view to ascertaining the kind of news printed by each, and the relative importance each pays to certain forms of news, may not prove amiss. Roughly speaking, college papers may be said to treat the same kinds of news in approximately the same manner; for university conditions are everywhere essentially the same. The majority seem to follow a certain ratio of news value, due solely to a similarity of environment and undergraduate temperament. Variations in the style and make-up occur, of course, in each paper from day to day as well as between papers in different sections of the country.

Figures secured by computing the number of linear inches of the different kinds of news printed in several representative college dailies show that there are certain classes of news which the undergraduate demands, and certain amounts of these. The inches in twelve issues of each paper were counted; and the corresponding issues of the several papers examined were: The "Daily Princetonian," Cornell "Daily Sun," Syracuse "Daily Orange," "Daily Illini," Purdue "Exponent," Chicago "Maroon," "Daily Missourian," "Michigan Daily," Wisconsin "Daily News," and the "Daily Californian." A photograph of the percentages of different styles of news in the papers (except two) is shown in Figure 3.

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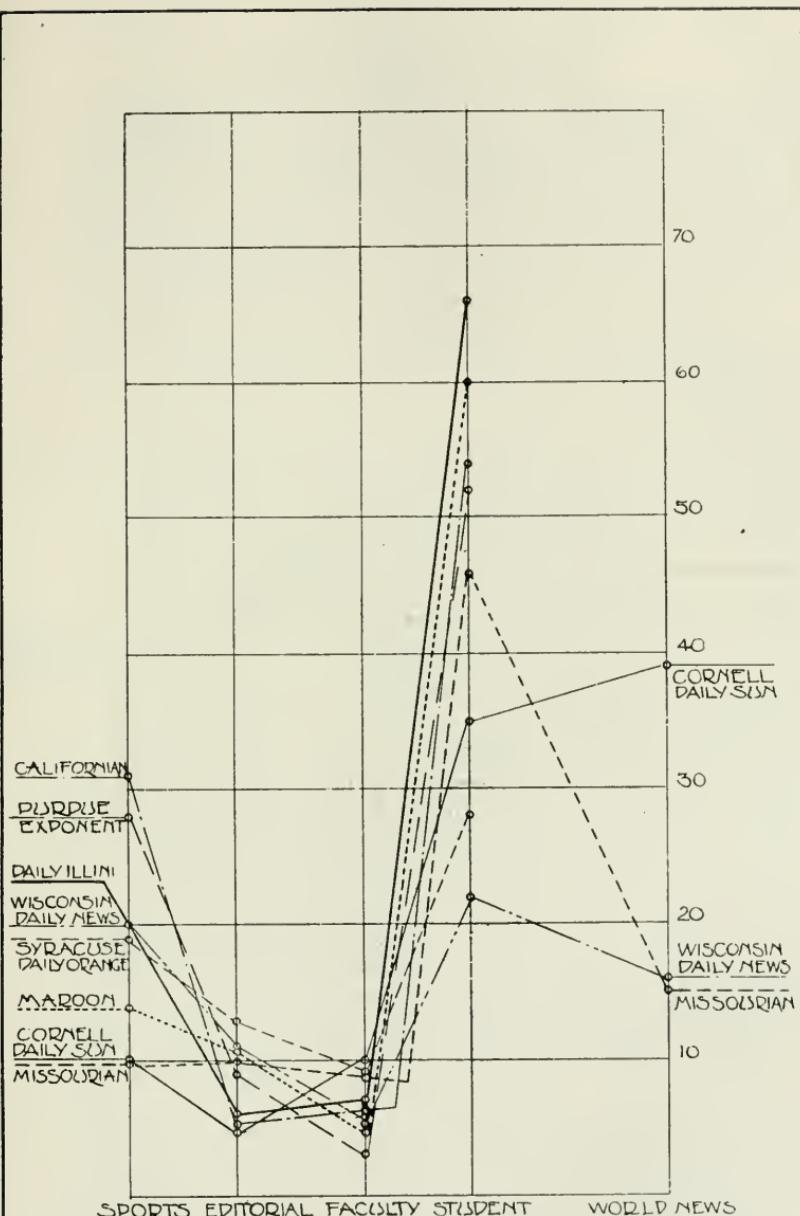


Figure 3—Showing the Percentages of Linear inches of News Space in Several College Dailies.

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Student Activities News.

News concerning student activities clearly has the ascendancy over the other forms. Figure 1 shows that the average percentage of news of this class is 53, although the percentages vary from 35 for the Cornell "Daily Sun" to 66 for the "Daily Illini." The "Daily Sun" is a larger paper than the "Daily Illini" though, and in the actual number of inches of student activities news exceeded the latter paper by a total of 400 inches for the twelve issues.

66	DAILY ILLINI	AVERAGE 53
63	MICHIGAN DAILY	
60	CHICAGO MAROON	
58	SYRACUSE DAILY ORANGE	
54	DAILY CALIFORNIAN	
52	PURDUE EXPONENT	
46	DAILY MISSOURIAN	
44	WISCONSIN DAILY NEWS	
38	DAILY PRINCETONIAN	
35	CORNELL DAILY SUN	

FIGURE 1. PERCENTAGE OF STUDENT ACTIVITIES NEWS TO NEWS TOTAL.

The three Eastern papers examined printed the lowest amount, their average being 43, while the Middle West papers showed an increase to 55, and the West exceeded both with 60. The difference between the Eastern and Western papers is due, in part, to the fact that the Eastern papers (two of them), print outside, city and Associated Press news. The "Princetonian" and "Daily Sun" are both members of the Associated Press and fill on the average 15 to 39 per cent. of their news

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space with such copy. The percentage of student activities news which these papers printed was 35 and 38, respectively. On the other hand, the Syracuse "Daily Orange," the other Eastern paper examined, printed no world news and had a student activities news percentage of 58, or five points above the average.

Sporting News

The printing of so much foreign news also affected the amount of sporting news which the "Daily Sun" used. Its percentage of sport news was 10, or about ten points below the average. It did not, however, affect the showing of the "Princetonian" in this regard, for the news space of that paper is small and the data were collected during the football season. The "Princetonian's" percentage (23) of sporting news cannot be considered an equitable one therefore.

Neither of the far West papers examined printed any world news. Those of the Central West papers that did print city and national news showed the same results as the Cornell "Daily Sun," except the Wisconsin "Daily News," whose outside news percentage of 16 did not much alter the proportion as the paper is one of twelve pages. Had the "Daily News" not printed the 16 inches of outside news that space would probably have gone to student activities. In the "Daily Missourian" the city news percentage of 15 exceeded the percentage of sporting news by five points.

Editorial Space

The amount of space given to editorials in the various dailies seems to be merely a question of the temperament of the several editors. The percentages ran the gamut, from 4 in the "Michigan Daily" to 13 in the Syracuse "Daily Orange." The mid-

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dle point seemed to be 10, about which hovered six of the papers. The amount varied in the papers from day to day; only two or three, notably the "Daily Orange," seeming to attempt any certain allotment of space.

Faculty Activities and Editorials

Faculty activities news received a minor role in all of the college dailies; averaging in amount of space generally below that given to editorials. The tendency seems to be that where one of the two types of news is high in percentage of inches, the other is low. Of the two forms, however, faculty news is the greater variable. Several papers, including the "Daily Illini," give approximately the same space to faculty news and to editorials.

Several of the papers pattern their editorials after the better metropolitan dailies, and editorialize on many and varied subjects. Others confine themselves, and in seemingly better form, to subjects of direct and vital interest to the students and the university.

Amount of Advertising

The weight of advertising carried by college dailies is proportionate, for the most part at least, to the location of the University. Papers situated in large cities or money centers generally carry a smaller number of inches than the other papers and receive a higher rate per inch. The papers in smaller cities are compelled to take less money for their space, and consequently have to run more "ads." The "Illini" is an example of such a situation; but the "Michigan Daily" may just as truly be pointed to as an exception. The "Illini" carries an advertising percentage of 71; being second only among the papers examined, as the "Daily Californian" carried 73 per centum.

The management or board of control of a pa-

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WISCONSIN DAILY NEWS	20 $\frac{1}{2}$:40	MISSOURIAN
SYRACUSE DAILY ORANGE	19 $\frac{1}{2}$:40	
PURDUE EXPONENT	18 $\frac{1}{2}$:40	
CORNELL DAILY SUN	17 $\frac{1}{2}$:40	
PRINCETONIAN	16 $\frac{1}{2}$:40	
MICHIGAN DAILY	13 $\frac{1}{2}$:40	
DAILY ILLINI	11 $\frac{1}{2}$:40	
DAILY CALIFORNIAN	10 $\frac{1}{2}$:40	

FIGURE 2. A COMPARISON OF THE RATIOS OF NEWS TO ADVERTISING IN THE PAPERS EXAMINED.

per often plays a considerable part in the advertising policy. A strict board will probably keep the amount down so that the paper will just pay slightly more than expenses. The Wisconsin "Daily News" seems to have the right idea, for it carries a large advertising at a good profit, and spends a considerable part of the money received for newspaper cuts.

The Illini board of control requires that the number of inches of news shall be proportionate to the number of inches of advertising in a ratio not to fall below 11:40. This ratio gives the Illini a requirement of 171 linear inches of news, but it generally "runs" between 185 and 200 inches. In the twelve numbers examined the average number of inches of news was 181.3. A table comparing the 11:40 ratio basis of the "Daily Illini" with the ratios of other college dailies is shown in Figure 2.

Sport Comparison

Contrary to the prevalent supposition that a paper which features sport will be deficient in

other kinds of news, the opposite was found to be nearly true. Two of the three papers having the lowest percentages of sporting news, the "Daily Sun" and the "Missourian," are also at the bottom of the list of student activities news percentages. The Chicago "Maroon" is the exception in this case, as it contained 14 inches of sporting news and 60 inches of student activities news. All of the dailies that ran high in the number of linear inches of sport, with the one exception, the "Princetonian," were above the average in student life news.

City, National and World News

The fact that many students read only the college paper has led many people to believe that city and national news should be included in the columns of the daily. Location, environment, and many other conditions would have to be considered in a careful decision on this issue, and no attempt will be made to answer the question here.

It does not seem, however, that there should be a close discrimination made as to the character of the news printed, and not merely make use of the copy because space has to be filled. Short stories of murders, robberies, and city locals appear entirely unwarranted, even where the paper does strive to reach town people, as is the case with the "Missourian" and the "Wisconsin Daily News."

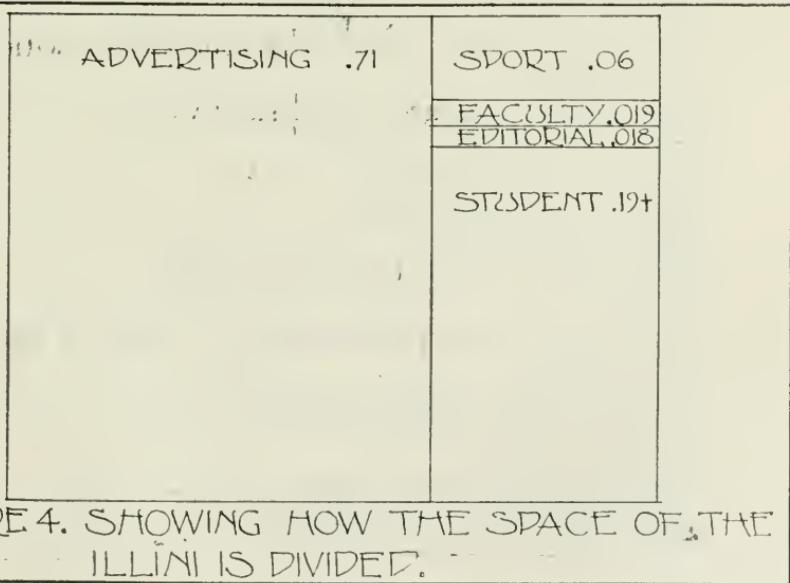
The space which some of the papers give to the Associated Press and local news is almost astounding. The Cornell "Daily Sun" is particularly noticeable in this regard, for it was found to fill 39 per cent. of its news space with Associated Press matter. This was four per cent. more than it gave to student activities news, and four times the space it allotted to sport. The Wisconsin "Daily News" gives 16 per cent. of city, state, and world news, or approximately the same amount as it

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prints of editorials and faculty activities combined. The "University Missourian" handles 15 per cent. of city and state news; 5 per cent. more space than it gives to sport news. The "Daily Princetonian," also a member of the Associated Press, prints 15 per cent. of this type of news.

The Illini

The "Illini" proved to be one of the best balanced of the papers examined. Forced to carry a high percentage of advertising, it nevertheless gives adequate weight to all classes of news which it handles. It gives 66 per cent. of its news columns to happenings in which the students are directly interested; 20 per cent. to sporting news, 7 per cent. to faculty activities, and approximately an equal space to editorials. Figure 4 shows the manner in which the space of the "Illini" is divided between advertising and the various types of news.



Song Of A Convict's Soul

The wind never stopped at command of the law,
Never turned the least whit from its course
Like the wind I'll be free,
I will sail o'er the sea.
Neither horror nor awe
Shall prevail upon me—
Let the future take care of remorse!

For youth does not stop to consider the past
Does not waste the least thought upon cost.
I have treasures of song;
I am young, and I long
To get out of the grasp
Of the past—I belong
To tomorrow—Let it not be lost.

Tho' my body may groan and grow feeble with
years,
Tho' my mind may grow stupid and weak,
Yet I never will die
Nor give up—no, not I!
And the comfort of tears
That others may cry
Shall help me, but not make me meek.

For the wind never stopped save for word of the
Lord,
Nor followed the paths that men trod.
I will be just the same—
In pity, in blame,
A wild bird that nothing save heaven can tame,
Nor be judged by any save God.

THE ILLINOIS

What the University of Illinois Means to the Students from China.

A Talk Before the Illinois Legislators
By V. C. Chang.

Honorable Visitors of the University, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

On behalf of the Chinese students and of other foreign students of the University of Illinois, I have great pleasure to speak a few words about the prosperity and importance of this great institution, purely from a foreigner's standpoint. Being an alumnus of this University, I have the privilege to receive the Alumni Quarterly, and from it I found that there are twenty-three foreign countries represented in this University, and the total number of foreign students is one hundred twenty-one, forty-four from China, fifteen from Japan, ten from Canada, ten from Mexico, nine from India, six from Russia, and the rest from seventeen other different countries. All these one hundred twenty-one foreign students are receiving from this University the same privileges, same treatment, same instruction, and same honor (if they could get it), as the American students. In one word, the foreign students, in every respect, are put upon an equal basis with the American students. For all this, we Chinese students, in fact, every other foreign student, appreciate and feel deeply in our hearts the great benefit we are now receiving from this institution. We feel it is our duty to extend the influence and good name of our Alma mater by rendering honest service to our country as soon as we get back.

About ten years ago, the Chinese authorities at home did not know there is such a good University as the University of Illinois in this part of the

country, and the only universities that they knew were: Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Cornell in the East, and the University of California in the West; therefore, whenever there are Chinese students sent by the government, they are either sent to the University of California or to the Eastern universities; the reason of their doing so is this: From those universities a number of graduates have returned home, and have been doing good work, and have also proven themselves to be good leaders in their vocations. But during the past five years the condition in China has become such that the authorities are fully aware that the reconstruction of the Chinese government has to depend upon the young men of China, more especially upon those who have received Western education; Consequently, through the friendly help of the United States, China has been able to send out during the past four years more than two hundred students who are solely supported by the government. These students are mostly located in the leading institutions of the middle west section of this country.

Up to June of 1912, we had eight hundred seventy students, including about seventy girls, studying in this country; of this number there were three hundred twenty-eight in the Eastern universities, two hundred forty-four in the universities in the middle west, one hundred eight in the Western universities, and one hundred ninety-seven in high schools and technical colleges; since then there has been an addition of eighty students, so the total number of the Chinese students up to the present day is not less than nine hundred fifty.

It may be interesting to you to know of the gradual increase of the Chinese students in the University of Illinois:

THE ILLINOIS

1906—there was one.

1907—in September there were three.

1908—the number increased to twelve.

1909—the number increased to twenty.

1910—the number increased to thirty-five.

1911—the number increased to thirty-eight.

1912—the number increased to forty-four.

1913—that is now, we have forty-seven.

The graduates from Illinois University are ten in number; they are as follows:

Mr. Hu, T. W., class of '10 of the Law department, who is now the secretary of the Bureau of Foreign affairs, Peking, China.

Mr. Tu, T. W., class of '10, Ry. C. E., who is now the chief engineer of the Kiangsi Railway.

Mr. Ou, H. C., class '11, Agr., who has been recently called back by the Canton Provincial government to take charge of the Canton Experiment Station.

Mr. C. C. Wang, Ph.D., '11, Economics, who is now the Associate Director of Peking-Han-kow Railway.

Mr. C. P. Yin, class '11, Railway Transportation, who is now teaching in Szechuan.

Mr. Peter Soohoo, M. S., '11, who is now Assistant Engineer, Canton, China.

Mr. J. T. Zhen, class '11, Railway Administration, who is now Associate Manager of Hanyang Iron Works.

Mr. K. S. Tsiang, class '11, Agriculture, who is now the Secretary of the Bureau of Agriculture and Forestry, Peking.

Mr. C. Hsu, C. E., class '12, who is going back this coming summer.

Mr. V. C. Chang, class '12, Agri., who expects to go back this coming summer.

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From the above data, we can see how important is the University of Illinois to the new Government of China, and that, in the rebuilding of the Chinese government, the Illinois University has contributed her important share, and gained good credit through her graduates. If this University is so important to China, then, Honorable visitors, how much more important is it to the State of Illinois, and to the United States as a whole.

My knowledge about this country is so limited, besides, I have never studied in any other university in this country, so I dare not give any comparison between this University and other great institutions in this country, but in one point I feel safe to say—that the University of Illinois is growing and is growing rapidly. Other universities may be growing too, but not so rapidly as this. During the last four years I have seen not less than half a dozen buildings put up; this is a sure sign of the great interest and enthusiasm that the people of Illinois have in the public education. I also feel safe to say that this University has not reached its highest point of growth yet, and there may be room enough for improvement and extension. It appears to me that you American people are naturally gifted with great ambition guided by wisdom and common sense, to say nothing of the natural wonders that America possesses, such as the great canyons of Colorado, Yellow Stone Park, and Niagara Falls, etc. You have the greatest and most ingenious achievements in the world; you have the longest suspension bridge in the world; you have the biggest water dam (the Keokuk dam) in the world; you have the longest system of railways in the world; you have the highest monument in the world; you have the best form of government in the world; you are

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going to have the longest canal in the world; and you are also going to have the biggest armory in the world, and, in the near future, we hope to see that the University of Illinois, through the liberality of its supporters, under the wise and systematic management of the present working staff, and through the good scholarship of its students, will become not only the largest but also the best University in the world.

The Singer

By Frank E. Hill.

Be reverent of thyself—the gift thou hast
Is of divinity;
Us the Eternal Beauty viewed, and passed,
But stayed with thee.

Be reverent, lest the pain, the high desire,
The hope thou hast in trust,
Fade like the wonder of a crimson fire
That dies in dust.

Weak Willed

Take away my tawdry talents; they but do me ill.
Tho' my life be in the balance, *give me back my will.*

Tho' my thoughts have greatest beauty; tho' my heart I fill
With today's ideals of duty—*how feeble is my will!*
Take away, Oh God, my learning; let my being thrill
With but one impassioned yearning—
STRENGTHEN THOU MY WILL.

THE ILLINOIS

Of The University of Illinois.

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THE ILLINOIS published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois. Address all communications to THE ILLINOIS, 903 West Illinois, Urbana.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March, 3 1879.

\$1.00 per year.

Courier-Herald Printing Company

Urbana, Illinois.

Illinois is a democratic university. We hear this statement at every hand, and yet frequent small eruptions show us that there is **THE SECOND STRATUM.** a stratum beneath the surface. Part of the student population possesses certain advantages such as organization, and the encouragement of close fellowship, and these are acknowledged good. But another part does not seem to have these advantages to any great extent. But it has advantages which the first does not seem to possess. Its members have "their feet in the soil." They are in constant touch with common men and common things, and of necessity they must develop such qualities as perseverance, self-trust and individuality.

If these facts were realized and each part of

the student population would appropriate those qualities which it sees in the other as good, there would not only be community of possession, but community of interest and ideal. The dividing line between the strata would disappear, for there would be no second stratum, and the bitterness of class warfare as Ohio and Wisconsin have seen it would not be known at Illinois.

Into our university life of late years has crept a deplorable tendency to scorn the amateur. We are demanding that our college athletes be the equal of professionals, **THE GOSPEL OF PLAY.** that our college actors approximate the perfection of the commercial stage, and that our college writers compete with experts. We are asking that our college enterprises be manned and systematized in the manner of great corporations, and we are commercializing every student activity that will yield a penny.

Yet we wonder why college writing is losing its freshness and student dramatic life its zest, and why the buoyancy is going from the various fields of student activities. We expect creative work, and yet we do not reward it, for without the polish of professionalism we do not recognize anything as good. We have changed our playground into a workshop and have substituted for the spirit of fun the spirit of toil.

And if the time should come when we had filled all our posts of college honor with experienced professionals from the outside world, would we really be the gainers? True, our art standards would be different, higher perhaps. The novice would be excluded. The tyro who would like to

play at journalism or acting, realizing his inexperience would wisely keep out. Our college institutions would become little models of the institutions of the time, and something else would have been substituted for the Gospel of Play.

The Magister's Forum

Doctor Philadelphus Tinkel had been telling the Magister all the secrets that he knew about the subtle art of poetics, and tho' I seldom yield to wild impulses, I laboriously constructed several rhyming paragraphs. I knew it to be an indication of weakness on my part, but having done so, I was filled with a desire to hear what the doctor and the other magisters had to say about them, so I read them to Frederick Froeliche and Gustav Hammerschein. I explained, however, that a friend of mine had handed them to me to read and criticise, and that I wanted their opinion. I am a very poor reader, but I read slowly and with dignity: "The Song of a Convict's Soul," "The Warning," and "Weak Willed." (See Table of Contents).

Well, what about them, I asked, as I finished?

They're fair, said Fred. I like the run of that Convict Soul business. It's something like Edgar Allen Poe and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, but of course not anywhere nearly so good. Tell your friend to submit it to the Siren, and they can draw pictures of prisons and things around it.

Mr. Hammerschein was willing to admit that he didn't know anything about poetry, but voted for the Weak Will as his choice. He wanted to know if the Mary thing was a joke. "But why don't you show them to the doctor?"

So that evening I gave them to the doctor to

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read, and he read the "Warning" first. "Why, that's splendid," he said, "and quite a novelty; why, who wrote it?" And he went into the details of the metrical construction.

So I had found one person that liked each of the three, and didn't care for the others. I determined to try them on some of the other people. Lucy and Miss Swift read them together. "Why," said Lucy, "that 'Warning' is absolutely silly, anyone that liked that—well!" But I said the Doctor liked that best of all. "No accounting for tastes," was all that Lucy would say. "But," said Lucy, "I do like this little prayer—it's rather compact and well done." "Oh," said Miss Swift, "the 'Convict' poem is the one though, why it has what most college verse lacks, movement—it just gallops down the page, and I know from it just exactly how the convict felt."

More diverse opinion—I took the lines to my old rhetoric teacher. "Well," he said, "they aren't very good, but with a whole lot of work they might be put into shape. That 'Will' poem is entirely too didactic—no good at all. The only one that shows any promise at all is the 'Warning,' and I'm not so sure about that."

Then I asked the Preacher, and he chose the "Will," of course. And I soon came to be able to tell more about my friends and acquaintances by the way they judged that doggerel, than I had even imagined before. The serious minded ones chose the "Will." The sentiment inclined voted for the "Warning," and the masculine type, the up-and-at-them people, they liked the "Convict Soul" better than the others. But I wouldn't, for the world, let them know that I was guilty of the authorship—I value my reputation too highly.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.,
of Illinois Magazine, published monthly, at Urbana, Ill., required by the
Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor—Edgar P. Hermann, Urbana, Ill.

Managing Editor—None.

Business Managers—E. P. Hermann, Mark Van Doren, E. L. Hasker.

Publisher—Illinois Magazine Board, Urbana, Ill.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock.)—None.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities—None.

EDGAR P. HERMANN, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of April, 1913.

(SEAL).

L. A. BOICE,
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(My commission expires October 31, 1913).



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June Issue

Volume 4.

Number 6.

JUNE, 1913.

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Editor For
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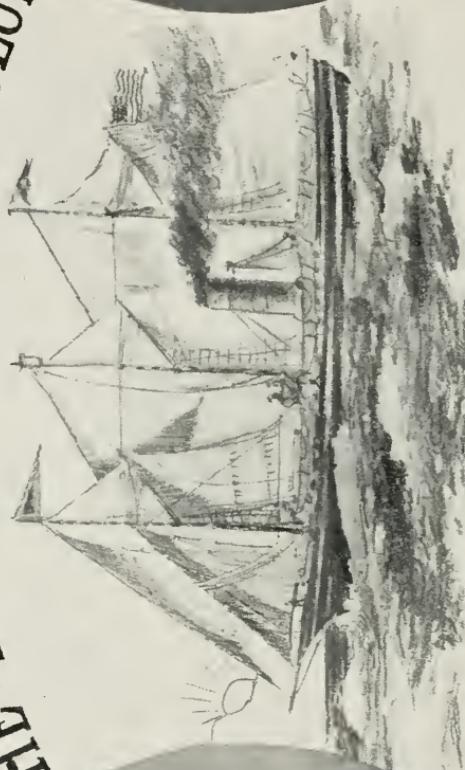
E. E., '14

Business Manager
For 1913-14



No. — —

THE: ILLINOIS: ARCTIC: CLUB



Alexander A. Blair

Maurice C. Parsons

THE "ROOSEVELT"

THE ILLINOIS

VOL. IV

JUNE, 1913

No. 6

University Hymn

(Dedicated by permission to Former President Andrew Sloan Draper).

(Editorial Note:—This hymn, which is reprinted from the first number of the "Varsity Fortnightly," the first purely literary organ of the University, is of timely interest because of the recent death of Dr. Draper, and is notable as a forerunner of "Illinois Loyalty." Notice the use of the terms loyal or loyalty in each verse).

Thy sons and daughters sing thy praise,
In *loyal* song their voices raise;
To thee, O Noble Illinois.

We pledge our love with grateful joy.
Thy sons will ever faithful be,
Thy daughters ever true to thee,
Through all the years to be,
Dear Illinois.

As thy fair tower we daily see,
May mind and heart uplifted be,
Our strength more nobly to employ,
And worthy grow of Illinois.

Thy sons will ever faithful be,
Thy daughters ever true to thee,
In constant *loyalty*,
Dear Illinois.

The passing years shall bring thee fame,
More noble still shall be thy name;
As far and wide thy children go,
The world their *loyalty* shall know.

Thy sons will ever faithful be,
Thy daughters ever true to thee,
In loving memory,
Dear Illinois.

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THE ILLINOIS ARCTIC CLUB

(By Edmund J. James)

Two graduates of the University of Illinois, Maurice Cole Tanquary, '07 (Ph.D., 1912), and W. Elmer Ekblaw, '10 (A.M., 1912), have been chosen as scientists in charge of the biological and geological work which will be done in the Arctic regions the next three years, by the George Borup Memorial Crocker Land Arctic Expedition sent out under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History and the American Geographical Society, with the co-operation of the University of Illinois.

To complete the personal equipment of these two Illinois men, and to pay them the tribute of loyalty and respect which their courage and self-sacrifice in the interest of science, deserve, the Illinois Arctic Club has been organized among their friends and the friends of the University, with the object of raising at least \$1,000 before the expedition sails.

The Crocker Land Expedition is one of the most noteworthy Arctic expeditions ever sent out. Its object is entirely scientific research and exploration; the element of adventure has been reduced to a minimum. The plans of the party, which numbers seven men, include (1) the determination of the existence or non-existence of Crocker Land, a territory supposed to be twice the area of Texas, lying north of Alaska and Siberia; (2) the determination of the extent and configuration of the polar continental shelf; (3) the careful scientific research and survey of Ellesmere, Axel Heiberg, Grant, and Grinnell Lands, and, if time permits, of the interior of Greenland. The University of Illinois will share in the extensive collections which the expedition will make and in the credit which accrues from its discoveries, explorations, and researches.

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It is a source of gratification to all Illinois people, that in this important and hazardous undertaking, two men born and reared and trained in Illinois should be chosen to an important part in the responsibility and service. When they sail from New York in July, leaving their relatives and friends, and all the comforts of civilization behind them for three years, the Illinois Arctic Club plans to give them assurance, in a fitting and substantial way, of the appreciation of their friends, of the University and of the state.

The History and The Purpose of The Arctic Expedition

(Maurice Cole Tanquary)

When the average man hears or reads anything concerning Arctic exploration, there comes into his mind the questions, "What's the use? Why all this vast expenditure of money, the risking of life and the separation of families? What motives can induce men to give up lucrative positions and leave comfortable homes to spend years on the frozen seas and barren lands beyond the arctic circle? These questions are answered by a careful survey of the history of arctic exploration, but only a few of the most important expeditions can be touched upon in this paper.

Arctic exploration has passed through three distinct phases: "First, for strictly commercial purposes in connection with trade to the Indies; second, for advancement of geographic knowledge; and third, for scientific investigations connected with the physical sciences."

The commercial interests of England led her to send out a series of important expeditions begin-

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ning with the voyages of the Cabots in 1497-98, and ending with the discoveries of Baffin in 1616, for the purpose of discovering a northwest passage to the Indies. Later, a number of attempts was made to discover a northeast passage leading north of Russia and Siberia. Both of these routes proved to be impracticable, yet the results for England were so great from a commercial standpoint that they were largely instrumental in making England one of the richest and most powerful countries in the world.

Explorations for the advancement of our geographical knowledge have occurred chiefly during the past century, while the latest phase, that of systematic, scientific research has developed almost entirely in the last quarter of a century. This is the phase to which the expeditions of the present time are giving most of their attention, and it is the phase which will probably be the dominant one in all future expeditions.

The results in all three phases of Arctic work have justified the explorations many hundreds of times over. As an example of the commercial value of the earlier explorations may be mentioned the value of the whale fisheries of America, England and Holland, those of Holland amounting to more than one hundred millions of dollars in the 110 years from 1668 to 1778, those of England to two hundred and fifty millions, while those of America from 1804 to 1877, amounted to three hundred and thirty-two millions, making an aggregate for the three nations of more than six hundred and eighty million dollars.

As an example of the extension of our geographic knowledge during the past century may be mentioned the exploration and mapping of the northern coast of North America, and of most of

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the Arctic Archipelago. Among the men who contributed largely to these results in the early part of the past century are Bach, Beechey, Franklin, Parry, John Ross, and James C. Ross.

In speaking of the scientific contributions by arctic explorers, Greeley writes: "The air, the earth, the ocean, even the universe, have disclosed some of the rarest secrets to scientific voyagers in polar lands. Within the Arctic Circle have been located and determined the poles of the triple magnetic forces. In its barometric pressures, with their regular phases, have been found the dominating causes that affect the climates of the northern parts of America, Asia and Europe. From its sea-soundings, serial temperatures, and hydrographic surveys have been evolved that most satisfactory theory of a vertical interoceanic circulation. A handful of its dried plants enabled a botanist to prophetically forecast the general character of unknown lands, and in its fossil plants another scientist has read unerring the story of tremendous climatic changes that have metamorphosed the face of the earth. Its peculiar tides have indicated clearly the influence exerted by the stellar worlds on our own, and to its ice-clad lands science inquiringly turns for data to solve the glacial riddles of the lower latitudes."

Among other early voyages made in search of the Northwest Passage may be mentioned those of Cortereal, Verrazzano and Gomez, 1500-15524, Frobisher 1576, Davis 1585-1588, Hudson 1607-1611, and Baffin 1616. Perhaps the most notable of these was Henry Hudson, who discovered the river and bay which bear his name. In the latter he lost his life, having been set adrift by mutineers in his

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crew who were afterwards murdered by the Indians. It was his discoveries that gave Holland the right to New Netherlands.

After the voyage of Baffin in 1616 no further attempts to discover a northwest passage were made for more than two hundred years, but during the early part of the past century interest was reawakened in the subject, a number of men, some of whom are mentioned above, were sent out on the same quest. The most famous of all these later expeditions were those of Sir John Franklin, 1819-1847. This brave man and his party, as Richardson puts it, "forged the final link in the northwest passage with their lives," but the tragic fate which overwhelmed them, the long uncertainty attending such fate, the strenuous and unavailing efforts for their relief, kept from the world the knowledge of this link for many years. In all no less than twenty-nine expeditions were sent out in search of Franklin in the years from 1849 to 1859, and the results of these expeditions added a great deal to our geographical and scientific knowledge of the arctic regions.

While most of the Arctic expeditions have not been for the purpose of reaching the north pole, still the list of men who have gone out on such a quest is a long one, beginning with Thorn in 1527, and ending with Robert E. Peary, who on April 6th, 1909, planted the stars and stripes upon the geographical north pole of the world.

The phase of arctic exploration in which the readers of this magazine are most interested just now is the search for Crockerland, and your Illinois representatives hope that before 1916 they will have something more interesting to tell you than the history of past expeditions and the plans for one in the future.

The Crocker Land Expedition

(By W. E. EKBLAW).

The Crocker Land Exposition, one of the most noteworthy ever sent into the polar regions, will leave New York in less than two months, for two years of scientific exploration and research in the wide silent reaches of the north arctic archipelago. It is an expedition in which Illinois people are peculiarly interested, and to which the eyes of the whole scientific world are turned in the hope of the solution of many problems, and the expectation of valuable and important collections of material and data.

The expedition was organized soon after Admiral R. E. Peary's return from his discovery of the North Pole, with George Borup and Donald B. Mac Millan, two of Admiral Peary's party, as co-leaders. It was scheduled to start from New York in early June, 1912, but on the evening of April twenty-eighth Borup and a Yale college friend were drowned off Crescent Beach, Conn., and the expedition was postponed.

George Borup was a born leader. His aptness and ability for Arctic exploration were demonstrated during his stay with Admiral Peary. His death was a great loss to the Crocker Land Expedition.

In his book, "A Tenderfoot With Peary," Borup writes as follows of the death of Ross Marvin, the Cornell graduate who accompanied the Peary expedition as scientist: "I am sure Marvin met death in a grand struggle in an attempt to heighten the glory of his country, battling alone against the forces of Nature in the Arctic Wilds. I feel sure that he was proud of his finish and that a smile was on his lips to the last, and I can ask no more of

fate than that it should grant me such a superb end." That Borup's wish was fulfilled cannot be doubted, for though he did not die in the work to which he expected to devote himself, he gave up his life in the vain attempt to save his college mate, in as superb and unselfish a sacrifice as it is given man to make. The wistful smile on his dead face when he was found, attested to the spirit in which he had died.

The Crocker Land Expedition is a memorial to George Borup, who was first chosen to lead it; and his enthusiasm, his devotion to his work, and his unselfish loyalty to the friend for whom he died, are an inspiration to the men who will undertake the work he had planned to do. This expedition is primarily and essentially scientific. The spirit of adventure is in no wise the motive, and the hope of gain is entirely eliminated. Every man who comprises the party can be actuated by but one motive, and that motive is hope of contributing something worth while to scientific knowledge, of obtaining some material, some data, which will be of help in the progress of science. It is with this thought and this hope that he essays the hardships and hazards of the Far North. Each man knows the risks he is taking, the dangers he must face. He realizes that in the long, silent exile which he and his companions have planned for themselves they have forsaken all the comforts and pleasures and conveniences of civilization. He feels, however, that the opportunity to accomplish something is too good to be lost. The work which the expedition purposed to do is:

1. To reach, map the coast line and explore Crocker Land, the mountainous tops of which were seen across the Polar sea by Rear Admiral Peary in 1906.
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2. To search for other lands in the unexplored region west and southwest of Axel Heiberg Land and north of the Parry Islands.
3. To penetrate into the interior of Greenland at its widest part, between the 77th and 78th parallels of north latitude, studying meteorological and glaciological conditions on the summit of the great ice cap.
4. To study the geology, geography, glaciology, meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, electrical phenomena, seismology, zoology (both vertebrate and invertebrate), botany, oceanography, ethnology and archaeology throughout the extensive region which is to be traversed, all of it lying above the 77th parallel.

The geographical work as stated in the prospectus of the expedition explains why the party expects to find such a land as Crocker land. The programme is as follows:

"1. The verification of the traditions of the Eskimos, of the reports of Captains McClure and Keenan, of the theories of Dr. R. A. Harris, the tidal expert, and of Rear Admiral Peary's discovery is left as the last great geographical problem of the North. Captain Richardson, in his work entitled, "The Polar Regions," says: "The Eskimos of Point Barrow have a tradition, reported by Mr. Simpson, surgeon of the 'Plover,' (in 1832) of some of their tribe having been carried to the north on ice broken up in a southerly gale, and arriving, after many nights, at a hilly country inhabited by people like themselves, speaking the Eskimo language, by whom they were well received. After a long stay, one spring in which the ice remained without movement, they returned without mishap to their own country and reported their adventures. * * * An obscure indication of land to

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the north was actually perceived from the mast-head of the 'Plover' when off Point Barrow.

"In 1850 Captain McClure, when off the northern coast of Alaska, wrote in his journal that, judging from the character of the ice and a "light shady tint" in the sky, there must be land to the north of him.

"To quote from an article in the National Geographic Magazine, 1894, 'An Undiscovered Island off the Northern Coast of Alaska, by Marcus Baker: It is often told that natives wintering between Harrison and Camden Bays have seen land to the north in the bright, clear days of spring. In the winter of 1886-1887 Uzharen, an enterprising Eskimo of Ootkearie, was very anxious for me to get some captain to take him the following summer, with his family, canoe and outfit, to the northeast as far as the ship went, and then he would try to find this mysterious land of which he had heard so much; but no one cared to bother with this venturesome Eskimo explorer.

"The only report of land having been seen by civilized man in this vicinity was made by Capt. John Keenan of Troy, N. Y., in the seventies. He was at that time in command of the whaling bark "Stamboul," of New Bedford. Captain Keenan said that after taking several whales the weather became thick, and he stood to the north under easy sail and was busily engaged in trying out and stowing down the oil taken. When the fog cleared land was distinctly seen to the north by him and all the men of his crew, but as he was not on a voyage of discovery and there were whales in sight he was obliged to give the order to keep away to the south in search of them.

"In June, 1904, Dr. R. A. Harris of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey published in the

National Geographic Magazine his reasons for believing that there must be a large body of undiscovered land or shallow water in the Polar regions. He based his theory upon the report that Siberian drift wood had been picked up in south Greenland, upon the observations of drifting Polar ice, upon the drift of the ship "Jeannette," upon numerous tidal observations made along the northern coast of Alaska and eastward. Knowing Harris's theory regarding such land, Peary, when he went westward along the northern shore of Grant Land in 1906, kept anxiously scanning the northwestern horizon for confirmation of it. On June 30, 1906, as he states in his book "Nearest the Pole," he stood on the summit of Cape Thomas Hubbard 1400 feet above the level of the sea and saw distinctly "the snow-clad summits of the distant land in the northwest above the ice horizon." The explorer had seen the new land from 2000 feet up on Cape Colgate a few days before and, therefore, was enabled to estimate its distance as being about 130 miles from Cape Thomas Hubbard, in longitude 100 degrees West and latitude 83 degrees North. He named it Crocker Land in honor of the late Mr. George Crocker of the Peary Arctic Club.

"2. Next in importance to establishing the extent of Crocker Land (or Islands) and delineating its coast line is the investigation of the region west and southwest of Cape Thomas Hubbard and north of the Parry Islands to determine what land there may be there.

"3. Another question of supreme geographical importance is the location of the edge of the continental shelf. To quote Nansen ("North Polar Problems," 1907): 'The determination of the extent of the continental shelf to the north of Axel Heiberg Land and Ellesmere Land would be a

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great achievement. * * * The extent and shape of the Polar continental shelf, which means the real, continental mass, is the great feature of North Polar geography, which is of much importance, geographically or geomorphologically, than the possible occurrence of unknown islands on this shelf.'

"4. The fourth task of importance in the geographical work is the delineation of the coast line along certain portions of Grant Land and Axel Heiberg Land.

"5. The fifth great geographical problem to be attacked will be the nature of the Greenland ice cap from west front to summit in the widest part of the island, and this will include important studies on the rate of movement of continental ice masses and the collection of data on the phenomena of air currents over the mass of ice."

The geographical work of the expedition, important as it is, is almost subordinate to the extensive researches which will be made in oceanography, meteorology, ethnology, geology, and biology.

In the oceanographical work, continuous observations will be made with a self-recording gage during the two years stay at headquarters, and intermittent observations at other places. The direction, strength, and velocity of the ocean currents will be noted wherever possible, and the temperature and salinity of the water determined. Soundings will be made both from boats and sledges, throughout the explorations.

A mere general statement of the geological work projected indicates how extensive is the field for research in that subject. Physiographic researches will be prosecuted continuously for the determination of the origin of the forms of land

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sculpture, of the regional cycle of erosion, of the special work of ice in summer and in winter. In dynamical geology, there will be a large field for investigation into the oscillation of the strand line; the extent, character and effect of igneous activity; the occurrence, nature and extent of dislocations, folds and faults. Research in physical geology will concern itself particularly with the problems presented by the accumulation, movement and dissipation of valley and continental glaciers. The phenomena of the meeting of the land ice with the sea ice will furnish an interesting item of study. Stratigraphic work will pertain to the differentiation of the members of the Archean complex and to the ascertainment of the character, age, thickness and distribution of the sedimentary series, supplementing and extending the work of the Sverdrup and earlier expeditions, much of which was unavoidably fragmentary in character. Careful and comprehensive paleontological collections will be made in order to subdivide the sedimentaries into as detailed sections as may be practicable and to furnish ample material for comparative study. Collections will be made from the igneous rocks encountered and data obtained regarding their relations with and effect upon their associated rocks.

"Important results are expected from observations in terrestrial magnetism along several lines carried on with an ample outfit for accurate work. Seismological disturbances will be recorded by means of a Wiechert pendulum. The electrical conditions of the upper air will be studied by means of the kites which are to be flown at high altitudes in connection with the weather station work. A high power wireless telegraph outfit is to be a part of the equipment, not only for the purpose of communicating weather reports to the Washington

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weather bureau and receiving the noon time signal from the Naval Observatory, but also for the scientific study of many problems in the new science the solutions of which may possibly be favored by the conditions which obtain in the far North."

The expedition is well prepared for careful meteorological research. A full set of weather bureau instruments will be installed at the home headquarters on Flagler Bay, by which continuous records will be kept for two years of the temperature, barometric pressure, the velocity and direction of the wind, and humidity. The data so obtained should be of inestimable value to the study of storms, and the prediction of weather.

The biological work includes researches in both zoology and botany. An extension of the taxonomic work to the study of ecological successions, and to the correlation of the character of the associations with the climatic and edaphic factors which constitute the habitat, is purposed. That is, the relation of the plants and animals to each other and to their environment offers a field for investigation that the biologists of the expedition are eager to enter.

Careful and complete collections will be acquired whenever possible of plants, skins of animals, eggs of birds, and the various forms of plant and animal life. Considerable attention will be given to insects and to birds, and still more attention to fishes. The marine forms, both vertebrate and invertebrate, will be collected and studied, and data secured to show the influence of depth of water and currents.

Large opportunities lie open to Mr. MacMillan in his study of the ethnology of the Eskimo. In his own words, "the Smith Sound Eskimos were discovered by Sir John Ross about eighty years

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ago. They had thought that they were the only people in the world. The ruins which have been found dotting the region north of 79 degrees of north latitude indicate a much larger population than was found by Ross and still larger than exists today, for the Smith Sound tribe is dwindling. Contact with the whites has already seriously affected their life and customs, but they are still singing their weird native songs and reciting the traditions of their people. It is highly important to preserve these by means of phonographic records for future study and comparison. The proposed site of the main headquarters of the Crocker Land Expedition is amid ruins of the vanished people; while around the shores of Flagler Bay, through the mountains of Grinnell, Ellesmere anding Osear Lands, and along Eureka and Nansen Sounds are presented exceptional opportunities for archeological study."

Elaborate preparations have been made to secure excellent results in photography. The best of camera equipment has been procured, including apparatus for color photography and the taking of moving pictures. Every effort will be made to supplement the data acquired in the various investigations, by complete sets of photographs. Every man in the party will be equipped with his own camera.

The men who constitute the party are Donald B. McMillan, Fitzhugh Green, Maurice C. Tanquary, Theodore Allen, J. C. Small, a surgeon, and myself. All are college graduates with the exception of J. C. Small. All are under 35 years of age except Mac Millan, who is 37. At least four are fraternity men. Mac Millan is a Theta Delta Chi; Fitzhugh Green a Phi Sigma Kappa; and Tanquary and myself, Acacias.

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Donald B. MacMillan, who won his right to leadership in the expedition by his trustworthy work as one of Admiral Peary's trusted lieutenants during the successful quest of the North Pole in 1908-09, is a graduate of Bowdoin College, from which he has received the degrees of A.B. and A.M. He has done considerable ornithological and archaeological work along the coast of Labrador since his return with Admiral Peary, and has completed courses in anthropology and astronomy in Harvard University. He is of Scotch ancestry, and his sturdy, hardy body and keen mind reveal the stalwart character of his parentage.

Ensign Fitzhugh Green, engineer and physicist of the expedition, was born of old Colonial stock in Missouri, only twenty-four years ago. He graduated from Annapolis at the age of twenty and since the completion of his work there, has been engaged in coast and geodetic surveys, and also in command of a turret on the battleship Michigan. During the past year he has been doing special study in cartography, meteorology, seismology, terrestrial magnetism, and wireless telegraphy. He is a man of strikingly pleasing personality, forceful, resourceful, and trustworthy to the utmost.

Maurice Cole Tanquary, the zoologist of the expedition, is well known to all Illinois students for the last six years. As a student in the University of Illinois, from which he received the degrees A.B., A.M., and Ph.D., he was interested in nearly every kind of student activity. He organized the Ionian literary society; he was a charter member of Acacia, Delta Sigma Rho, and Gamma Alpha; he won second place in the famous Hamilton Club Prize Oratorical Contest; he was elected to membership in Sigma Ki. His major was entomology; his minors zoology and psychology. He is particu-

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larly well fitted to make a success of his work in the expedition, and his happy disposition, his unfailing humor, and his quick wit are sure to brighten the awful monotony of the Arctic silences.

I shall have charge of the work in geology, botany, and ornithology.

In addition to the scientific staff the party includes Theodore Allen, an expert electrician, detailed by the Navy Department to have the direct care of the wireless and other electrical outfit at headquarters, and his duties will include making the meteorological and seismological observations whenever Green is absent. From all reports, Mr. Allen is a splendid type of man, who despite his devotion to duty and keen realization of responsibility, is a "hail fellow well met," under even the most trying conditions.

J. C. Small has been secured to serve as general mechanic and cook, and when a competent surgeon has been secured the personnel of the party will be complete.

The expedition will leave New York on or about July second, sailing from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The ship will call at Boston for the pemmican and dog-biscuit, and part of the equipment, and at Sydney, N. S., to ship its coal and other supplies. It will touch at Battle Harbor, Hopedale, and Okkak on the Labrador coast, and crossing to Greenland to avoid the ice of Baffin Bay, will reach Cape York to take on Eskimos and dogs, about the first of August.

Thence the ship will push through Smith Sound into Kane Basin, and if Flagler Bay, Ellesmere Land, be clear of ice by mid-August, headquarters will be established on the north shore of the bay. If the ice prevents passage into the bay, the landing will be made at Prayer Harbor, Pine

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Island. After discharging its cargo the ship will return to New York.

The autumn of 1913 will be a busy time. The first task of the party will be to erect the permanent headquarters, the "home, sweet home" of the Crocker Land pioneers. The settlement will include the house for the white men of the party, another for the Eskimo dog drivers and their families, and a third for the protection and storage of the scientific equipment. The wireless station must be established as quickly as possible. The stations for tidal observations and glacial investigations must be decided upon and equipped at the earliest possible moment. Hunting parties must be sent out into the pasture lands of the hills to procure the winter's supply of fresh meat, and to determine upon the best practicable route through the mountains of Grinnell, Ellesmere, or King Oscar Land to Cape Thomas Hubbard. During the twilight of late autumn and the moonlight periods of the long winter night, supplies must be constantly forwarded to Cape Thomas Hubbard, where the secondary base for the dash to Crocker Land will be established.

With the first hint of dawn in late February of 1914, the start will be made for Crocker Land. Two weeks later, with good fortune attending, the party should be on Crocker Land. Three parties will explore this land, one going southward, another northward, and the third into the interior. It is planned to return to Cape Thomas Hubbard early in May, before the ice of the Arctic ocean breaks up. Before returning to headquarters, a month will be spent in exploring, mapping, and studying the unvisited regions of northwest of Ellesmere Land and Axel Heiberg Land. Arriving at home headquarters about the middle of June,

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the party will engage itself during the summer in scientific work in the vicinity, and in laying in supplies of meat for the following winter.

Should Crocker Land have been discovered, the party will repeat its program, except that a section will be dispatched into the region southwest of Cape Thomas Hubbard in search of new land. If Crocker Land does not exist "a journey to the summit of the Greenland ice cap will be undertaken in the summer of 1915. The party will return to New York in the fall of 1915, unless, in the opinion of the majority of the members, it is necessary or advisable to continue the explorations another year.

The total cost of the expedition is over \$65,000. Only what is absolutely necessary to the proper subsistence and scientific work of the party has been included in the outfit asked for through subscriptions. Little provision has been made for the amusement and entertainment of the party through the long dragging hours of darkness, particularly during the second winter. Several publishing houses have contributed generously in the way of books and magazines, and friends have provided general reading matter and talking machines. There is yet much to be provided for in this respect, and any aid will be appreciated. At the best, the monotony of the long, silent night is oppressive, and the spirits of the party are sure to suffer depression despite all efforts to prevent it. One of the best amusements of Peary's last expedition was the pianola presented to the Admiral by one of his friends. It worked wonders in maintaining the liveliness of the party.

Only a few months more and the Crocker Land party will have established itself on the cold, bleak and forbidding coast of Ellesmere Land,

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thousands of miles from civilization. It has a great task before it, a great work to do. Such opportunity for research in a virgin field so full of possibilities comes to but few men. Every member of the party is eager to be off, even while dreading the severing of all the home ties. Every member wonders what the outcome will be, what success awaits him. Every member hopes that he will be equal to the test when it comes, as come it must to every one; that he will not fail in the duty that is his.

The time for preparation has been brief. Six years instead of six months would not be too long for the study of the problems that must be solved. Often, indeed, in the stay in the North will each and every one wish that he could have foreseen some of the emergencies that threaten his success. Yet each will do the best he can with the means at his command, and after all, (with apologies to Rudyard Kipling),

"None but the Master shall praise us, and none
but the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each in
his separate sphere,
Shall do the Thing as he sees It for the God of
Things as They Are!"

The Renegade

(By C. T. CRAIGMILE).

(Honorable Mention in 1913 English Prize Contest).

The mother moose still stood in the jungle of underbrush beside the body of her dead calf. Two days had she thus stood, until the fact of death had quite left her animal brain, and she dimly remembered that the still body was the reason; for life forced itself upon her knowledge, and death was too much like the stones and the fallen trees to be noticed long. Once she turned and started to go, but a panic of memory seized her and she came dashing back with penance and concern in her manner. Once more she took up her vigil and again she turned to go. This time, thirst had conquered the past, and the voice of mother love was still. Toward the lake she strode, not noticing in her haste how dangerously close she skirted the clearings made by a group of settlers, until a somewhat familiar sound made her pause, and before her stood a small domestic calf calling loudly for maternal attention.

He could scarce have been a day old, and he lurched to and fro as he made toward her. The moose looked in wonder upon the bleating youngster, and allowed him to nose his way about her legs until he suddenly came upon her recently deserted udders. Once more the voice of mother love sounded, and the small orphan ceased its bleating as the bereaved udders gave up their two-day's accumulation. Later the calf trotted by her side through the woods, and that night as they lay on the leaves her long stiff hair irritated the calf's tender skin.

He gained strength rapidly and the moose, having regained her old habitat, browsed among

the tender twigs of the maple and willow. Through the endless summer days he fought mosquitoes and grew until by fall, but for his short hind legs, he could easily have been taken for a moose calf. Now he learned, by reason of the inadequate dimensions of his mother's udders, and the covering of the grass by the fall snow, to eat the tender twigs and also to trot with the long moose trot that discouraged pursuit. Fear of man was early inoculated into his understanding, and he and his foster mother shunned the trails and guarded themselves from approach by thickets of underbrush, whose slightest crackling warned.

The winter came on in a whirl of white softness. Almost warm, the wind whiffed through the spruces with a promise of gentleness in its first light billow of flakes. But later it snarled and bit. The huge feather-like flakes changed to sand-like particles of ice which scratched and brought the blood in a tumult to the face, only to depart again. And the wind hurled itself in crescendo through the pines while it tossed the sand-like snow in stinging clouds.

The winter broke harmlessly upon the pair. The calf's hair, originally black, grew long and almost as stiff as that of his foster mother. Such a perfect indifference to temperature did his hide and coat of hair display, that the snow fell in dry showers from him at morning, and the sharp wind only carried to him with greater distinctness the warning of man.

For months the drifts roamed ceaselessly with the winds, and only the spring creeks resisted the Winter God's domain of white. Then the kingdom of frost was broken. A healing wind stole through the woods and closed up the deep frost cracks in

the forest giants, and Chinook came back with the voice of brooks and a headdress of flowers.

The pair stood one day in a sparse willow clump and cropped the buds. The calf, who had quite adapted himself to the twigs, still liked the soft grass of spring and he wandered toward a spot of grass beneath a giant spruce. As he paused a rustle from the branches caught his ear and as he leaped in terror a heavy body struck him and slipped off, leaving ten broad scratches on his haunches. In his pain he bleated and leaped frantically toward the willows and his foster mother. A slightly delayed spring brought the great cat to the edge of the thicket, while the next hurled him into the mother's three quarter's of a ton kinetic rage. A whirlwind of stabbing hoofs whose edges cut like chisels, caught the cat and hurled him back, and long after motion had ceased did the remorseless hoofs obey the outraged mother love.

Shortly after this incident the great cow left him, and thereafter month by month until fall, he ate the grass and buds alone, and by fall he was easily able to take care of himself. Then he watched the garb of spring worn out and dull from the heat and pre-autumn winds, flash out once more like a woman, who, in despair over her perishing youth, throws about her the colors that mock the dews and light of morning, and later he stirred the mournful splendor with his hoofs when the hollows were lakes of leaves.

Often had he called for his foster mother, and the call which had become the appeal from solitude, grew deeper and longer. The third winter, all thoughts of the cow moose had left him, but somewhere within him was the prenatal memory of suntopped hills and grass that never needed the call of Chinook or knew the cold shadow of the

mountains, and the herds that roamed these green steppes called, and he answered.

In the fall came the rut, when the eyes of the male moose grow small and red with passion. Sometimes at night he answered the challenge of the moose, but the forest always filled with shadows that answered his summons with the smashing of brush and the clash of hoofs and antlers that made the young bull hide himself in terror until morning.

That winter and the following summer he attained his final development, and for the first time he felt his inheritance of strength creep upon him. Five feet he stood at the shoulders, and the hide that blanketed his eighteen hundred pounds of surging muscle hung about his throat and neck in heavy folds, while his neck became an arch of muscle that hardened like steel when he tossed the underbrush aside. He loved to test his strength when he encountered the underbrush, and the blows of the saplings as they rebounded and struck him only made him love his power more. His voice, too, grew deeper and had in it more of the king who has lost his kingdom, than that of the one who has merely lost his kind:

He stood one night in the red moon of moose-passion, and listened to the hate-laden challenges of the male moose as they hurled them forth, and the solitude left by the kingdom he had lost came upon him. Slowly he raised his head and sent forth the call that had never been answered except by defiance. From far off came the answer of hate, and the great muscles in the arch-like neck tightened as he slowly lowered his head and bellowed forth his answer toward the crashing underbrush. On came the giant moose with a defiant clash of hoofs and antlers, until, as the wind caught up a

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leaf, his great spirit seized him and hurled him forth, sheer into the towering form with its whirl of stabbing hoofs and flashing antlers. The chisel-like hoofs cut him cruelly and the massive antlers stunned him, and he withdrew with the blood streaming from his head and shoulders. Again he charged, but this time he hurled himself low, and the great antlers and hoofs clashed harmlessly upon his back as he caught the great body upon his horns and tossed it, ripped and bleeding, to one side.

After this he fought the male moose when they answered his call, until they left him, a king in a kingdom of loneliness. He lived among the giant spruces of the forest, and they roofed him from the sun so that his hair grew darker and longer with the darkness of the forest. They gave also to him the bed of the gods and spread for him a carpet of stillness with their cast-off foliage. Their perennial foliage held too, the deep snows of the out-world from the floor of this mighty room, and fear of the tearing horns lurked in all the aisles and kept it trackless.

In the second winter of his habitat among the giants, came the despoilers of the forest with axes, and one by one they seized the lofty door-posts of his home until the fears of his calfhood again made him a dweller of the underbrush and the frozen swamps. But not long did this endure. The first faint murmurs of Chinook whispered to him through the passes of the mountains, and there stirred within him the same feeling that had bidden the wild bison of earlier times to seek the warmth and grass of spring, and he entered the long slowly rising way that led to summer.

Far to the south and west he went until the foothills wellnigh barred his way with boulders,

and nearly hurled him from his feet in their swirling brooks, past the rim of trees that girdled the tops of the mountains, until he paused on the snowy divide that lay between perennial summer and the cold shadow that the mountains had always laid upon him. He descended into autumn and the mighty spruce. He went through groves where the colors of fall lay in piles of yellow and brown, color which nature had used in her grand picture, Autumn, and then left strewn on her discarded palette. Into the piles of leaves he charged with the air of battle, with arched neck and waving tail, to emerge with the floods of yellow and brown rolling from his shoulders, and with a stray leaf or two clinging to the short curly hair which covered his broad forehead.

The winter of the mountains caught him as he descended the long slope toward the distant plains of spring, but the cold winter smote harmlessly against the shaggy coat, under which a thin layer of fat cushioned the muscles that slid ceaselessly beneath, as he urged his way in obedience to the feeling that had urged his forebears to the grass-bathed plains. Into the haunts of spring he came, where the streams smote and chiseled the rocks with their unyielding persistence, and as he descended, the trees hid him more and more from the sun with their ever-thickening foliage until the streams became more placid, and boulders no longer turned him aside.

He stood one day on the grassy bank of a stream and drank, and as he drank, a hoarse growl sounded down the stream. A bear, taller than any he had ever seen, and with the talons of the grizzly, stood upright in the water, and the dripping paws and the growl spoke of disappointment from the rude interruption of his fishing.

Once more the combat call. He had heard it in many forms, the snarl of the catamount, the short barking bawl of the male moose, and now the menace of the grizzly. The blood of his earliest generations had darkened the grass of the jungles in the first mammalian contests. His ancestors had bellowed defiance as the silk togas of the Romans rustled in expectancy when the roar of the African lion sounded through the unlifted bars in the old Roman arenas, and here as in times past, was the growl and the bellow, the old battle of hoof and claw.

With uplifted forearm the bear rose to battle, and he struck for the neck as he always struck the deer. The blow landed true but uselessly on the dark blanket that hid the thin layer of fat and the huge arch of muscles that slid beneath, while the bull's conched horn ripped the covering that clothed the life, and the grizzly sank slowly from his upright position.

As the bear sank, the roar of a high-power rifle sounded and the bull staggered as the bullet from the bear hunter's rifle swerved from the bark of a spruce. He grew faint as the bullet rent him, but pain soon overcame the faintness, and fever shortly conquered all but instinct.

All day he wandered in the forest. Sometimes shapes with clashing antlers and stabbing hoofs faced him, and once more the catamount fell upon him from the tree, but always they vanished, leaving only the overpowering pain of their phantom attack. Over beaten paths and into strange places he trod, until instinct yielded finally to the thirst of the fever, led him to a spring. He fell by its clear pool and stretched his red tongue toward its shadow, but as he drank the shapes and

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shadows left, and in his last weakness, the great heart surged in long slow throbs.

Somewhere close a cow bell tinkled, and he heard the low of the mother cow as she called to her calf. He lifted his head—at last it was the call—and tried to answer, but the great voice had weakened, and he only voiced the crow of long ago when he called to his real mother on the shores of the lake.

The Iron Law

(By CALVIN WHITE).

(Honorable Mention in 1913 English Prize Contest).

Beside the couch of her I hold most dear,
Two angels stand in majesty tonight.
One holdeth high a flickering, new-lit light;
The other bends his poppied head so near,
I catch the numbing perfume. Wild with fear,
My throbbing soul cries out against the might
Of God's grim iron law that gives him right
To snatch away the life, so far, so near.
But at my cry, " 'Tis mine, if sin there be,"
They turn their eyes alight with all the years,
And whisper, "Thine, against heredity?"
Ah, doubting one, forget thy groundless fears,
And know that unto whom a son is giv'n,
With God hath treasure manifold in Heav'n."

On Discovery

(By Mark Van Doren)

Robinson Crusoe, just come on shore from the raft, has this to say: "My next work was to view the country and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was, I knew not. There was a hill, not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills which lay as in a ridge from it, northward. I took out one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed, I travelled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labour and difficulty got to the top, I saw ———." Here is written the whole Philosophy of Discovery; here is the very ecstasy of expectation. Robinson Crusoe, some of us envy you that situation.

There is a time in every sort of animal life when exploration which holds promise of discovery seems the only procedure quite worth while. The fledgling lifts his ungroomed head above the nest and observes at once that locomotion is the supreme accomplishment. The puppy early finds his legs reliable and sets about his quizzical investigations with a dauntless, if amateur, inquisitiveness. Boys are bored by perpetual association with the stale and unprofitable scenes about them, and are cured of their restlessness only through the prospect of discovery.

The boys in our town came home at the end of a certain summer ten years or so ago, and found the little stream which they had been used to seeing straggle through the center of town arched over and completely out of sight. I remember how incredible the transformation seemed on first view;

and how summarily we decided that the stern aldermen had softened in some unaccountable manner and built this ideal plaything for our sakes merely. We tripped to the edge of town one morning, then, to investigate the beginning of our "secret underground passage." Whew! We were distinctly thrilled as we peered into the blackness of the vaulted way and saw the dark water gurgling on its dusky course far on into the channel's delicious intricacies. A few of the boys were for striding into the maw forthwith; but the philosophers of us constrained them to remain and invent some suitable stratagems with us.

As I remember it, the Council of Exploration we constituted was as serious a deliberative body as any that ever pondered. Now, inside that passageway there lurked—no one could tell what. Unquestionably, there were outposts of the enemy stationed at every bend in the stream. The majestic river there, we conjectured, flowed on past unspeakably grotesque country-sides and cities. How absurd it would be, then, to bolt into that Discoverers' Paradise without some crafty illumination to render these facts visible! With what consummate unconcern we scattered to our homes! With what surpassing stealth we sought out lanterns (we had matches in our pockets)! With what tremulous eagerness we convened again at the deep-throated Avernus! With what luxuriant fancies we stepped into the stream and left the light of earth behind! Of all we encountered on that splashing voyage we told no one, guessing pretty accurately that we would meet with no credence. But we were content to have come upon a new sort of experience; and revelled in frequent repetitions of it until we were grown.

So it is with boys. And so it always was, it is pleasant to think, with the voyagers of discovery. For the geographical story of Europe after Rome is in a good many respects only a replica of a boy's experience. Like an infant Europe lay long uncurious, unobserving, unstirring. Like a boy, at last it rubbed its eyes, stretched out its hands toward something or other it had been dreaming lay beyond the visible limits of existence, stood up, sensed the awakening of its geographical imagination, and strode lustily into every portion of the unknown earth.

This age of great voyages is more fascinating than many a romance I know. How long had the peoples of earth lived and thrived and died on their respective continents, unmoved by the lives and ideas of all the other peoples! Whether, as old Antonio Galvano of Portugal liked to surmise, the people of earth were once "conversant one with another, but though it had been so once, yet the same would have been lost again by the malice of men, and the want of justice among the inhabitants of the earth"—whether that is probable or not, we are impressed with the gallantry of an age when men were born to sail and discover, when "there grewe such a common desire of travaile among the Spanyards that they were ready to leape into the sea to swim, if it had been possible, into these new found parts." From the time when the Tabencos of Tartary began their timid cruisings in vessels with great high boughs for sails, to the day when the last stretch of undiscovered shore heaved in sight off a trim steamer's larboard, mankind as a creature of geography was in a glorious period of adolescence. He will never be happier, I take it.

The great voyagers of discovery, when they were buccaneers, or were merely curious, and were

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not crabbed exploiters, were an interesting lot; when they were not too heavily weighted with responsibility, they were a poetic lot as well. The gradual edging further and further down the African west coast until the Cape was rounded and Vasco da Gama scudded across to India—that was poetic. The feelings of Balboa and his men when, climbing to the summit of a western peak, they beheld the limitless Pacific, and

Looked at each other with a mild surprise—

Silent, upon a peak in Darien

—they must have been poetic. That which Sir Richard Hawkins Knight delighted in, when “all the sea became so replenished with forms of serpents, adders, and snakes, as seemed wonderful: some greene, some blacke, some yellow, some white, some of divers colours; and many of them had life”—that, a certain ancient mariner has convinced us, was poetic. The poetry of red-blooded, roaming enthusiasm, the poetry of full-blown romance—that is what this age was full of.

But what now? Now there are no more discoveries to be made; now all the seas and inland waters have been nosed and furrowed; now all the shores of earth are familiar, mapped, and all the land has been much trodden on; now there are no stately rivers to come suddenly upon and follow up to their mountain sources. Now, what are those spirits who are born to discover (for the race has not yet passed from the earth) to do? They cannot spend a bloodless lifetime poring over maps and globes, delectable as such occupation is. They cannot descend into that stooping inland pedantry which Romance's Chosen are taught by instinct to abhor. One thing remains—for us to build them staunch and gallant air craft—dispatch them on

jolly flights up to the kinsmen of our Earth, the
other sons and daughters of Sol.

A Song

(By Harry G. Atkinson)

The katy-dids sing in the trees, dearie,
Where the cat-birds sigh on the breeze, dearie;
A dog howls over the hills,
And the owls and the whip-poor-wills,
 Together recite
 Their sorrow tonight,
And 'tis mournful, and sad, and lone, dearie.

Lift your face to the cool, Southern breeze, dearie,
And think of me here 'neath the trees, dearie—
 On its fragrant, gentle breath
 And its playful, soft caress,
 I blow you a kiss
 Through the silver mist
That the moon spreads over the hills, dearie.

For the slow, sad songs of the nights, dearie,
And the fragrance of old delights, dearie,
 Will fill the thoughts of a lad,
 And fill the heart of a lad,
 With a lassie and Love
 And yearning above
Material dreams of the world, dearie.

From The Inside Looking Out

(A Satire by S. Cullen Keyes)

College students too often lack a sense of humor as regards the activities in which they are directly interested, and the extreme seriousness with which they sometimes take themselves is so contagious that it even affects the learned and intellectual faculty under whose charge they live and breathe and have their being. This self-seriousness is perhaps an over-developed egotism that precludes the possibility of the appreciation or enjoyment of a JOKE.

The recent "rumpus," if it may be dignified by so appropriate a name, raised over the presence and influence of Theta Nu Epsilon at Illinois, has startlingly emphasized the infectiousness of this self-seriousness. When a sane and sensible faculty man, not yet affected, asks, "Is not most of this talk about Theta Nu Epsilon and its work bunk?" he is solemnly assured that like many upper-classmen and most simple-minded undergraduates he has not yet cut his eye-teeth or he could not help noticing how Theta Nu Epsilon has even invaded the Y. M. C. A. and the Chemistry Club; how the University regiment often becomes demoralized by the presence of the terrifying members of this society, and why it is that the dandelions have been more of a pest this year than ever.

Theta Nu Epsilon came into being at the University some twenty years ago, when "Dan" Swanell, and "Gene" Burke, and "Burt" Spalding and others of the same type of live fellows had ideals other than playing ping-pong or crocheting. They found in Theta Nu Epsilon a means of displaying student sentiment long before the Daily Illini, the

Alumni Quarterly, and the Siren became such devoted organs of student expression as they now are. Lest the faculty should become jealous of the activities in which the members engaged and demand to be initiated en masse, the organization drew seven veils of secrecy over it, and has remained fairly well hidden behind them ever since. According to strictly confidential advice, this happened about the beginning of the twentieth century, a time from which so many other important matters are dated.

That T. N. E. still exists in the University there is no doubt, though it is no easy matter to distinguish the bona fide members from those who aspire or assume to be. Of course, it is generally understood that former Vice President Burrill, Prof. Frank Scott, and Prof. D. K. Dodge do not belong, but it is an open question whether or not Dean T. A. Clark, Dean O. A. Barker, and Prof. E. J. Berg are not members. In fact, it is rumored that Professor Berg resigned his position as head of the Electrical Engineering department because the society was not officially recognized at Illinois. Judging by his name, Prof. Francis Keese Wynkoop Drury is a member, and Prof. F. O. Dufour undoubtedly is one of them too, since his name appears next to Professor Drury's in the student directory.

There can be no question that the policies of the University are in no small measure determined by the busy members of T. N. E., and it is in the student body in general that the society seems strongest, according to popular report. The more the organization is advertised the stronger it becomes. The chief, or most immediate danger is that the freshmen who are disappointed in "making" the society are likely to become disgusted, and decline to support the policies which the select few

promulgate; and this in spite of the fact that the Illinois Union, Sigma Xi, the Order of the Coif, the Technograph Board and other honors too numerous to mention, are still open to them.

No more striking instance of the jealousy engendered by this society can be cited than the fact that Phi Beta Kappa has absolutely refused to elect any members from the College of Science, largely because the College of Science is suspected of being a stronghold of T. N. E. Likewise, Ma-wan-da, the ghostly tribe of wing-shouldered Illini, discourages the election of T. N. E.'s to its mystic circle—to no avail, it is said.

The storm of last winter, when so many of the splendid trees about the campus were broken; the defeat of Illinois by Chicago at the Interscholastic baseball game this spring; the drought throughout Champaign county during May; the flood in the basin of the Ohio river; and even the split in the Republican party last summer, are unquestionably attributable to the insidious machinations of Theta Nu Epsilon. Its pernicious tendency is detected in the large list of graduates this year, a result of a lowering of standards, due to the inferior scholarship of the numerous T. N. E.'s of the Senior class.

The crowning achievements of the society, however, the deeds for which it may most justly be condemned, are the election of May Queen this year, the victory of Oak Park High school in the Interscholastic, and the choice of M. C. Tanquary as zoologist to the Crocker Land expedition with the consequent opportunities for graft presented. It is hard to realize that the evil practices of the society have entered into these important events.

What is to be expected in the future? Are the students of this University willing to endure this tyranny longer? Will they permit this mysterious

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society to dictate the policies of the Soil Survey, the Railroad and Warehouse Commission, the W. C. T. U., and the Senior Ball Committee forever?

No! A hundred times No! They will catch every T. N. E. in the University, strip him of all his clothes except the underwear upon which he wears his pin; and amid the grateful rejoicing of a liberated commonwealth, burn him to death in the 1910 Celebration Urn.

Sweethearts' Voices O'er The Sea

Love, I hear, I hear you calling,
Across the sea, from o'er the sea,
Oh, My love, why all this pleading,
Why this anxious interceding,
Won't you trust in my succeeding?
Won't you believe, won't you believe in me?

Love, I know your very longing,
Would make me true, would keep me true,
And I know your voice is vaster,
In influence, than disaster,
What tho' fate may be my master,
I *will* come back, I will come back for you.

Love, our waiting's nearly over,
These years of waiting longingly.
Let us no more trouble borrow,
One more year of this sweet sorrow,
Then we'll sail to our tomorrow,
Over the sea, Back here, across the sea.

—H.

In Answer

(By Lucile Needham)

(Editorial Note:—These sonnets were written in answer to "A Sonnet in Reply to a Sonnet," which appeared in the April issue).

I.

Your love, then, is not that dark passionate love
Whose fire the poets liken to red wine,
Hot, but too often fleeting; rather, a fine
White flame, that ever waxing, grows above
One's expectation. So I knew 'twould prove!
Our loves need hold no secret pasts apart;
There is no chamber within either heart
That must be shunned, or curtained off, lest Love
Be saddened by the bitter shadows there.
Rather, in perfect trust we both will dare,
In lapse of years, smiling, to call to mind
The fond, romantic years, yet pure and fine,
When body and mind and heart and soul each one
Kept sacred toward the day when Love should
come.

II.

So, softly fragrant as the apple-bloom
That flutters o'er us now; as crystal-clear
As sparkling water from a spring; as near
As our own heart-beats to us; without gloom
Of any tiniest doubt; enriched by years
Spent but in loving Love, which multiplied
Our power for loving, leaving still untried
Real Love, so that there is no grief and tears
For either to look back on, wistful-eyed,
Wishing another ever at our side,
We see, with trusting hearts and eyes that glow,
Now, in spring's exaltation, hand in hand,
"Full love of man and woman!" —Ah, we'll know
A glorious life! For we *do* understand!

With The Illinae

(By Margaret Sawyer, '14)

Great progress has been made among the girls during the past year. At the close of last year the Junior girls organized the Junior Illinae, in order to be ready for work the following fall. They worked out a Senior advisory system for the freshmen, by which each freshman will be assigned a Senior to whom she can go with her various difficulties and problems. Next year the Seniors expect to meet the freshmen at the train, help them find boarding places and get registered. Then they will see that they attend the numerous parties given by the different organizations for all of the new girls. In this way they think they can get the freshmen interested in the best things in the University and make them realize before their senior year that everyone gets just as much out of a University career as is put into it.

All through the year the Seniors have held meetings, the first part of which were devoted to business, and the last part to "eats" and general good times. The Seniors all feel better acquainted than they ever have before, and only wish they had been organized all four years.

At the suggestion of President James, two literary societies were formed, the Gregorian and Jamesonian, which include all the girls registered in the University. The three existing literary societies will continue just as before. It is thought, however, that these old societies will eventually become more or less honorary societies, for the girls will have to prove their ability before they will be elected to them. This is another means of binding all of the girls together.

The Juniors saw how much the Seniors had been able to accomplish since they had organized,

so they re-organized the Junior Illinae. About this time they received an invitation from Wisconsin to attend the conference of the Middle Western Inter-collegiate Association for Women's Self-Government. They had been thinking about self government for the girls for some time, and as this seemed a splendid opportunity the Juniors sent a representative to the conference, which was held the first week end in May.

At this conference the Universities of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, Washington University, Northwestern, Rockford and Wisconsin were represented. It proved to be the most inspiring and enthusiastic meeting possible. Not all of these institutions enjoy self government, but all of them are trying to work toward that end.

Since Wisconsin has the oldest and best organized S. G. A., she was naturally looked to as a model. The object of this association "is to regulate all matters pertaining to the student life of its members, which do not fall under the jurisdiction of the Faculty; to further in every way the spirit of unity of the women of the University; to increase their sense of responsibility toward each other, and to be a medium by which the social standard can be made and kept high." This association has an executive board on which every girl in the institution is represented. It is the duty of the board to carry out the resolutions passed by the whole association. The Student Judicial Committee acts as the last court of appeal which has original and exclusive jurisdiction in all cases of discipline of women undergraduates, except cases involving dishonesty in University work.

Self government started with women and they still had in it. Since the transformation from

boys and girls to men and women occurs during the collegiate years it is most important that they be directed wisely. It stands undisputed that the college men and women are to be the leaders of this generation. Is it then not most important that they learn to govern and lead in college? Of course it is, and S. G. A. has helped many women at other Universities to meet and face difficulties and it can help us at Illinois.

To A Skull

(By Calvin White)

What is the joke that lies
In your sightless, socket eyes,
 You Jester grim?
What is the pun that writhes
 Your visage queer
 Into that leer
 Of monstrous size?
Are all your troubles fled?
Are you contented, dead,
 As you are,
To hold the dying ash of
 My cigar,
In that hollow, empty cell,
Where your knowledge used to dwell,
In the days when you were handsomer
 By far?

What caused this ugly hole
In your temple, Merry Soul?
 Can it be
That you sought to use a knife,
 And met a flash,
 A leaden crash,

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That took your life?
Or did it chafe your brain,
That bit of bone, in pain—
It might have been—
And set your laughter ringing,
Mad as sin?
And when that fled away,
If left its ghost to play
In ghostly wise around your chops,
A grin.

What is it that you seek
To tell me? Come now—Speak,
You Jolly Wight.
What is the joke you know?
Something drole
About the goal
Where mortals go?
Or do you mock at men,
And their three-score years and ten,
Knowing well,
What your sightless, grinning visage
Oft would tell,
That this puny, fretful life,
Filled with endless toil and strife,
Is all there is of Heaven, Hope,
And Hell.

The Young Woman's Christian Association

(By Cornelia Mather, '13)

The Young Woman's Christian Association is looking forward to a year of larger growth and more extensive work, as its new building will be ready for occupancy the first of September. For some time the Association has been handicapped by cramped quarters; but with the completion of the new building, this will be changed. A definite idea of the plan of the building will be helpful in understanding its place in the work of the Young Woman's Christian Association. In the basement is a dining room, accommodating 70 girls; private dining room, kitchen, and bowling alley, which was made possible through the Women's Physical Training Department of the University. On the main floor, extending through the center of the building, is a lobby with a large fire place at one end. The chapel or auditorium, with a seating capacity of two hundred, opens from the lobby on one side. On the other side are the committee rooms, rest rooms, parlors, offices, etc. The dormitory part with room for fifty girls, is on the second and third floors. Here, provision has also been made for the general secretary, matron, and guests.

The Association aims to bring about growth and training along spiritual lines; to create a spirit of friendship; to serve the needs of the girls in practical ways; and to extend the Association's activities and privileges. To bring this about, the work of the Association is divided into departments or committees, fifteen in number. The chairman of each, together with the officers of the Association, form the cabinet, which meets each week to plan the work and discuss the problems of the Association. The advisory board, or board of directors, consisting of residents of the Twin Cities, fac-

ulty wives, and alumnae acts in an advisory relation to the Association through the general secretary; receives and approves reports; and holds and administers property and endowment funds of the Association. The general secretary, the "power behind the throne," is always ready to suggest plans, encourage, help, and sympathize with every one.

During the past year, the bible study committee has planned and organized five bible study classes with an enrollment of two hundred and twenty-six. The leaders were Dean Fawcett, Miss Elizabeth Curry, Miss May Rolfe, and Mr. Lloyd C. Douglas. The mission study committee has presented a pageant, planned the missionary program and organized a mission study class with an enrollment of twelve under Miss Vida Collins. No consideration has been made in the above concerning the church classes with which the Association tries to co-operate in every way possible. The committees on meetings, music, advertisement, and house have co-operated in making the programs and meetings of the Association very interesting, helpful and attractive. Then there is the employment department, which has aided over thirty-six girls in securing employment during the past year; total earnings amounting to \$1,208.50. The Association has also aided girls in finding suitable rooms and boarding places. In co-operation with the Dean of Women, it has worked for better living conditions.

The membership and finance committees together with the calling committee, are very important factors in the work of the Association. The social life reaches out to many girls. It is the phase of work which will be greatly enlarged the coming year, for it is the wish of the Association that its

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new home be regarded as creating a feeling of hospitality and welcome for all. The extension and know-your-city work is comparatively new. It is through this that our Association is reaching out and extending its privileges and activities to others, by cooperation with the Associated Charities, holding story-telling hours, providing teachers for the Mission Sunday schools, conducting classes in the factories and attempting to keep itself in touch with the activities of the Twin Cities. The sources of finance of the Association are membership dues, systematic pledges, gifts of alumnae, subscriptions, and special funds (calendar and stunt show proceeds). This money is used for salaries of the general secretary and religious secretary, stenographic service, running expenses, and by the various committees in their work. Thus we see the varied and extensive character of the work of the Association, and realize how large an organization it is.

With this brief survey of the new building and these few words concerning the work of the Association, we have in a small way some idea of the vast opportunity for the coming year. It is the wish of the Association to be of service wherever it may. It appreciates the splendid co-operation of the students and faculty, and citizens of the Twin Cities in making its new building possible; and extends to them an invitation to make use of the building and to get in close touch with the work of the Association.

When Night Comes On

(Editorial Note:—Like the Century Magazine, the Greater Illinois Magazine plans to republish some of the better things that have appeared in literary publications of the University of Illinois in the past. "When the Night Comes On" was written by G. E. Post, and appeared in the first number of Scribbler Magazine, May, 1908. On another page we are reprinting a selection from the Varsity Fortnightly.

When the night comes on, when the night comes on,
When the clamor and the glamor of the dreary day
are gone;
The moonbeams kiss the willows, and the willows
kiss the stream,
And the crystal water-mirror glides as gently as a
dream;
The stars bloom in the darkness like the blossoms
on the lawn
Of God's eternal Heaven, when the night comes on.

When the night comes on, and the distant purple
shades
Draw near and slowly deepen on the near-by hills
and glades—
The fields we knew in daylight, the meadows and
the corn,
Take on new shapes fantastic, a mystery new-born;
And the hot unending prairies that had tired the
eyes since dawn
Are the haunts of airy fairies when the night comes
on.

When the night comes on, and the spirits of repose
Wrap the world in silent darkness; when the lily
and the rose
Nod in sleeping; when the rustlings in the breezes
of the night

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Are as soothing as the stirrings of an angel's wings
in flight;—
The darkness seems to revel in a recklessness of
dawn,
And a fearlessness of morrow, when the night
comes on.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Even as in every past age there has lived a poet who has been blown upon by a draught of world-thought and world-sentiment, and has responded to the current with immortal notes of music, so today there lives a poet in England who is expressing our twentieth century views of life in a manner that is bound to endure. We cannot afford to let John Masefield go unread, if we are to understand most intimately our socialistic present.

Mr. Masefield is thirty-eight years old, and has crowded into those years a vast variety of experience. He ran away from school when a boy; went to sea, hearing "The thunder of green seas bursting white on deck;" was a farm laborer; was an ordinary tramp; tended bar on Sixth Avenue, New York; and finally redeemed and educated himself. In the last five years he has come to be one of the first among young English creative artists. He has risen so high because his spirit is so intense; he has found such welcome because his view of life, being burning, modern, has expressed itself in passionate genuine poetry.

Thus far he has been writing long narrative poems whose characters are low, common, or debased. The democratic note which "Michael" brought into English poetry over a century ago, "The Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow in the

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"Bye Street," and "Dauber," are intensifying today. Masefield strives for no delicate effects in poetry, is no light-fingered aesthete; but bathes his rough, melodramatic tales in a glamor of fire and gusty passion. Whether the characters be sots, "poor dumb cattle," untaught farmer-boys, rolling, rough seamen, painted women, or wretched widows, their stories sweep on through the poet's irresistible Byronic stanzas to a cathartic conclusion; and herein is Masefield's poetry's modernity. For it breathes the flame of socialism—the socialism that recognizes the humanity of every individual of the race, and that loves it. The stories of Masefield throb with this love; they attest for socialism (as Dauber, dying, cries) that, "It will go on." That human passions are distributed among all classes, that genius is anywhere, that love is a consuming passion—aflame alike in all; these are the truths in Masefield's poetry.

Masefield is neither Victorian nor Elizabethian in style; he is nothing else than *of our day*, with his tossing, unsettled vigor, his supreme disdain of artificiality, and the reality of his passion. The following stanza describes Dauber's ship as it rounds Cape Horn:

"All through the windless night the clipper rolled,
In a great swell with oily gradual heaves,

Which rolled her down until her time-bells tolled,
Clang, and the weltering water moaned like
beeves.

The thundering rattle of slatting shook the
sheaves,

Startles of water made the swing ports gush,
The sea was moaning and sighing, and saying
‘Hush! ’ ”

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THE ILLINOIS published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois. Address all communications to THE ILLINOIS, 903 West Illinois, Urbana.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

\$1.00 per year.

Courier-Herald Printing Company

Urbana, Illinois.

We have small patience for the man who professes to adore Lanier or Fielding, or even Montaigne, because it is the reputable literary thing to do. There are some men who profess to enjoy nothing of lower caliber than the Nation or the Atlantic, and there are others that will tell you frankly that they enjoy The Cosmopolitan and the Saturday Evening Post. There is an epigram that has sprung up lately among us that fits the situation exactly, "The members themselves rant loudest against T. N. E." Suppose you just watch that man that is most outspoken against writings of the type of Curtis or Hearst. He probably reads the Post as regularly as we do.

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Two men we honor, and no third: the first is the man who does things and the other is the man who thinks. We have reason to be TAMMANY HALL, JUNIOR believe that our friends over at Tammany Junior are great thinkers, for we have heard some of their reasoning. For example:

"Student polities are bad. They are bad because there is money and sundry spoils and honor for the political victor. It is bad; ah yes, it is bad. But let us reform things. Let us remove the money and honor from the game. Is that not a great idea? We will organize everything under the control of a board of our own. We will give the general student a choice of three different membership compositions for this board (as we did for the board of reporting systemers). Something like this:

1. Three members of Tammany Junior and two from Mawanda.
2. Four members of Tammany Junior and one from Mawanda, or
3. Five members of Tammany Junior.

Then this board will manage everything from the vexing Illio question to officers for the Y. M. C. A. Is this not a great idea! If we carry it out, Otto Seiler will have no further cause to decry the bad spirit among the freshmen. Of course, no one has given us any authority to do these things, but we are the great Illinois Tammany Hall. To us all things are possible, for this is our motto: "The Union of Hands, and the Union of Hearts, and the Union of Greek men forever, World without end, till death do us part, so help us Jack Robinson and the Junior political Council!"

Is this logic not superb! All honor to these thinkers, to the men who think themselves into power, to the men who think themselves supreme!

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After all is said and done, we suppose we will have to admit that we have builded us a rather leaky house. The shiplap isn't on straight all the way around, and the paint is coming off awfully, and every time it rains we have to put up the umbrella to keep the typewriter from getting wet. We had such fine plans, too, at the start! We were going to have a structure that would last us years and years!

It isn't so easy as we thought it would be to follow out plans. The literary articles and the solid stuff that we expected to use for foundations turned out to be a whole lot different from what we expected, and then, we used so many different kinds of wood for the inside finishing that it made the interior look kind o' choppy.

And yet we like the old bungalow. We are used to it and it seems like home. Of course, that house of solid concrete that Teddy Transit, our engineering friend, has built, is solid and will last perhaps, for decades, and the decorative towers and stained glass windows of the mansion of neighbor Si Siren render a pleasing picture. The structures of our other neighbors are attractive, too. We like the gardens of the residence of the Ag monthly, and the up-to-date-ness of Tom Daily's apartments. But after all we like our own house, too. It isn't so very high, but it reaches quite a ways; it sprawls over into the gardens in either direction and has an addition over towards the shade of the story book library. It has doors in a lot of directions and from the windows we can see a varied set of activities.

If we were to build it over again we would do it a little differently, perhaps, but just as it stands we wouldn't trade our little house for the solidest

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or most elaborate structure that was built while we were building ours.

With this issue the *Illinois Magazine* takes its first step toward becoming the *Greater Illinois Magazine*, as planned for next year.

SHOP In the plans as formulated, two principles have been kept constantly in mind: First, to conduct a literary magazine of such a nature that the various literary forces of the University would be co-ordinated, and second to throw open the pages of the *Greater Illinois Magazine* to the discussion of live student topics. To these purposes the literary and dramatic organizations will conduct departments; contributions will be solicited from students and alumni and faculty members bearing on student topics, and a department will be open to student communications.

On another page will be found a prospectus for next year. As will be seen many notable Illinois writers will contribute stories to coming issues. Judge Cunningham and Dr. Burrill will tell of early events in the childhood of the University, and gifted Illinois story-tellers will contribute campus tales. The magazine will be enlarged in size, bettered in quality, and the subscription price will be cut in two. We anticipate a very successful year under the leadership of Mark Van Doren, Editor-elect.

"Who's there," asks the editor of the Atlantic.
"It is I," answers the author of "A Defense of Purism in Speech."

PAINFUL PRECISION "It is me," disputes the writer of "Precision's English," and the battle is on. Reed and Kellogg's Grammar is wielded

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vigorously. Shakespeare and Swift and Johnson are dragged into the discussion—yes, and even Horace. The Chicago Record-Herald adds a handful of epigrams, and other newspapers make equally valiant attempts at rescue—editorial rescue.

Until Marse Henry comes forward with a decision on the subject,

Every one may decide as he chooses.

Every one may decide as he or she chooses.

Every one may decide as they choose.

THE FUNCTION OF THE GREATER ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

(By the Editor-Elect).

Believing that a college literary magazine should fill a peculiar position in the life of the students which neither the daily paper, the humorous monthly, the year book, or the technical publications are fitted by nature to fill, the editors of the Greater Illinois Magazine are determined to guide their monthly in the exercise of that function next year as faithfully as they may.

They believe that a college literary magazine should do more than serve as an exercise book for ambitious undergraduate *litterateurs*. Not that the literary character of the magazine (by far the most important) is to be degraded—indeed, what with a thorough-going co-operation with the English Department, a greater amount of space to be devoted to undergraduate stories, essays, and verse, and every encouragement possible to literary effort among the students, this department will hardly suffer. Besides all that, the editors believe that their magazine should serve as a meeting place for all arguments on student matters, a forum for

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undergraduate discussion, a register of the best student thought and sentiment. It was with this in mind that the new departments enumerated above were conceived, and the magazine was planned larger and more attractive.

With no trace of bias, with no taint of the esoteric, with a healthy concern for every student movement and activity, with a lively encouragement to literary ability wherever it may be found in any corner of the University, this magazine will be a magazine *For and Of Illinois.*

The New Management.

F. M. Cockrell, the new Business Manager, assumes his duties with this issue. He is a member of the '14 class, and is registered in electrical engineering. Cockrell entered the University in 1906, taught in the Robinson, Ill., high school the following year, returned to the University in 1908, was superintendent of schools at Vermont and Dallas City, Ill., from 1902 to 1912. In addition, he has had considerable business experience, and has been particularly successful with publications. He is a member of the Varsity debating squad and President of the Ionian Literary Society. "Doc" is a member of the Acacia Fraternity.

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Literary Society Department

(Note:—Each literary society will have a place in the Illinois Magazine next year. The copy for the Adelphic Society was received too late for use in this issue).

IONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Ionian has had a very successful year. This is evidenced by the winning of the Inter-Society Banner, which is awarded annually to that society making the highest number of points in oratory and debate. In the three years that the banner has been given, Ionian has won it twice, which marks it as a leader in fulfilling those purposes for which literary societies are formed.

Of the twelve varsity debaters this year, Ionian has furnished six. Hobart and Howe debated against Minnesota, Carter against Nebraska, Riche and Frailey against Ohio and Howe against Indiana. All of these men were elected to Delta Sigma Rho, the honorary oratorical fraternity. They are also members of the newly organized Board of Debate and Oratory.

Wright of Ionian secured second place in the local contest for Illinois representative in the Northern Oratorical contest. Ionian was not so fortunate in the Peace and Inter-Society contests.

The social affairs of the year consisted of the joint meeting with the Alethenai Society, the stag banquet with Adelphic and Philomathean, and the annual farewell banquet.

The attendance at the meetings has been fairly large as a rule, and a rousing interest has been displayed in the programs and discussions. Two departments of the programs, the reading and musical numbers, have developed especially this year. The old practice of having parliamentary drill has been continued, and the debates on current topics have been hard fought.

Ionian has taken the initiative in the formation of an association of literary societies in the colleges of the state. The plan was first taken up with the college presidents, and then with the society officers and in each instance met with approval. It is expected to form an important part in the literary society work of the state.

ILLIOLA--PAST AND FUTURE

Illiola was particularly fortunate last spring in having a large number of Seniors, but particularly unfortunate in the fall when they were gone. There is so much good material at Illinois, however, that it was not long before we were being inspired by the life and energy of the new members.

The purpose of Illiola has been to foster and develop literary talent; to guide literary criticism; to give the girls an opportunity to become accustomed to speaking before others; to develop responsibility, and to foster good fellowship. For these purposes, we have chosen those girls who had literary or musical talent, and who can be trained to bear responsibility.

At our meetings at four o'clock Friday afternoon, we have a period of literary exercises lasting from thirty to fifty minutes. Ordinarily, we have two musical numbers and two or three literary numbers. Great effort has been made this year to develop original work. Stories, poems, reports, and criticisms have been given, and the consummation of originality was reached when we listened to an original Latin poem.

It is a good test of any organization to compare some phases of its work with the work of others. The six literary societies are given this opportunity for testing their work in the declama-

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tory contest. Our representative, Mae Kelley, won the contest for Illiola, making this the third year that we have been so fortunate. Her selection was a cutting from Lady Gregory's play, "Spreading the News." In 1911 and 1912 our representatives, Irma Voight and Eva Mitchell, won first also. The prize is a silver loving cup, and the society which wins it three years in succession becomes the permanent owner of it.

The annual play given by the Adelphic and Illiola Literary Societies was presented this year on April 26 and 27. The production, "The Curious Mishap," by Carlo Goldoni, was under the very able coaching of Mr. F. K. Cowley. Illiola girls taking part were Miriam Knowlton, Nellie Roberts and Mae Kelley. The Adelphic members on the caste were A. V. Essington, A. R. Rohlfing, C. W. White, and H. G. Atkinson.

It is our wish to accomplish more than ever next year, and to keep up our record in declamation and dramatics. We wish our Friday afternoon programs to be even better than they have been, and are anxious to discover and bring out every talent in our girls.

—S. E. L.

ALETHENAI 1912-'13.

When the Senior Girl, garbed for the first time in her sable cap and gown, has marched thrice 'round the historic Maypole and the words of "By Thy Rivers" are but echoes, and the "Senior's Farewell" is over, then it is that the Senior Girl feels the closing days come near and she drifts naturally into retrospection; and if she be a Senior Alethenai, thots of Alethenai throng her memory first.

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The year 1912-'13 has been a good one. The programs have been planned with the purpose of giving knowledge upon varied subjects and of cultivating originality as well. Instead of a series devoted to one subject as that of last year on "Social Problems," we have had programs of varying nature, each complete in itself. Among the most interesting of these were "American Types in Literature," "Nature in Literature," and the political programs of last fall. Professor Lake of the Art Department gave an interesting talk upon several pictures chosen by the members of the society. We had our largest attendance upon the day when "Dreamer Sue" was staged. This was a clever little play written by Lucile Needham and presented by an able cast. Original stories and poems and papers on interesting subjects, together with musical selections, have made up the remainder of our programs. Perhaps next year more time will be given to extempores, debate, and parliamentary drill.

May 10, on the South Campus, Alethenai and Philomathean presented a most delightful and successful out-of-door play, "The Chaplet of Pan," under the direction of Mr. F. K. Cowley. The reception given to this play was the most favorable that has been given to such joint efforts of literary societies within recent years. It is possible that the performance will be repeated during Commencement.

Agnes Olson was our representative in the Intersociety Declamation Contest. Our "stunt" this year was a take-off on "The Coming of the Legislators."

Our social relations have not been forgotten. On Founder's Day, we celebrated our forty-first anniversary by a reception following the regular program. Several alumni were present. During the

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year, we have been entertained at a reception by Athenean, a program by Ionian, and at the Adelphie-Illiola play by Philomathean. We held a reception for Athenian and Illiola, and gave the "Philos" a spread. We also had our usual Freshman initiation "banquet." The Illiolas invited us to a breakfast at Crystal Lake, and our own Senior breakfast will be held at the spot that has become the traditional breakfasting place for Alethenai. When the marguerites bloom in June, we shall look for all the alumni up at Alethenai Hall at the Annual reception. Each Freshman has had to write an Alethenai song. Perhaps they will furnish entertainment for us.

There are seven who will receive their Alethenai diplomas this year, Cornelia Mather, Edith Sendenburgh, Ruth Davison, Fay Miller, Louise Garrett and Lucy Bradrick. Four of these Seniors were elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Alethenai also had the Y. W. C. A. President and Vice-President this year. Alice Carter, a Junior member, is one of the seven university students in the United States chosen to go to the International Y. W. C. A. Conference at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., in June.

The prospects for next year are splendid. The freshman girls taken in this year are very promising. Dorris Holloway ranked highest among Freshmen in the University last semester, and Zilpha Batty next highest. The present officers who are ready to start off the new year strongly are: Hannah Harris, President; Persis Dewey, Vice-President; Beatrice Copley, Treasurer; Mildred Drew, Recording Secretary; Carrie Herdman, Corresponding Secretary; Harriet Barto, Historian.

LUCY C. BRADRICK, '13.

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THE ATHENEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

During the school year of 1905 and 1906 the Athenean Literary Society sprang into existence, full-grown, after the manner of the birth of its patron goddess, Athene. The rapid growth of this organization was due to the great increase in the number of women students in attendance at the University, the majority of whom could not find expression within the confines of the two existing societies. Thus, as an answer to a real need, Athenean was born; as such, it continues.

The ideals of the society are contained in its motto: "*Non sibi sed omnibus.*" Its membership is chosen from university women at large, altho' literary ability is especially recognized. Mutual helpfulness is the relation between society and members.

To strengthen the bonds of friendship which society interests have fostered during the university career and to form permanent these earlier ties, an alumni association accepts into membership every Athenean graduate. This organization has a system of circular letters which are occasionally read before the undergraduate society, that the present members may feel more intimate with those who have gone before. "The Athenean News Letter" is the annual publication of the alumni association, and contains news of the welfare of all members. Mrs. Le Roy Lang (nee Hope Hallett) has been the editor during the past two years, and it is hoped that her new duties will not interfere with a continuation of the old. The Alumni luncheon, which is held annually during commencement week, forms an enjoyable occasion when all Atheneans gather to listen to the adventures of the year. It is at this time that the officers of the Alumni Association are elected.

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So, aside from the weekly programs and the society and inter-society parties, Athenean stands as an organization to form, foster, and strengthen friendships thru literary activities, especially.

PHILOMATHEAN

Philomathean has had an unusually good year. Some of its strength was reflected when J. H. Hinshaw, a Philo and Illinois' representative in the Northern Oratorical League contest, tied for second place at Oberlin, Ohio. Its strength in debating is demonstrated by the fact that over one-third of the Varsity debaters for this year were Philos. Its competition in inter-society contests has been a constant source of keen anxiety for its rivals. The Philo-Adelphic debate was barely lost, and in the inter-society banner contest, Philo was the apparent winner until the final award, when it was declared a close second.

One of the most creditable things Philo accomplished this year was the presentation, in connection with Alethenai, of "The Chaplet of Pan," an outdoor play. This was practically a new line of endeavor for Philo, but its success therein may be measured by unstinted praise of the faculty members of the English department.

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SUMMER LITERARY SOCIETY

The Dramatic club will be reorganized during the Summer Session of 1913. Mr. E. M. Halliday, of the Department of Public Speaking, will supervise the work of the club, and a play will probably be presented during the latter part of the Session. The growing importance of the dramatic factor in the English work of the high school makes this feature of the Session particularly attractive to high-school teachers who wish to learn something of the way in which such work may be organized and supervised.

Mr. Halliday will also help in the reorganization of the debating and literary clubs which were interesting and valuable features of student life during the last Session.

A New Era of Oratory and Debate (By A. L. Riche, '13).

Those most interested in forensics, here at the University of Illinois, have felt for some time that the system under which public speaking activities have been carried on, has not been the most effective. In the past all of the management has been in the hands of the faculty; and it has been charged that the speakers often merely reflected the ideas of the instructors, and did not do enough original work. The latter defect was remedied this year, for the teams were given much less coaching than in the past, and the men were made to feel that it was their contest and must be won or lost by the work of students. This policy had a wholesome effect, but more was needed to bring the general student interest in the work up to its proper level.

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Just after the Spring debate, all of the men who had been on teams this year met and formed "The Board of Oratory and Debate." The object of this organization is to take over, from the faculty, the responsibility of staging the various try-outs and intercollegiate contests, and to devise means of arousing more public interest in these events. The Board is a branch of the Students' Union, and in the future its members will be elected at the annual election of Student Union officers. The details of the organization have been worked out along the lines of similar organizations at Ohio State University, and elsewhere, but they are not of interest here.

One of the first activities of the Board was a talk, by the writer, to the Freshmen Engineers, in which carefully collected data was given, to show that the ability to speak in public is of definite commercial value to the young engineer. From the number of inquiries which have come in since then, it seems likely that the engineers will take an active part in public speaking work.

Within the last few days, 2,000 copies of the Public Speaking Pamphlet, which is published by the Board, have been placed in the hands of undergraduates. This pamphlet gives a calendar of the public speaking events of the year 1913-14, together with an outline of the courses in public speaking, and other items of interest. Next year special sections of Rhetoric 7 will be arranged for students in Engineering, Agriculture, Law, etc. Subjects of special interest to the particular section will be selected, so that one may have the advantage of an extra Seminary course, with the addition of special training in delivery.

It is the intention of the Board of Oratory and Debate to arrange public discussions of subjects which are of current interest to the student body.

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It is hoped in this manner to give a large number of students the training of speaking before an audience, and at the same time, thrash out in a public way some of the important questions which come up every year. It is not intended in any way to usurp the functions of a Literary Society, but rather to stimulate interest which will bring more men into the Literary Societies.

The writer wishes to urge very strongly upon every man, who can possibly find the time, the advantage of gaining some training in public speaking. We will never have use for more than 5 per cent. of the facts which we ordinarily learn in college, but we do not know which 5 per cent. we will need. The ability to use forceful English, however, is an accomplishment which will be of advantage in any line of endeavor whatsoever. In choosing your course for next year, why not put in the one thing for which you are sure to have use?

THE MASK AND BAUBLE CLUB

(By L. E. Frailey).

After many years of disappointment, failure, and occasional dissolution, the Mask and Bauble Club seems to have established itself upon a sound financial and dramatic basis. The production of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" this spring will have completed the most, and in fact, the first, successful year of the Club's existence. Starting with a deficit in the treasury, the prospect for the year seemed anything but attractive; suddenly, however, with the performance of "The County Chairman" during Home-coming, the tide of student sentiment turned, and for the first time in history the entire house at the Illinois Theatre was sold out three days before the date of production.

The causes for this success are not hard to de-

termine. In the first place the Club has been producing good, but popular, plays. I doubt if any college can boast of having produced three plays as worthy of support as the last three offerings of Mask and Bauble; namely, "The Servant in the House," "The County Chairman," and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." In the second place the plays have been produced well. Illinois has reason to be proud of its dramatic talent. "Buck" Shraeder, "Peg" Howard, "Dutch" Weis, and many others, are sure to be heard from later, should they choose to enter the professional field. Mr. Weis, in particular, I think is an ideal actor, ready at any moment to assume a leading professional role. Since entering the University four years ago, he has never failed to make with ease any part for which he competed. The Club is sure to miss his services next year, although Mr. Barrett promises with more experience, to become a splendid "matinee idol." In the third place, the Club has always been assisted by truly professional coaching, Mr. T. H. Guild being without a peer in the ranks of college coaches, while Mr. L. G. Painter did stellar work with "The County Chairman." And in the fourth place—and I think this the most important reason of all—the support of the student body for the past year has been 100 per cent. The Club feels very grateful to all who have helped so materially to make dramatics pay at Illinois. Without money but little can be accomplished—with money the best dramatic club in the college world and the best campus theatre are by no means impossible. Especially are we in debt to the organizations who turned out last Fall to honor their representatives in the cast. It showed splendid fraternity spirit and surely must have brought a glow in the hearts of those who were so honored. It is such things that make the actor's work worth while.

What then, are the prospects for next year? Surely they could not be more promising. With Mr. Kneisly as President, and Mr. Hull as Business Manager, the inner workings of the Club should be well handled. It has become a decided honor to make the cast of such plays as are now being presented. That this fact is appreciated was demonstrated when over two hundred candidates turned out for the "County Chairman" tryouts. The Club can afford to become more and more exclusive as to membership, and in proportion as it does this the desire to become a member will increase. Popular, up-to-date plays can always be secured, and no doubt the two presentations for next year will be quite up to the standard set by the last three. All that remains necessary is a continuation of the student support—this, we believe, will be forthcoming. Once arouse the loyalty of Illinois students and it becomes a thing not easily downed. To students, faculty, and all who have helped to develop a Club which is worthy to be called your own—we again offer our thanks for the past. We invite your aid in the future. Thus alone may we succeed.

SCRIBBLERS.

(By Calvin White, President.)

It is with great pleasure that Scribblers takes this opportunity to outline its plans for next year, and lend its support toward a bigger, better Illinois Magazine.

Scribblers was founded to encourage literary work among its members. Admission is gained by having two or more manuscripts accepted by the club. Any one who has a serious interest in learning to write should not fail to submit material next year. All material will be given careful consideration, whether verse or prose. Programs are held

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every two weeks, at which members read their work, and general discussions are held. Herein lies the great value of Scribblers to the student seriously interested in learning to write. Points in the general criticism come out which often escape a faculty critic, accustomed as they are to the routine of class criticism.

The prospects for next year are good. Scribblers will certainly do their share toward making the Illinois Magazine equal to what it has been in the past.

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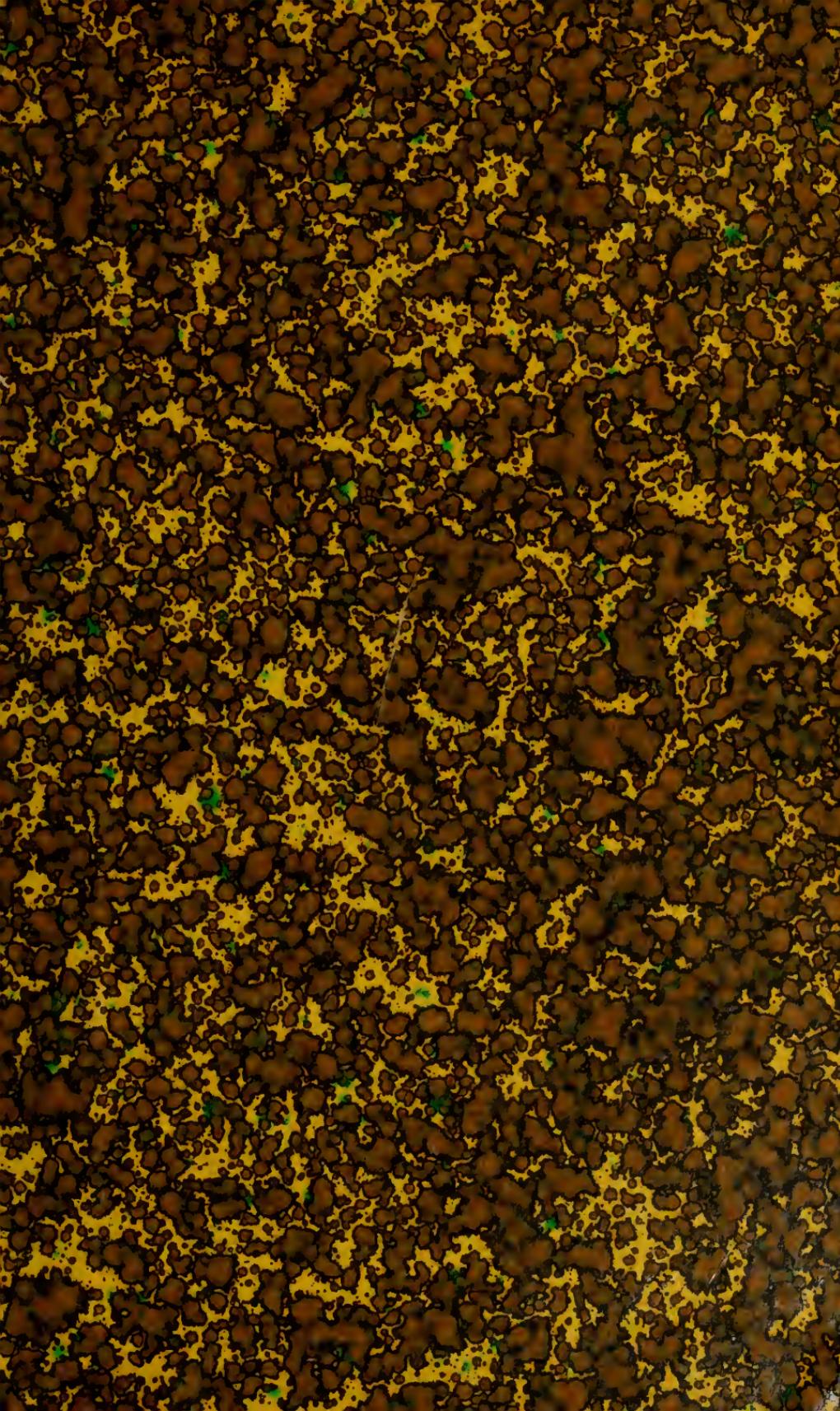
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